THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1914

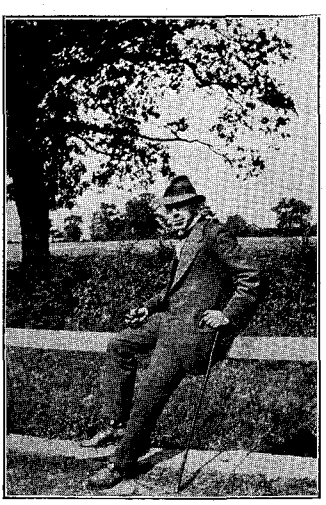
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Kipling's War Poem

To be quite candid, we do not think a great deal of the Kipling war poem as literature. Sound it is, unquestionably, but the old fire that blazed in "The Recessional" and "The Hymn Before Action" is not there. In reading it we see Mr. Joseph R. Kipling, a middle-aged British taxpayer with excellent patriotic ideas and a gift for metricism, rather than Rudyard Kipling impudent, but inspired. The lines make us think but they do not make us feel. In the July BOOKMAN, by the way, we recalled a half promise made by Kipling many years ago that some day he might tell of the death of Terence Mulvaney. In accordance with the curse laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, as recorded in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," he was to die quick in a strange land, seeing his death before it came *and unable to stir hand or foot.* Is the Old Regiment now in action on the plains of Picardy?

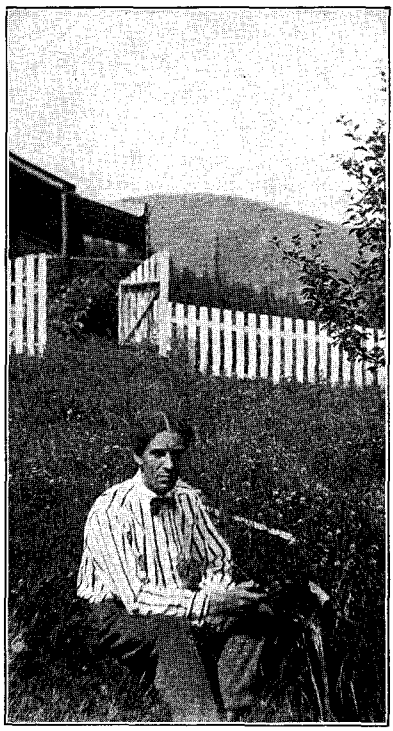
• • •

For years Kipling has stood as volunteer Laureate of the Five Nations and the Seven Seas, self-appointed champion of the Far Flung Battle Line, who even in the midst of peace found his chief inspiration in the muniments of war. Whatever their value as poems, those verses begotten by the Boer war unquestionably possessed a swing and a rhythm that sent forth a contagious thrill that quickened the pulse like the roll of drums and the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching regiments. And if he could find such inspiration in the distant colonial battlefields of South Africa or a hill-tribe skirmish in India, what vast, titanic, glorious clarion call might we not look for in to-day's epoch-making clash of nations, in which civilisation itself is standing at bay? Yet for weeks Mr. Kipling's voice remained mute, as though he, too, had caught the contagion of Watchful Waiting. And when at last he spoke, in ten brief, monosyllabic verses, forty solemn, slow-pacing lines of iambic tri-



FRANK SWINNERTON, ONE OF ENGLAND'S COMING MEN, ACCORDING TO W. L. GEORGE'S MUCH DISCUSSED ARTICLE, WHICH APPEARED IN THE "BOOKMAN" FOR FEBRUARY LAST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONINGSBY DAWSON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. MR. DAWSON'S "THE RAFT" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

pody, we find that instead of a rallying battle cry, he has given us something that is next of kin to a dirge. One reads "For All We Have and Are," rubs one's eyes and reads again, asking amazedly, Is this by any chance the Kipling of "The Rowers," of "The Islanders," of "The Recessional"? Is it possible that he is the same man who once flung forth his fearless impetuous challenge to the world at large, who lashed whom he pleased with the cutting sting of his scorn, and thrilled and gloried in the invincible prowess of British arms? In these new verses there is nothing of glorious victory or the pride of conquest; the soldier's life is no longer "the lordliest life on earth;" war, instead of a cause for exultation, is "the word that sickened earth of old:" while "peril," "dismay," "silent fortitude," "iron sacrifice" form the recurrent burden of these lines which read as though they were written by a man stunned by the magnitude of a catastrophe which he cannot measure nor understand.

• • •

Yet, after all, what else was really to be expected? When we pause to think of all that Mr. Kipling has stood for in the past, the wonder is, not that he has spoken so feebly, but that he has forced himself to speak at all. Fate has curiously played ducks and drakes with many of his most cherished prejudices and convictions. The new alignment of the nations of Europe, hereditary foes fighting shoulder to shoulder in defiance of all tradition, is a bewildering sight to any onlooker; but in the case of Mr. Kipling, it has shattered the fundamental tenets of his whole political creed. The whole world knows what he thinks of Russia, unforgettably personified by the unspeakable Dirkovitch in "The Man who Was," and still more forcefully symbolised as "Adam-Zad, the Bear who

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, THE HARVARD PROFESSOR WHO HAS BEEN CONSPICUOUS OF LATE BY HIS WRITINGS IN DEFENCE OF THE GERMAN WAR MEASURES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDNA FERBER, FROM A PAINTING BY CLARA EWALD. THIS PORTRAIT WAS MADE DURING THE RECENT VISIT TO GERMANY BY THE CREATOR OF EMMA MC CHESNEY

walks like a Man." What is perhaps less familiar is his characterisation of the Japanese, recorded many years ago in *From Sea to Sea:*

If the changes and chances of military service ever send you against Japanese troops, be tender with their cavalry. They mean no harm. Put some fusees down for the horses to step on, and send a fatigue-party out to pick up the remains. But if you meet Japanese infantry, led by a Continental officer, commence firing early and often and at the longest range compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men, who know too much.

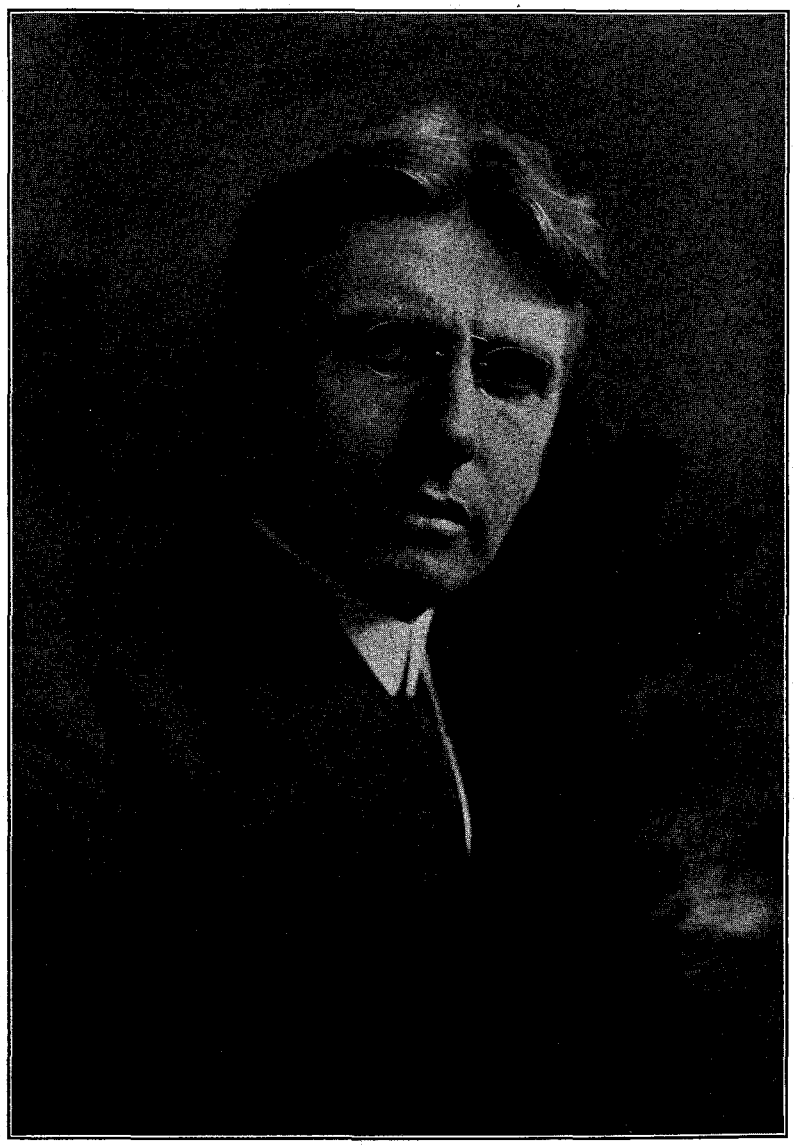
And when one remembers further that almost the only typical German Mr. Kipling has given us is the kindly traveller and scientist, Hans Breitmann, who is so naturally pacific that it does not occur to him to intervene even in a death struggle between a human being and an orang-outang, one realises that his sympathies in regard to the present allied forces and their opponents must be of an embarrassingly mixed nature, and that the only discreet thing for him to do is to preserve a strict silence on the subject of truces either with the Bear or any other member of the international Zoo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rather curious and timely is the French translation of Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," by Georges-Bazile, which appeared in *Les Annales,* of Paris, for August 16th, an issue very different in size from the interesting periodical that we have grown to know so well and esteem so much in the past.

L'Hymne Avant L'Action

La terre est pleine de colère,
Les mers sont noirs de courroux
Une nation en armes
Se dresse contre notre chemin:



BRAND WHITLOCK, OUR MINISTER TO BELGIUM. THOSE WHO KNOW MR. WHITLOCK PERSONALLY HAVE ALWAYS APPRECIATED THE WISDOM OF THIS LITERARY APPOINTMENT ON THE PART OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avant même que nous perdions les legions,
Avant même que nous tirions l'épée,
Jéhovah des tonnerres,
Seigneur Dieu des batailles, aidez-nous'

Ardente convoitise, terre altière,
Cœurs fiers, front rebelle,
Oreille sourde et âme qui nous néglige
Nous cherchons Ta pitié maintenant!

Le pécheur qui Te blasphéma,
Le fou qui Te laissa de côté,
Nos temps Te sont connus maintenant—
Seigneur, accorde-nous la force de mourir

Pour ceux qui s'agenouillent près de nous
A des autels qui ne sont pas le Tien,
Qui manquent des lumières qui nous guident,
Seigneur, laisse leur foi expier.

Portrait by G. C. Beresford

RICHARD CURLE, THE AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH CONRAD—A STUDY," WHICH IS NOW APPEARING IN THE "BOOKMAN"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN), AUTHOR OF "HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS"

Si nous avons fait mal de les appeler,
Liés par l'honneur ils vinrent;
Que Ton courroux ne s'en prenne pas à eux
Mais reporte sur nous le blâme.

Contre la panique, l'orgueil et la terreur,
La vengeance qui ne connaît point de limites,
La hâte légère et l'erreur illégale
Protège-nous encore.
Cache-toi notre indignité,
Rends ferme le souffle tremblant,
Pour, en silence et sans défaillance
Goûter Ta mort plus petite!

Ah! Marie pleine de douleur,
Rappelle-toi, attends et sauve
L'âme qui viendra demain
Devant le Dieu qui donna!
Chacun étant né d'une femme,
Pour chacun à l'ultime besoin—
Camarade loyal et ennemi loyal—
Madone, intercède!

Déjà, leur avant-garde s'avance,
Déjà, nous faisons face au feu—
Comme Tu as aidé nos pères,
Aide nos armées aujourd'hui!
Plein de signes et de mystères,
Dans la vie, rendu clair dans la mort—
Jéhovah des tonnerres,
Seigneur Dieu des batailles, entendez-nous.

• • •

The War's Worst Poem

Mr. Clement Shorter in his weekly causery in the London *Sphere* calls our attention to what we endorse as "the war's worst poem." This appeared in the London *Times* and in charity the name of the distinguished author is withheld. But the following lines speak for themselves:

Let him learn this, that the due grief
Of his own vice he cannot ban
By outrage of a highway thief;
Let him remember the Corsican.

A propos of this doggerel it may be recalled that no less a person than William Makepeace Thackeray perpetrated

From the Portrait by J. Hanson Walker

MURIEL HINE, AUTHOR OF "EARTH," "APRIL PANHAZARD" AND "THE MAN WITH THE DOUBLE HEART"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a line almost as bad as the last line of the quatrain quoted above in his otherwise charming "The Chronicle of the Drum."

• • •

Meredith in 1903

The London *Sketch* recalls the following letter of particular timeliness just now which the late George Meredith contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* eleven years ago on the occasion of the North Sea Conference:

We should be grateful to the Germans for their crusty candour in telling us of their designs upon us. They stir a somnolent people, and, without stooping to regard them as enemies, we can accept them as urgently

HOLBROOK JACKSON, AUTHOR OF "THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES"

THE LATE STANLEY WATERLOO, WHOSE LAST BOOK, "A SON OF THE AGES," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED

stimulating rivals, whose aim is to be first of the world Powers, chiefly at our expense. The Kaiser, an estimable gentleman but not yet a fully tried sovereign, has drawn in a deep breath of briny air and would give it out in warships. Germany, once foremost among the nations for intellectual achievements, now spouts Pan-Germanism over Europe, and seeks to command the North Sea. For our part, we have only to take the warning they give us and be armed, stationed, and alert. That is the way to preserve the peace. For Pan-Germanism challenges many foes, and a Power ambitious to be preponderant in a great navy as well as a great army will find its adversary within, besides those that press around it. A slumbering England will offer it the chance it craves before the inevitable financial strain brings it to the ground. A watchful England may look calmly for that certain issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULIETTE DROUET

The Hugo Love Story

Every American who has spent three days in Paris is familiar with the statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde which, from the War of 1870 until a few weeks ago, was covered with flowers and wreaths of immortelles in token of the French faith that Alsace-Lorraine was destined to return to France. The model for that statue was Juliette Drouet, the *chère amie* of Victor Hugo, and the love story of the poet and the actress is recalled by the recent publication of *The Love Letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo* from the press of Messrs. McBride, Nast and Company. As the whole matter is expressed in the foreword to the present volume the poet loved a princess of the theatre. He was jealous. He forced her to abandon the stage and the green room, he cloistered her with one servant, two or three of his portraits, and as many books, in an apartment a few yards square. When she complained of having nothing to do but wait for him, he replied: "Write to me. Write me everything that comes into your head, everything that causes your heart to beat." Such was the origin of the letters. When Juliette Drouet's executor died in Paris a little more than two years ago he had in his possession about twenty thousand of these letters. He had added to them the letters of Pradier to Juliette, those of Juliette to her daughter, Claire Pradier, and the answers of Claire to her mother. On this material is based the present book, which is edited by Louis Gimbaud, and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson.

• • •

Eight or nine years ago a book about the love affair between Hugo and Madame Drouet was written by an Englishman, Mr. H. W. Wack, who enthusiastically asserted that the loves of Victor and Juliette deserve to be recorded on the same scroll with the attachment of Abélard to Héloise, Petrarch to Laura, Dante to Beatrice. As a matter of fact this was idealisation with a vengeance of an affair well known to have been uneventful, almost monotonous,

THE STATUE OF STRASSBURG IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, to use a line of the Foreword, "more suggestive of a litany or the beads of a rosary than of tragedy or a novel." Juliette Drouet was a rather commonplace French woman of a very usual type, an actress of mediocre gifts. Hugo, as a young man, became infatuated with her, and she received his devotions with a half-amused, good-natured tolerance. Some one has suggested that she was, in fact, a French Fotheringay without the virtue of the large-eyed, placid daughter of Captain Costigan, who played such havoc with the eighteen-year-old heart of Arthur Pendennis, of Fair Oaks. In later years, when Hugo was famous and Juliette was faded, their attitudes were reversed. It was then she who clung to him with intense affection, while he had many other loves. But the lives of the two were linked together after a fashion, and to the end they were never separated. She occupied a house not far from Hugo's, and Madame Hugo received her without any display of jealousy. Juliette died May 11, 1883, her death preceding the death of Hugo by a little more than two years.

• • •

John Trevena

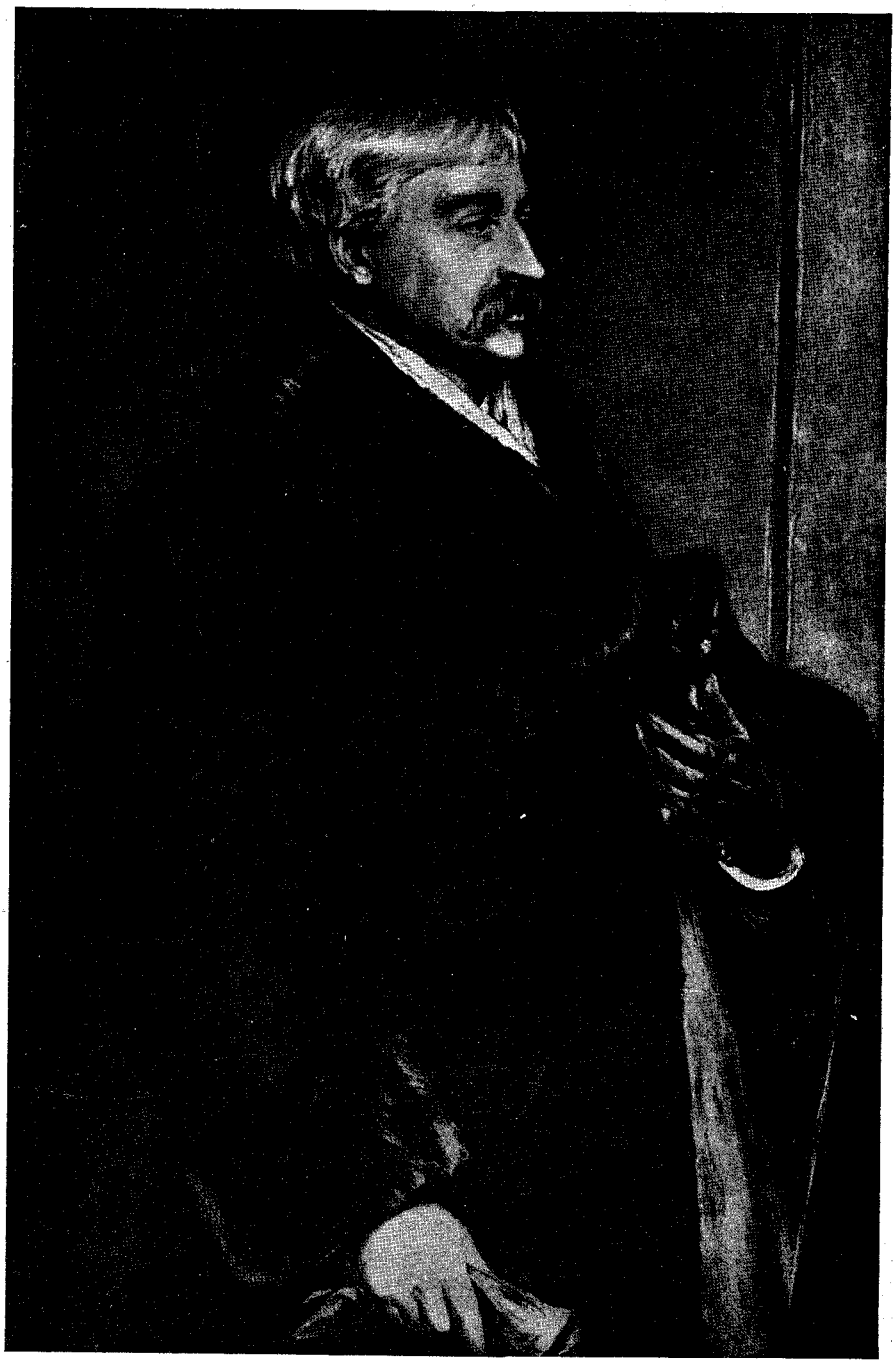
Granite, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is the last of the trilogy planned by John Trevena many years ago. The other books were *Furze the Cruel* and *Heather.* In the preface to *Furze the Cruel* Trevena said:

> Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather, and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest cruelty, the Heather endurance, and the Granite strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain.

About the time of the appearance of *Heather,* some six years ago John Trevena (a pseudonym) was described as a bachelor not yet forty years of age. He was living a very secluded country existence, leaving Dartmoor not more than two or three weeks during the year. His great knowledge of the country about which he writes, a knowledge that has excited the admiration of English critics, has been derived from the many years he has lived on the moor mixing with the commoners, studying them closely, and talking to them in their own dialect. The incidents which he uses in his stories are invarably actual ones. His first book, *A Pixy in Petticoats,* raised a storm

JOHN TREVENA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRET HARTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the village of its origin, the life of the author was threatened, and he was obliged to fly in rather an undignified fashion to another place.

• • •

Bret Harte's Favourite Book

Two or three months ago there appeared from the press of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston, a volume which no genuine lover of the work of Bret Harte can afford to ignore. This is a collection of stories and poems and other writings compiled by Charles Meacher Kozlay, and containing an introductory account of Harte's early contributions to the California Press. In the first place in calling attention to this book we do not mean that it reaches in any way the highwater mark of Bret Harte's genius. These posthumous collections never do. The odds and ends of Thackerayana rescued from oblivion, the sketches and tales of Guy de Maupassant incorporated in the posthumous collection published under the title *Le Père Milon,* the early stories of Rudyard Kipling found in the files of Indian newspapers and brought to light against the author's wishes, constitute no tremendous literary achievements. But they serve to fill in gaps in the writings of these men and often to throw a clearer light upon their moods, ennuis, aspirations, and heartaches than do the tales of more enduring fame and quality. Odds and ends these are these various screeds in prose and rhyme by Bret Harte that fill up some four hundred and thirty good sized pages. If nothing else they indicate an industry on the part of the man who has been accused of liking to frivol and whose list of achievement was already a long one.

• • •

A subject of which readers seem never to tire is that of the strong partiality for some particular novel by a man who is or was himself a novelist of distinction. Bret Harte's favourite novelist was Alexandre Dumas, and Dumas's best book, to his way of thinking, was not the series introducing Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, but *The Count of Monte Cristo.* And of *The Count of Monte Cristo* in these pages he discourses shrewdly and entertainingly. First there is a brief recapitulation of the outline of the story which is worth the attention of any one who is trying to learn to write. The plot he finds simple enough, but he calls the reader's attention to that shrewd perception of human nature which made the great romancer select a very common instinct of humanity as the basis of his appeal to the reader's sympathy. "We have all of us," Bret Harte wrote, "at some time, when confronted with a particular phase of human wrong and injustice, been seized by a desire to usurp the tardy divine function, and take the law into our own hands. We have all wished to be 'caliph for a day,' as humanly, if not as humbly, as the Persian porter; we have longed for a sudden and potential elevation from which to hold the balance between man and man. Such a being Dumas has created in Edmond Dantès, later Count of Monte Cristo, and with such convincing and elaborate skill that we forget he is only redressing his own wrongs in the tact, wisdom and scope of his scheme of retribution. We overlook the relentlessness of his punitive powers in the impassive logic with which he makes the guilty work out their own doom."

• • •

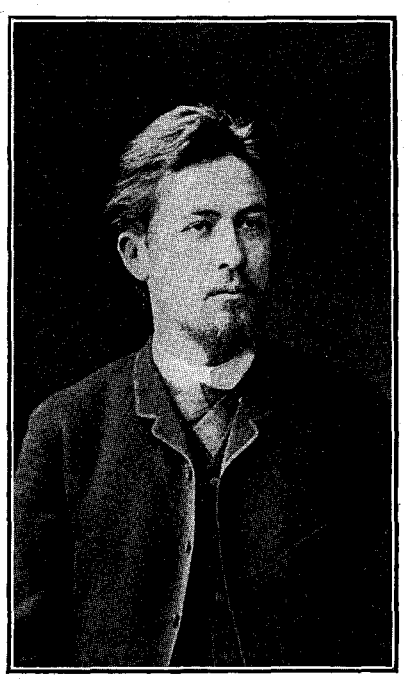
Of the opening chapters of *Monte Cristo* Bret Harte cannot speak in terms of sufficient enthusiasm. It is all so unforced, so natural. The characters of the book are so clearly defined. Danglars, the supercargo, jealous of Dantès's position; Fernand, Dantès's unsuccessful rival for Mercedes's hand, Caderousse, the drunken, vacillating friend, and De Villefort, ambitious of promotion. Yet just here Harte makes a curious blunder which, apparently small in itself, would be far-reaching if it had had a part in the fabric of the story. He speaks of Noirtier, to whom Dantès was carrying the letter from Elba as "the Bonapartist uncle of De Villefort." As every one knows, Noirtier was not De Villefort's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncle but his father, and consequently the grandfather of Valentine, the real heroine of the latter part of the book. Harte pointed out how everything essential in the working out of the plot of the remaining three-fourths of the novel down to apparently unimportant and humble details were carefully prearranged. Yet here is a detail which is very far from being unimportant, over which the critic himself has conspicuously stumbled.

• • •

There is one very shrewd and sound observation about *The Count of Monte Cristo* which we do not remember ever having seen in print before. Bret Harte



ANTON TCHEKOFF

finds only one incident which strikes him with being inconsistent with the novel's general careful elaboration and plausibility. It is the mysterious rehabilitation of the lost ship *Pharaon,* and her dramatic entry into Marseilles on the eve of Morrel's bankruptcy. It is an anti-climax, for Morrel has already been saved by the mysterious Englishman, and the catastrophe averted; it is a mere *coup de théâtre,* on which the curtain of the chapter descends without explanation. It is so unlike the author that Harte was inclined contemptuously to ascribe it to Maquet, Dumas's collaborator in his other novels. In this Harte was perhaps a little unfair to Maquet, for whatever was the share that that patient co-worker had in the other romances, whether, as Andrew Lang thought, his duty was to supply the information that in a certain part of England in the seventeenth century there was a small community of French weavers, there is considerable evidence to indicate that all those opening chapters at Marseilles for which Harte expresses so warm an admiration were written at Maquet's suggestion after Dumas had originally planned to begin the narrative at Rome with the meeting of Monte Cristo, Albert de Morcerf and Franz d'Epinay, and the exploits of Luigi Vampa and his bandits.

• • •

Tchekoff

Anton Tchekoff, whose stories of Russian peasant life are reviewed elsewhere in this issue, was characterised by Mr. Abraham Cahan in an article which appeared in THE BOOKMAN some years ago, as the Tolstoy of the Russian short story. Unlike most of the conspicuous Russian men of letters Tchekoff is not of the peasant class, nor is he a political revolutionist. By birth and education he is a nobleman. He began his literary career as a writer of *feuilletons* for newspapers. These were, for the most part, burlesque sketches, full of irrelevancies, but displaying a definite insight into reality which attracted immediate attenton. There was an echo of sadness to his fun, and an intensity of human interest of the kind which leaves the reader's consciousness divided between a hearty laugh and a subtle sense of pity. He gradually lapsed into more serious moods and began to write longer stories. For more than twenty years he has been known to fame, yet he has never felt tempted to leave the short story for the full-fledged novel.

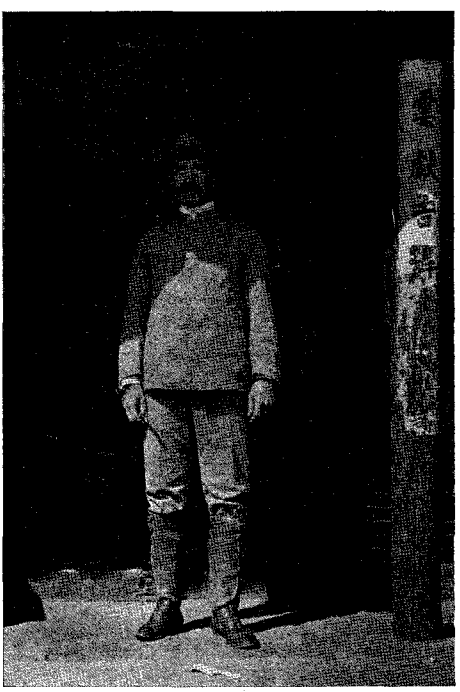
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writing "Anna Karénina"

October 9th is the announced date for the publication of *Reminiscences of Tolstoy* by his son, Count Ilya Tolstoy, from the press of the Century Company. In a later issue of THE BOOKMAN we propose to print a formal review of this book; meanwhile, from the advance sheets, we are jotting down certain notes. For example Count Ilya remembers well the writing of *Anna Karénina,* although at the time the book was begun he was a boy of seven years of age. He knew it was a novel on which both his father and his mother were at work. His mother's work seemed much harder than his father's because the children actually saw her at it, and she worked much longer hours than he did. At her little table in the drawing-room she spent all her free time writing. Leaning over the manuscript and trying to decipher the scrawl with her short-sighted eyes, she devoted whole evenings to the work, and often sat up late after everybody else had gone to bed. Sometimes, when anything was written quite illegibly, she would go to Count Tolstoy's study and ask him what it meant. But this was very rare, because she did not like to disturb him. When it happened Tolstoy would take the manuscript in his hand, ask with some annoyance: "What on earth is the difficulty?" and begin to read it out loud. When he came to the difficult place he would mumble and hesitate, and sometimes had the greatest difficulty in making out, or rather in guessing, what he had written. He had a very bad handwriting and a terrible habit of inserting whole sentences between the lines, or in the corners of the page, or sometimes right across it.

• • •

When *Anna Karénina* began to come out serially in a Moscow monthly, long galley proofs were posted to Count Tolstoy and he looked them through and corrected them. At first the margins would be marked with the ordinary typographical signs, letters omitted, marks of punctuation, and so on; then individual words would be changed, and then whole sentences; erasures and additions began; till, in the end, the proof sheet was reduced to a mass of patches, perfectly black in places, and it was quite impossible to send it back as it stood, because no one but the Countess could make head or tail of the tangle of conventional signs, transpositions, and erasures. The Countess would sit up all night copying out the whole thing afresh. In the morning there lay the pages on her table neatly piled together, covered all over with her fine clear handwriting, and everything was ready so that the proof sheets could be sent off by post. The Count would carry them off to his study to have "just one last look," and by the evening it was just as bad again; the whole thing had been rewritten and messed up once more. "Sonya, my dear, I am very sorry, but I've spoiled all your work again; I promise I won't do it any more," he would say, showing her the passages he had inked over with a guilty air. "We will



RALPH D. PAINE, WHOSE "THE WALL BETWEEN," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEWART EDWARD WHITE AS THE FACTOR'S INDIAN STEERSMAN IN THE PRODUCTION OF "CONJUROR'S HOUSE"

send them off to-morrow without fail." But this to-morrow was often put off day by day for weeks or months together. There were even occasions when, after posting the proofs, he remembered some particular word next day and corrected it by telegraph.

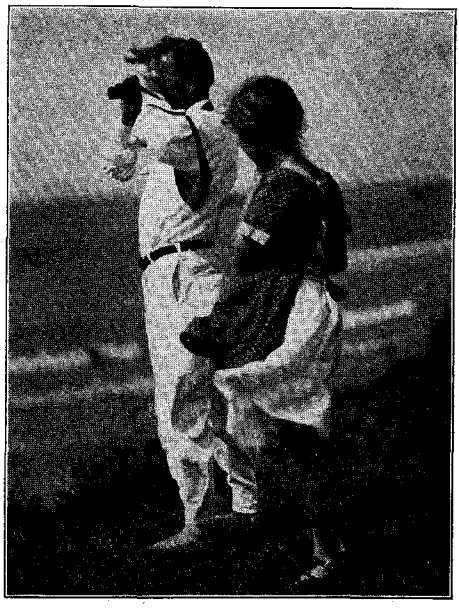
• • •

According to Count Ilya his father never had any real liking for *Anna Karénina*. In one letter he expressed his surprise that people should be pleased by "such ordinary and *empty* stuff." To another correspondent he wrote: "It is two months since I have defiled with ink or my heart with thoughts. But now I am setting to work again on my *tedious, vulgar Anna Karénina* with only one wish, to clear it out of the way as soon as possible and give myself leisure for other occupations." Again, in 1878, when the novel was nearing an end: "I am frightened by the feeling that I am getting into my summer mood again. I *loathe* what I have written. The proof sheets for the April number now lie on my table, and I really have not the heart to collect them. *Everything* in them is *beastly* and the whole thing ought to be rewritten—all that has been printed too—scrapped and melted down, thrown away, renounced; I ought to say: 'I am sorry, I won't do it any more;' and try and write something fresh instead of all this incoherence, neither-fish-nor-flesh-nor-fowlish stuff." That is how Tolstoy felt toward *Anna Karénina* when he was writing it. Afterward his son often heard him say much harsher things about it.

• • •

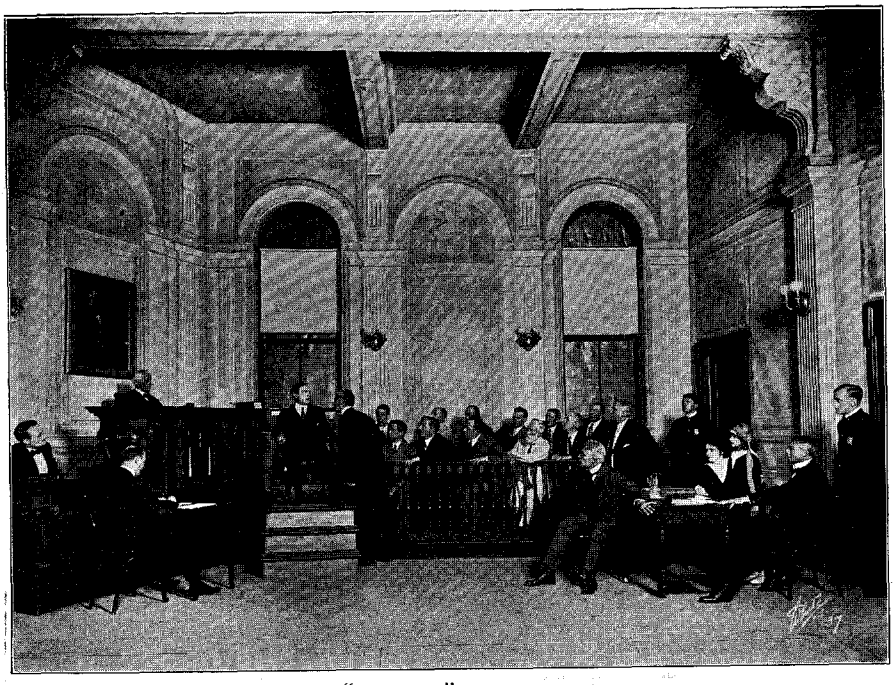
Mr. White in the Movies

A year or so ago former president Roosevelt paid Mr. Stewart Edward White the tribute of saying that he was one of the finest shots he had ever encountered in all his African hunting experiences. We sincerely hope that a certain Mr. Carpenter had this tribute in mind during the recent moving picture staging for the production of Mr. White's *Conjuror's House*. Mr. Carpenter was playing Rand in the scene where Rand, in the canoe, is shot by Julie from the shore. The management suggested to Mr. White that he drop a rifle bullet as close to Rand as possible. Mr. White had one of his highest powered African rifles and managed to throw water over Rand.



WILL LEVINGTON COMPORT AND HIS DAUGHTER AT KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"ON TRIAL"—EPILOGUE

(See Chronological Sequence in the Drama, page 181)

"The private secretary of the dead man is also called as a witness; and when the defendant's counsel succeeds in forcing him to confess that it was he who had rifled the safe and that this robbery had had no connection with the murder, the jury agree at once in acquitting the defendant."

Mr. Carpenter had to submit to being shot at three times, once for rehearsal, once for the regular film, and once for the duplicate. In the course of the film production Mr. White incidentally earned his first money as an actor. It was found necessary to train men to handle the half dozen small birch bark canoes and the one large war canoe needed in some of the scenes and Mr. White was pressed into service as an instructor and also to take part in the picture. For this work, when pay-day came, he received nine dollars.

• • •

The Pimpernel

Baroness Orczy insists that she has found an ancestor of her famous "Scarlet Pimpernel," and that he is the original of Franz Hals's picture "The Laughing Cavalier." She has told his adventures in *The Laughing Cavalier,* a novel published this autumn. It seems—according to the tale—that he lived in Holland early in the seventeenth century, and was a merry soldier of fortune who hired his sword to the Lord of Stoutenberg in an attack on Maurice, Prince of Orange. *The Laughing Cavalier* is a tale of fighting, lots of fighting, though Baroness Orczy probably feels rather antipathetic toward fighting, just now. She holds large estates in Hungary, which she inherited from her uncle, Baron Cherubin Orczy, and is therefore on the side of the Triple Alliance. But also she is in private life the wife of Mr. Montago Barstow, an English gentleman, and therefore with the Triple Entente.

• • •

Mrs. Burnett's New Story

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been writing for some months *The Lost Prince,* which is to begin a twelve-month serial publication in the November number of *St. Nicholas.* The story is based on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

legend that, in a certain European country, five hundred years ago, while a ruthless and unpopular king was in power, his son, a youth of noble quality and much loved by the people, mysteriously disappeared. And upon the death of his father a new dynasty came to the throne. The legend of the Lost Prince has been handed down as a tradition through all the changes of five centuries, and still survives. Around this legend Mrs. Burnett has woven the story. For her hero, the young "Prince of Samavia," is the descendant in our own time of the Lost Prince who vanished five hundred years ago; and his story is that of "a boy who is a prince but does not know he is one, though he has always the noble image of a prince before him—making his way through Europe in the guise of a stalwart little tramp but secretly carrying a sign and a message to stray men in crowded streets, at palace gates, in forests and on mountain sides—he himself ignorant of all but that he must obey and pass on in silence." While the legend of which the Lost Prince is the central figure belongs to an actual country, his beautiful "Samavia"—like the mythical land of Zenda—may not be found in any atlas.

• • •

Archibald Marshall

It has often been pointed out that between the two great English universities there has always been a vast disparity when it came to the production of literary men. Charles Reade was the only conspicuous novelist of the Victorian period who owed allegiance to Oxford, whereas a score or more had been associated with Cambridge. And among all the colleges which make up the latter university Trinity College stands out as having produced Tennyson and Thackeray and Macaulay. A Trinity novelist of the present day is Mr. Archibald Marshall, whose *The Greatest of These* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. As an undergraduate Mr. Marshall used to pass the rooms in which Thackeray lived and wished to follow in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his footsteps. These rooms were in the "Great Court" where he himself lived. He has always been very fond of Cambridge, and confesses that it is difficult for him to keep it out of his books. *Peter Binney, Undergraduate* (published 1899), his first published novel, was a university story, which was described as the Cambridge "Verdant Green." After leaving the university Archibald Marshall went into his father's business, but had no liking for it. He spent a year in Australia and returned home by way of United States. In 1897 he was in this country with R. C. Lehman, when the latter was coaching the Harvard crew. For a time he intended taking orders in the Church of England, but eventually he settled down to write. After *Peter Binney, Undergraduate* came *The House of Merrilies,* written in 1901, and which went the round of the publishers for two years. It finally found a market in 1905. The following year *Richard Baldock* was published, to be followed in 1907 by *Exton Manor.*

• • •

Alcohol

Alcohol is every day becoming a more popular character in literature. Since the days of Zola's *L'Assommoir* his vogue has increased greatly. During the past eighteen months alone, Jack London has said unkind things about him in *John Barleycorn,* Samuel G. Blythe in a little book called *The Old Game,* has sung the joys of temperance for an active man of affairs, and Will Levington Comfort in *Midstream* has confessed that he drank a great deal, that whiskey kept him in the ditch and that he took the Keeley Cure. Now, J. D. Beresford, the young English realist, has dropped his *Jacob Stahl* for a time, and painted the career of a drunkard, in *The House in Demetrius Road.* Numerous journals in England, where the novel was published a few months ago, have praised Mr. Beresford's treatment of the subject. The *London Daily News* observed, "It is an extraordinary thing that in England the drunkard, who is, after all, a far from rare phenomenon, has hitherto appealed so little to the curiosity of the psychological novelist. Englishmen have a way of regarding the drunkard as a comic character or a pitiable character or a disgusting character—as anything but the interesting character he is. Mr. Beresford is one of the few English novelists to see that the drunkard provides one of the strangest instances of that double personality of which *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is the sensational fable. He has chosen as his principal character not only a drunkard but a secret drunkard—a writer and man of business, whose political ambitions require that the world shall know nothing of his vice."

• • •

Sir Thomas Barclay's "Reminiscences"

One of the English papers gives its review of Sir Thomas Barclay's *Thirty Years: Anglo-French Reminiscences* the ironic heading *"L'Entente; c'est moi,"* and the suggestion is not without a certain measure of justification. For Sir Thomas has made no attempt to obscure the part that he himself has played in bringing about the pleasant relations that for some years have existed between the English and French nations. In view of existing conditions in the world to-day there is a vast amount of information of paramount importance in this book. But in these comments we shall confine ourselves to the rather meagre impressions of literary men and affairs that Sir Thomas has jotted down in his story of his long residence in Paris. For example, he met Ernest Renan at the receptions given by the Jules Simons at their apartment on the Place de la Madeleine. To his eyes Renan was "a fat, placid man, who in appearance was a cross between a German Boniface of my old university days, and a French *curé.*" Once only had Sir Thomas an opportunity of serious conversation with him. He wanted to "draw" him on the intellectual outlook which befitted the historian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. FLAGG. MISS COOKE'S "BAMBI," OF WHICH MUCH IS EXPECTED, IS TO BE PUBLISHED LATE THIS MONTH. BESIDES BEING AN AUTHOR, MISS COOKE IS WELL KNOWN AS A MONOLOGIST

I was arguing, at the time, that history was not a subject in itself, but an aspect of every subject, and that every branch of education and study should include its particular history. He vaguely agreed with me that the "verdicts" of history were not to be trusted except as evidence of the mental attitude of the age in which they were given. But I was so ultra-Renanian in those days that even Renan, I think, must have shuddered at such defiance of authority.

• • •

Of more than mere literary importance was the visit of Anatole France to London last December. The visit was planned by Sir Thomas Barclay and others with the idea of fostering Anglo-French literary amenities. France was selected because he was felt to be the highest living expression of what is permanent in French literature and thought.

Other Frenchmen of letters may have a manner peculiar to them, an originality of ideas and impressions which is contributing to the general mass in each case no small amount of suggestive, thoughtful and well expressed matter. Anatole France is not merely suggestive, thoughtful, and well expressed. In him are embodied the permanent traditions of French literature. He is the present incarnation of that line of literary "silversmiths" of those "ciseleurs d'argent," who are the glory of a language inseparable from literature, in which the very phrases are masterpieces of art.

• • •

Sir Thomas Barclay knew well the famous journalist, de Blowitz, and while acknowledging a certain admiration, had no real liking for him. He ridicules de Blowitz's own account of his origin. To his mind Blowitz's ability consisted of putting facts together and making a good consecutive story. This he could do with safety because he was familiar with the known facts in every case. All he needed, as a rule, was a link. When he had this, his story was ready. Sometimes he was disavowed, as by Bismarck and by Gambetta, but nobody paid much heed to these disavowals. In Sir Thomas's eyes Blowitz had the adventurer's love of the wealthy and powerful. In him poverty or failure excited no pity and one who afforded him no copy was a "nobody," the lowest rank to which a man could descend. A criminal on a large scale excited Blowitz's imagination and he dwelt with an almost friendly interest on rascality that amounted to genius. He was as different from the sentimental Gambetta as any man could be. Gambetta hated Blowitz as a hanger-on and sycophant and Blowitz despised Gambetta as an unpractical political simpleton.

• • •

A friend with a mathematical turn of mind called attention the other day to an apparent slip on the part of that genial story-teller, "O. Henry," in "The Gift of the Magi," one of the tales that make up the contents of the volume entitled *The Four Million*. This story, it will be re-

Penny, Penny.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

membered, deals with the exchange of Christmas gifts by a young couple who are desperately poor, illogically happy and delightfully reckless in their determination to gratify each other's heart's desire. Her special craving is for a pair of expensive side-combs, and his secret ambition is for a watch-fob. But although each has divined the other's wish, the presents are not quite the success that they had hoped for, simply because the wife had sold her hair in order to buy the fob for the watch which the husband had pawned in order to buy the combs. All this is merely by way of identifying the story. The slip referred to occurs in the opening paragraph, long before the idea of selling her hair has occurred to the young woman, and while she is still striving to save up the required sum by a process of painful skimping. She had saved, the author tells us, "one dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies." Now, if you stop to think and to compute, you begin to wonder in what particular form of currency the remaining dollar and twenty-seven cents could have been, or how that particular sum could have been computed without the help of pennies. Half a century earlier, the explanation of course would have been simple: the copper two-cent piece, or various combinations of the nickel or silver three-cent piece would have solved the difficulty. But those forms of fractional currency have so long been out of circulation as to be in the nature of numismatic curiosities, and there is small likelihood that the author had them in mind, especially as so much of his life was passed in Southern and Western States, where there is a widespread scorn for anything smaller than a dime or a five-cent piece. Perhaps if "O. Henry" were still here to answer for himself, he might escape from the dilemma by confiding to us that the odd seven was due to the presence of a two-cent postage stamp. But our own private opinion is that he simply jotted down the first figures that came into his head, without taking the trouble to compute the results.

Play versus Novel

Arnold Bennett, in *The Author's Craft,* which has just been published by the George H. Doran Company, takes a fling at the idea, which has been much advanced in late years, that it is much easier to write a novel than a play. As a matter of fact, says Mr Bennett, it is nothing of the kind.

> One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than a novel. On the average, one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is held true by the majority, but then the majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion. It is said that the most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. But the most difficult form of poetry is the epic. The proof that the sonnet is the most difficult form is alleged to be in the fewness of perfect sonnets. There are, however, far more perfect sonnets than perfect epics. A perfect sonnet may be a heavenly accident. But such accidents can never happen to writers of epics. Some years ago we had an enormous palaver about the "art of the short story," which numerous persons who had omitted to write novels pronounced to be more difficult than the novel. But the fact remains that there are scores of perfect short stories, whereas it is doubtful whether anybody but Turgenev ever did write a perfect novel. A short form is easier to manipulate than a long form, because its construction is less complicated, because the balance of its proportions can be more easily corrected by means of a rapid survey, because it is lawful and even necessary in it to leave undone many things which are very hard to do, and because the emotional strain is less prolonged.

• • •

Announcement

It has been found expedient to postpone the publication of the symposium on "The Relation of the Novel to the Present Social Unrest," which was announced to appear in this number of THE BOOKMAN, until the November issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I—EDINBURGH

I

PILGRIMAGES to the homes and haunts of famous authors are in many cases merely sentimental journeys. There is a type of writer whose works are utterly uninfluenced by the places where they were conceived and written. Of this type, Edgar Allan Poe may be cited as an extreme example. There is no passage in any of his masterpieces to remind us that he was born in Boston, lived in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York, and died in Baltimore. Sentimental tourists may visit his cottage in Fordham or lay flowers on his grave; but in neither of these places will they find the slightest clue to the appreciation of his genius.

The number of American visitors to Stratford-on-Avon is at present computed to be more than twenty-five thousand a year; but these pilgrims are no nearer to Shakespeare in his birthplace than they were in New York or New Haven, in Kankakee or Kokomo. There is no mention in the works of Shakespeare of the house in Henley Street, nor of Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, nor of the Grammar School, nor of the lovely little church beside the Avon which became the ultimate repository of his bones. His plays, indeed, give evidence of an early and abiding love of rural Warwickshire, and this trail might be substantiated by an aimless stroll across country in any chance direction; but such a stroll is seldom undertaken by the sentimental tourists, who seem to imagine that *As You Like It* was derived from recollections of the house in Henley Street.

Such instances as this might almost lead us to decide that literary pilgrimages are merely sentimental, and have no value for the student or the critic,—were it not for the existence of another type of writer, whose slightest work takes colour from the features of his immediate environment. The student of literature can gain nothing from a visit to the birthplace of Robert Southey in Bristol; but he can gain a great deal from a visit to the primitive cottage where Robert Burns was born. This latter visit is informing, and is not merely sentimental; for the very place is eloquent in explanation of the poet's qualities. The genius of some writers is rooted in the soil; and, properly to understand the blossom and the fruit, we must explore the ground where it was planted.

Of this type an extreme example is Robert Louis Stevenson. Both by temperament and by the circumstances of his life, he was a wanderer; and wanderers rarely take root in the soil that they so lightly traverse; but nearly every place that Stevenson visited for more than a fortnight made a keen impression on his mind and exerted an abiding and recurrent influence upon his work. After Stevenson had lived in any place, he made it live in literature; after he had enjoyed himself in any place, he made that place a focus of enjoyment for future generations.

For this reason, a pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson is something more than a merely sentimental journey. Such a pilgrimage affords the student or the critic innumerable clues toward a proper understanding of the man and a judicious estimation of his work. Stevenson, with his quick eye for localities, his keen enjoyment and his vivid recollection of them, may be said to have absorbed into himself the many places where he pitched his tent, until he was lured forth finally to the ultimate islands of the far Pacific;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a visit to the most important of these places will lead us to a nearer intimacy with the man and a better-founded understanding of his writings.

II

Stevenson is one of the most personal of writers. It is not merely in those essays wherein he deals directly with his memories of people and of places that he is autobiographic; he is scarcely less so in those other essays wherein the subject is ostensibly external to himself. To cite a single instance,—he evolves his most engaging theory of narrative, not from a comparative study of great novels and romances, but from a personal recollection of the absurd and cryptic sport of lantern-bearing with which he had lighted a summer season of his boyhood in North Berwick. He is one of the very few authentic poets whose verses are exclusively occasional; for, except the inconsiderable ballads, practically all his poems commemorate occurrences in his own career. The technical method of his narrative is, indeed, rigidly objective; but the mood is insinuatingly subjective none the less; and *Treasure Island* tells us nearly as much about the author's boyhood as any of his essays. Other novelists had studied pirates, but Stevenson had been one; and instead of retelling "all the old romance exactly in the ancient way," he instilled into it the tang of recollection.

It has frequently been said that Stevenson is an egoist; and the appellative is true or not, according to the tone of voice in which it is delivered. If the word be understood clear-mindedly, in its philosophical significance, it precisely defines the process of his mind. The essence of Stevenson's egoism is not difficult to discern. In his mental attitude toward his own life, he departed in two important ways from the habit of the average man: for, first of all, he enjoyed his life, and, second, he remembered it. The faculty of self-remembrance is rare; and Stevenson was stating a significant truth when he wrote to Mr. Henry James, "I am one of the few people in the world who do not forget their own lives;" but the faculty of self-enjoyment is even rarer. Most people think that they enjoy themselves, whereas all that they really enjoy is the pleasant things that happen to them; but in one of his most recently published letters (written at the age of twenty-three) Stevenson speaks, with the authority of one who knows, of "that *belle humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant."

Stevenson—despite a widespread popular impression to the contrary—was not, by temperament, a happy man. Three years before his death, he wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin, "I was only happy once; that was at Hyères." His most characteristic mood was a commingling of gaiety and melancholy; and the happiness which is trumpeted in his essays is a matter not of temperament but of philosophical conviction. But he was, by temperament, unfalteringly self-enjoying. He enjoyed not only his pleasures, but his difficulties also, and welcomed with undissuaded interest whatever experience swam into his ken. A self-enjoying nature such as this takes possession of its own experience with a completeness that is without precedent in the habit of the average man. For this reason, Stevenson's life, in a quite unusual sense, belongs to him. No incident, in all his drift of years, was wasted. Nothing that happened to him seemed trivial; and this is the basis of his literary power to make ordinary, common things shine forth with a glory that seems strange and new.

Furthermore, Stevenson never lost the tang and glow of any particular experience, because of his peculiar genius for recollecting his own thoughts and recalling his own emotions. Most of us, as we advance through life, burn the bridges behind us; but he kept his backward communications forever free and open. In the preface to *Memories and Portraits,* he speaks of his own young face as a face of the dead; but, in truth, it was never so for him. He could always scramble down the ladder of his ages, and reënjoy a past experience without any disenchant-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing intrusion of his later and maturer consciousness.

A man with this extraordinary gift of self-enjoyment rendered permanent by self-remembrance [for there, in a phrase, is the essence of Stevenson's egoism] scarcely needs, if the drift of his experience be full and varied, to look outside the circle of himself to gather knowledge of the world. He will study human nature by watching himself, rather than by watching other people. "If I were that sort of person, in that sort of situation, how should I feel and act?"—that is Stevenson's criterion of truth in fiction. And his evidence of truth in his expository essays seems to be, "This I have felt, and now remember: therefore it is life"—a syllogism which reminds us of Descartes. To sum up in a single sentence, Stevenson derives his sense of life in general by inference from his own sensations of living in particular.

Since Stevenson's art is prevailingly memorial, we must, in order to appreciate it fully, trace it back to its origin in his personal experience. If we are properly to appraise the work, we cannot know too much about the man. With most artists, a distinction may be drawn between their inner and their outer lives, and the real experience they conquer while following the path of gold is very different from that actual experience which drifts to them daily in the world of men; but with Stevenson the two lives—the outer and the inner, the actual and the real—are fused by his memorial imagination into one. This is undeniably the reason why his actual life seems to answer so exactly to his character, and appears—as he himself would probably have put it—as fitting and as true as a romance. His own career is, indeed, the most stirring and significant narrative that he has left behind him; and, in a very real sense, he is himself his greatest character.

The procedure of Stevenson's thought was rarely intellectual. He derived his conclusions from emotions; and these emotions were induced from the memory of past sensations. The initial basis of his equipment was, therefore, his apparatus for sensation; and this apparatus was extraordinarily keen. He had quick eyes, quick ears, and was habituated to respond with energy to every stimulation from without. Thus, places which might have excited no reaction from a less sensitive observer produced upon his mind an indelible impression,—an impression which, sublimated by the artistry of memory, he would later put to service in his literary work. To appreciate his work completely, it is therefore necessary to investigate the various localities which contributed successively to that storehouse of sensations from which he ultimately abstracted the materials of his finished art. For this reason, a pilgrimage on the trail of Stevenson must be regarded not merely as a sentimental journey but also as an adventure in literary criticism.

III

It has often been said that every child should choose his parents wisely; and it might also be averred that every child should choose a proper birthplace. This, at least, was done by Robert Louis Stevenson. The "grey metropolis of the winds," which is lauded in so many of his letters and celebrated in so many of his essays, seems, even to most aliens, the supremely fascinating city of the modern world. No other capital in Europe can rival its three-fold combination of beauty of natural locality, impressiveness of monumental grandeur, and richness of romantic atmosphere. It is fortunate indeed for literature that a writer whose entire work was doomed to bear the impress of whatever sensations he might receive from his environment in childhood should have been born and reared in "the quaint grey-castled city where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat."

Wherever Stevenson wandered in later life, that "gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city" kept for itself "the first place in the very bottom of his soul." It was half the world away, and after he was forty, that he wrote this beautiful pæan of remi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

niscence, which has been quoted in the *Life* by Mr. Graham Balfour:—"I was born within the bounds of an earthly city, illustrious for her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys, and the long trail of her smoke against the sunset; I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day, like an act of an opera, to the notes of bugles; still recall, with a grateful effort of memory, any one of a thousand beautiful and specious circumstances that pleased me, and that must have pleased any one, in my half-remembered past. It is the beautiful that I thus actively recall; the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendours of the early dawn, the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a new Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven."

The best of all guide-books to this city of enchantment is Stevenson's own *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh,* wherein its manifold aspects are charmingly described and many anecdotes of its romantic past are chronicled. This book was written when Stevenson was twenty-seven years of age. It was begun in Paris and finished in Le Monastier; and this fact calls attention to a significant method of the writer's mind. Throughout his life-long wanderings, Stevenson rarely or never attempted to describe a place so long as he was in it. For his selection of descriptive details he relied always on the sub-conscious artistry of memory. He trusted his own mind to forget the non-essential; and he seized upon whatever he remembered as, by that token, the most essential features of a scene,—the features, therefore, that cried out to be selected as the focal points of the picture to be suggested to the mind's eye of his readers.

But, oddly enough, Stevenson's little book on Edinburgh is less autobiographic than the majority of his other essays. He makes no mention, in this work, of those particular localities in which the intimate passages of his own life had been enshrined. The Stevensonian who visits Edinburgh will, therefore, feel the need of some additional notes to guide him to the homes and special haunts of the keenest lover of Auld Reekie since that "king of the romantics" who, in his own day, was wont to call it "mine own romantic town."

IV

It was at number 8 Howard Place, in Edinburgh, that Robert Louis Stevenson was born, on November 13, 1850. This is a sturdy little stone house of two stories, one of a row exactly similar to it, situated immediately to the north of the Water of Leith, in an outlying and scarcely fashionable quarter of the New Town. This house, however, can have made no impression on his mind; for in January, 1853, his parents moved diagonally across the street to a somewhat larger house, at number 1 Inverleith Terrace. Here they lived till Stevenson was nearly seven; and it was here that he began to be cognisant of the external world. In his essay entitled *Rosa Quo Locorum,* he tells us how his imagination localised the twenty-third psalm in certain places immediately adjacent to this second residence.

In May, 1857, the family moved to number 17 Heriot Row; and it was in this house, which remained their home till the death of Thomas Stevenson in 1887, that Louis passed the most impressionable period of his childhood. In no passage of his work does he formally describe the residence in Heriot Row; but many of those visual impressions of a city that recur continually in his writings are records of what he saw in very early years when he looked forth, day and night, from the windows of this house. Heriot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Row is half a mile southward—or toward the centre of the city—from the Water of Leith, and occupies much higher ground than Howard Place. It is situated in the very heart of the New Town, in an urbane and stately neighbourhood. The northerly, or rear, windows of the houses of Heriot Row open on a declivity of hill and overlook innumerable roofs and chimney-pots that fall away to the Firth of Forth and lead the eye, on clear days, to the habitable hills of Fife upon the farther side. The front, or southerly, windows look across "the dark belt of the Queen Street gardens" to the higher houses upon Queen Street. Directly in front of number 17 there stands a lamp-post—because of which [so deep at first, and in the end so wide, may be the influence of a single concrete object] little children in far-divided lands now sing the magic line, "For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door."

At number 52 Queen Street, diagonally across the gardens from Heriot Row, was the residence of Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., who discovered the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and to whom a statue has been erected in the Princes Street Gardens. This house was a haunt of Stevenson's in his teens and twenties; for the children of the great physician were among his most intimate friends. Sir Walter Simpson was the "Cigarette" of the *Inland Voyage*, and was also Stevenson's host on a yachting cruise in August, 1874, from which he learned (according to his own account) the few details of seamanship which were necessary for the handling of the *Hispaniola* in *Treasure Island*. Sir Walter's surviving sister, Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, has published three books about R.L.S. which afford intimate glimpses of his personality in his youthful years.

When the present writer visited number 17 Heriot Row in August, 1910, the house was vacant and for sale; and Mr. Francis Watt, in his recent interesting book on *R.L.S.*,* records that it was still unoccupied when he saw it in the autumn of 1912. If Stevenson were as highly considered in his native city as he is in the rest of the English-reading world, a fund might be raised for taking over the house in Heriot Row and establishing it as a permanent museum to his memory.

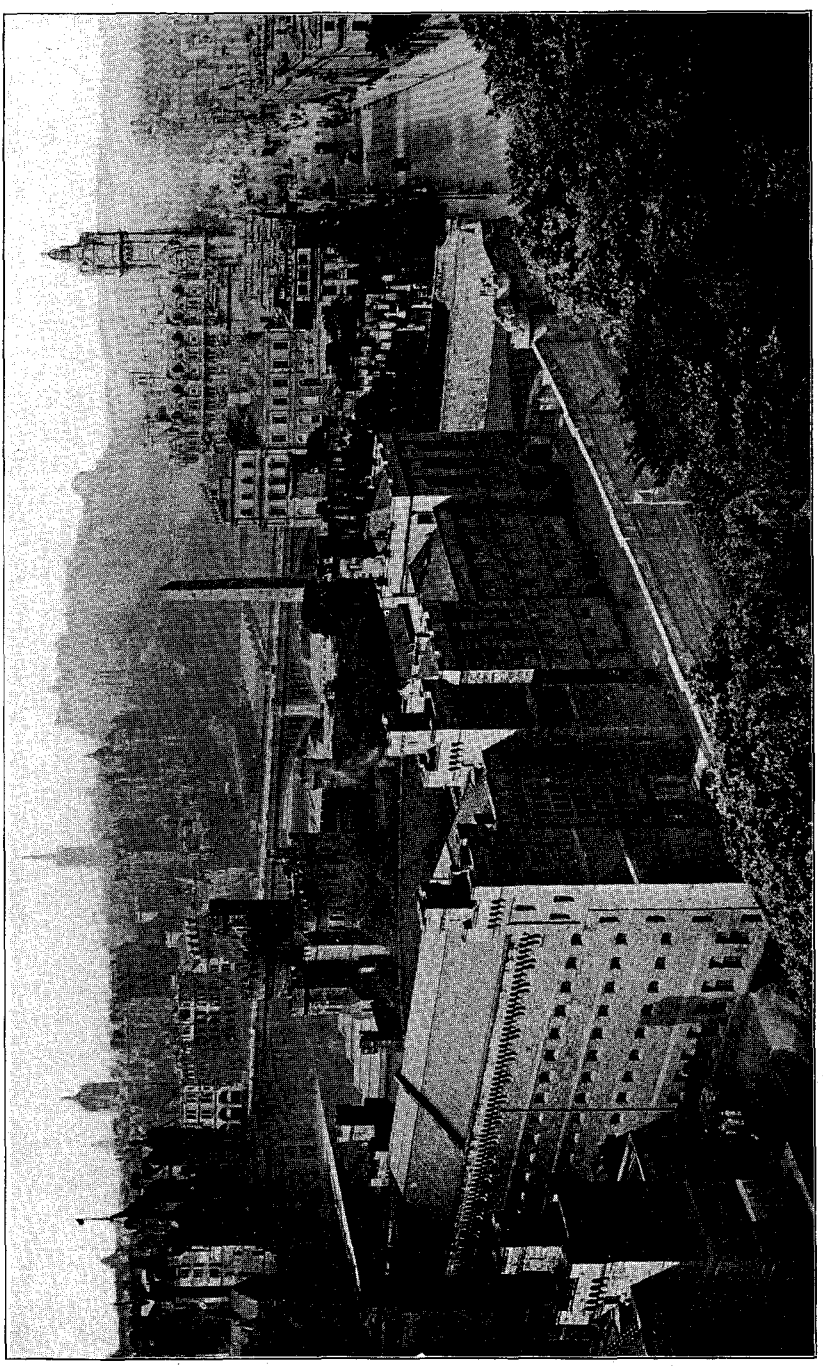
*R.L.S. By Francis Watt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

There is another house in Edinburgh that is of interest to travellers on the trail of R.L.S. This is the ancestral residence of the Stevenson family, at number 1 Baxter's Place. This roomy and somewhat gloomy edifice was built by Thomas Smith, the step-father (and also the father-in-law) of Robert Stevenson; and was inhabited successively by Robert and his sons, of whom the youngest, Thomas Stevenson, was the father of R.L.S. It is situated at the outset of Leith Walk, in a quarter that has latterly degenerated to a district of petty commerce; and the dignity of the old house has been diminished by a row of single-storied shops that have been packed in front of it. Stevenson described this house, in some detail, in a fragment of family history written in Samoa; but he had never actually lived there, since his grandfather Robert had died four months before R.L.S. was born.

A transition of only a few hundred yards will carry the traveller across Leith Walk to the corner of Antigua Street, where stands to this day the stationer's shop that is celebrated in *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured*. The shop is still "dark and smells of Bibles;" but, alas!, there is no longer a toy-theatre in the window that juts out into Leith Walk,—for Skelt's Juvenile Drama, "after having changed its name to Park's, to Webb's, to Redington's, and last of all to Pollock's, has now become, for the most part, a memory."

Leith Walk, which is described in this essay as "the wide thoroughfare that joins the city of my childhood with the sea," was often traversed by Louis in his boyhood, when, as he says, "upon any Saturday, we made a party to behold the ships." It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have allowed his hero, David Balfour, to follow this route to the suburb

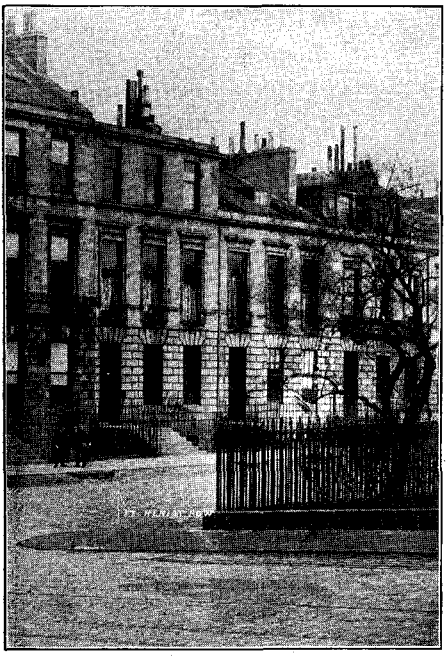
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EDINBURGH, FROM THE CALTON HILL

In the centre of the picture, beyond the prison in the foreground, is the graveyard described in "Old Mortality."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE STEVENSON HOME AT 17 HERIOT ROW

It was in this house, which was the residence of the Stevensons from 1857 to 1887, that Louis passed the most impressionable period of his childhood. A corner of the Queen Street Gardens is shown in the foreground of the picture.

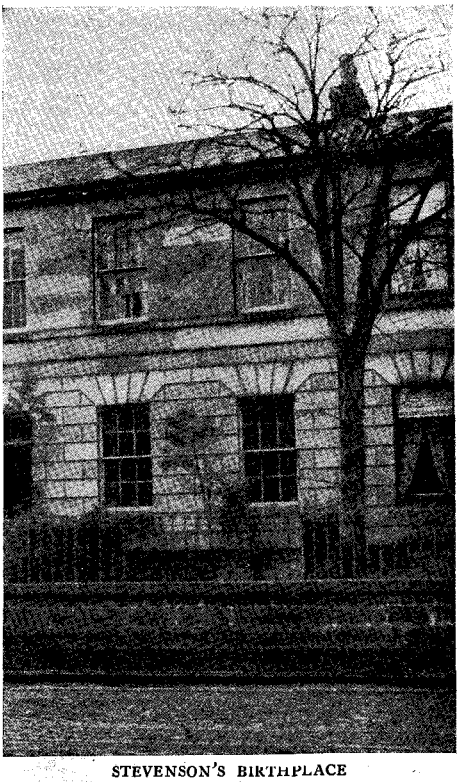
of Pilrig, where he interviewed, in a house that is still extant, the actual James Balfour of Pilrig, sometime Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, who was Stevenson's great-great-grandfather on his mother's side.

V

Because of his precarious health in childhood, Stevenson's schooling was exceedingly irregular. From 1858 to 1861, he attended, in the intervals of illness, a school kept by a Mr. Henderson in India Street. This street runs northward out of Heriot Row, one block to the west of the Stevenson home. From 1864 to 1867, he was an irregular attendant at Mr. Thomson's school in Frederick Street; and to reach this school he had merely to step across the gardens from his house. Frederick Street leads southward from Heriot Row to the centre of the modern city, in Princes Street, three blocks away.

But the only one of Stevenson's schools which really repays the attention of the visitor to his native city is the Edinburgh Academy, which he attended for a year and a half, beginning in the autumn of 1861. This famous institution is located on low ground near the Water of Leith, a few blocks southwest of Stevenson's birthplace. Not far from this locality was formerly situated the village of Silvermills, which is mentioned so frequently in *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*. The Academy building is a somewhat dingy imitation of a Greek temple, set in a gravel yard made raucous by the cries of many boys.

To reach the Academy from Heriot Row, Louis was accustomed to run down



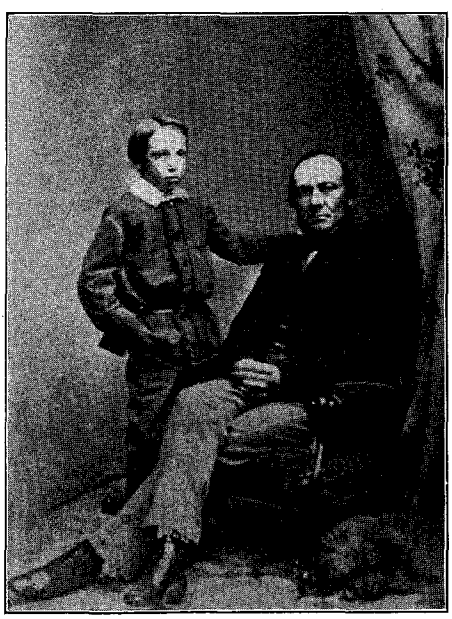
STEVENSON'S BIRTHPLACE

A sturdy little stone house of two stories, situated immediately to the north of the Water of Leith.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hill by way of Howe Street, passing the rather formal and forbidding edifice of St. Stephen's Church, where his father—an officer of the congregation—was a regular attendant. A continuous line of iron railings separates the sidewalks of Howe Street from the areas of the houses; and it is easy for the pilgrim to picture little Louis rattling on these railings with his "clackan,"—a wooden club with which the Edinburgh schoolboy was wont to make morning hideous on his way to school. This noisy exercise was subsequently assigned by Stevenson to the hero of *The Misadventures of John Nicholson*.

From the Academy, it is necessary to traverse nearly the entire city, and to climb over a high hill and two successive valleys, in order to reach Edinburgh University, in South Bridge Street, where, from 1867 to 1875, Stevenson idled through the training for his two false starts in life,—first as an engineer, and subsequently as a lawyer. Of the impressive quadrangle of the University there is a suggestive description in a letter written by Louis, some years later, to Sir Sidney Colvin. This quadrangle has not changed its aspect since the student days of R.L.S., except that the massive cupola over the entry was not erected till a later date.



R.L.S. AND HIS FATHER, THOMAS STEVENSON
From an original photograph taken by John Patrick, of Edinburgh.

R.L.S. AND HIS MOTHER, MARGARET ISABELLA BALFOUR STEVENSON
From an original photograph taken by John Patrick, of Edinburgh.

The Stevensonian who visits Edinburgh University will be most interested in the rooms of the Speculative Society, which still answer exactly to the description that was given of them in the essay on *A College Magazine*:—"a hall, Turkey-carpeted, hung with pictures, looking, when lighted up at night with fire and candle, like some goodly dining-room; a passage-like library, walled with books in their wire cages; and a corridor with a fireplace, benches, a table, many prints of famous members, and a mural tablet to the virtues of a former secretary." These details remain unaltered; but two others have been added, to remind the visitor more particularly of R.L.S. One is a photograph of him, hung prominently on the wall; and the other is the Union Jack of the schooner-yacht *Casco*,—the flag

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDINBURGH, FROM THE CASTLE

The lofty Castle offers an uninterrupted view of all of Edinburgh. In this picture, we are looking eastward toward the Colton Hill, a landmark of which Stevenson was particularly fond.

which was draped over the body of Tusitala when he lay dead at Vailima and the natives watched all night beside his bier. This token was presented to the Speculative Society by Stevenson's fellow-member and lifelong friend, Mr. Charles Baxter.

A visit to the Parliament House, where, in the ancient hall in which the Parliament of Scotland was formerly convened, Stevenson walked in wig and gown with other young and briefless advocates during his short career as a lawyer in 1875, will lead the traveller to the very Heart of Midlothian,—the centre of the Old Town of Edinburgh. The hall itself is very beautiful, and well repays a visit, with its noble oaken rafters, its great stained-glass window streamed through by the southern sun, and its many busts and portraits of famous advocates.

It is but a step from the Parliament House to St. Giles's Cathedral, where, on a wall adjacent to the southern aisle, the visitor will find the beautiful bas-relief of Stevenson by Augustus St. Gaudens, which has been erected in honour of R.L.S. "by readers in all quarters of the world."

From the Cathedral, the High Street ascends directly to the summit of the precipitous rock which is crowned by Edinburgh Castle. It was here, of course, that St. Ives was confined as a prisoner from France; and the reader of the novel will probably turn dizzy as he gazes down the precipice where the hero dangled himself to freedom by a rope.

VI

The lofty Castle offers an uninterrupted prospect of all of Edinburgh; and from this point of vantage, with the city spread out like a relief-map beneath his feet, the pilgrim may pick out many other localities which are particularly celebrated in the *Picturesque Notes* or put to literary uses in the essays and the tales of R.L.S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This is a copy of the photograph of Stevenson that hangs prominently in the hall of the Speculative Society in Edinburgh University. This token was presented to the "Spec." by Stevenson's fellow-member and lifelong friend, Mr. Charles Baxter.

Perhaps the most fascinating chapter in Stevenson's little book on Edinburgh is that devoted to the Greyfriars churchyard; and a reading of this chapter on the ground itself affords the student a valuable clue to the author's method of selecting descriptive details. It has been already noted that he wrote this passage in France, and wrote it from memory. The pilgrim need not, therefore, be surprised to notice that Stevenson has deleted many of those details which bulk most largely on the sight of a person present at Greyfriars and has made much of many details which would utterly elude the observation of most visitors.

But an even more enchanting experience awaits the traveller who will read the essay entitled *Old Mortality* in the very graveyard that is carefully described in the opening paragraph. This is the old Calton Hill burial ground, which is situated half way up the steep rise at the east end of Princes Street. It is still "looked upon on the one side by a prison, on the other by the windows of a quiet hotel;" but, alas!, the "beautiful housemaid of the hotel," who "once, for some days together, dumbly flirted with the author from a window and kept his wild heart flying," is no longer to be noted from the graveyard. Doubtless she, too, has paid her toll to Old Mortality; but it is a sorrow to record that "the wise Eugenia" does not even appear to have left any successors to continue the tradition of romance.

In so brief a paper as the present, it is, unfortunately, impossible to guide the traveller to all the haunts of Stevenson in Edinburgh; but the places that have already been enumerated are those that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOP IN LEITH WALK

This is the shop, at the corner of Antigua Street, which is celebrated in "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured." The toy-theatre used to stand in the corner window.

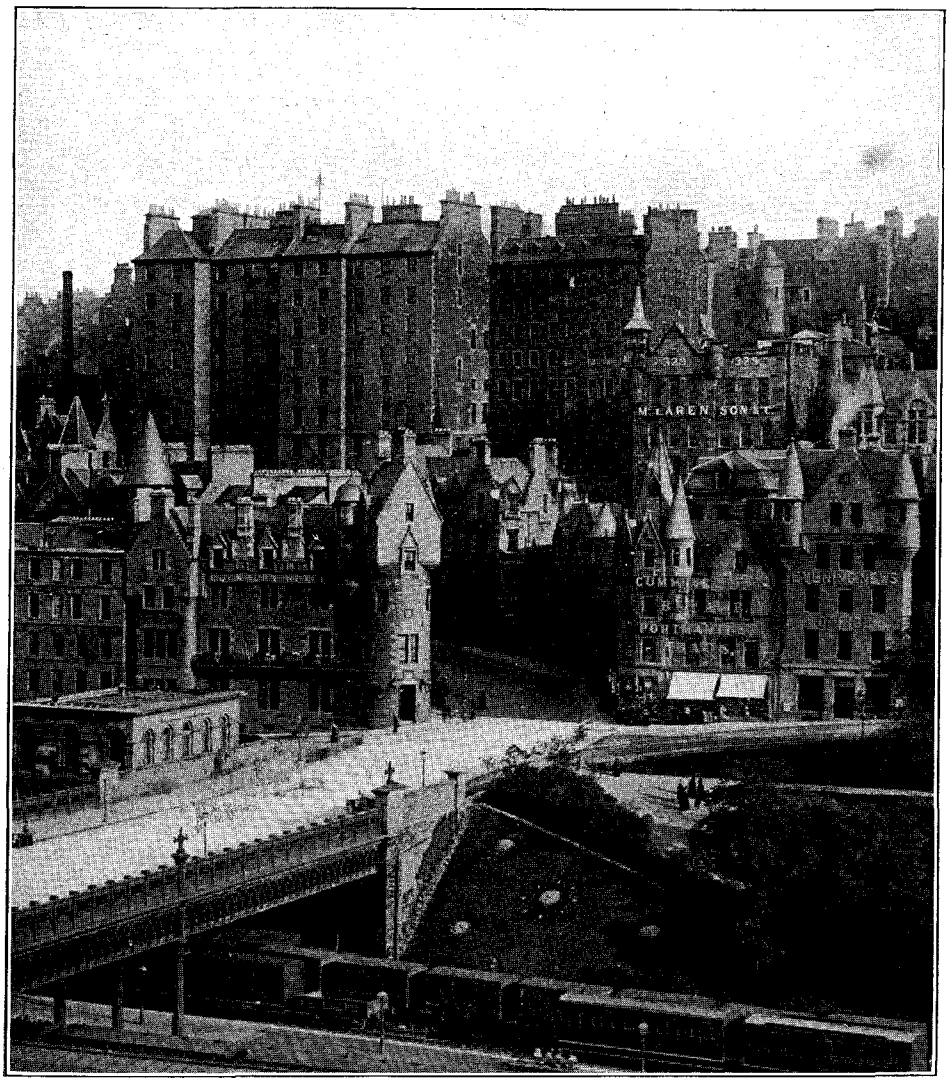
require the chief attention of the student of his life and of his works. To pick out all the localities that are mentioned in *David Balfour* and *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston,* for instance, would require a very minute exploration of the Old Town; and the traveller who undertakes to read his way through Edinburgh with the *Picturesque Notes* will find himself kept pleasantly occupied for many days.

VII

Until a year ago, it was possible for privileged visitors to Edinburgh to be taken nearer to the heart of R.L.S. than any one can ever reach henceforward by making a pilgrimage upon his trail. The death of Alison Cunningham in the summer of 1913 severed the last link that connected the childhood of Louis Stevenson with the living world. There are other people left in Edinburgh who remember him, and some who will tell you tales in disapproval of him; but there are none who knew him so well and loved him so deeply as Cummy,—his "second mother," his "first wife."

It was my privilege to pass many hours in her company, on several differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TALL BUILDINGS IN THE HIGH STREET

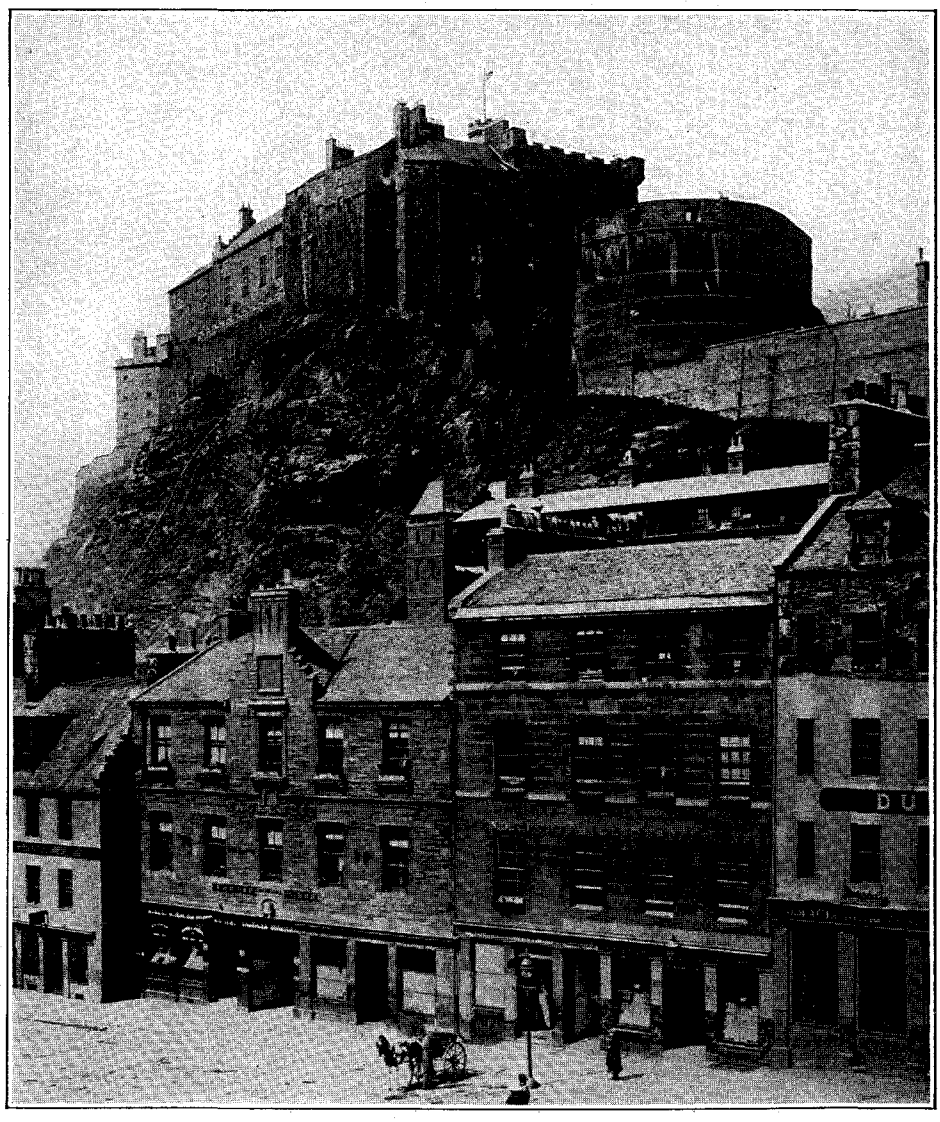
Several scenes of "David Balfour" are set in this district.

ent days in the summer of 1910, three years before her death, and to enjoy the eager volubility of her talk as she rambled on in reminiscence of her "Master Lou." She was already of a great age, and the beauty of her face seemed to have been chiselled in eternal granite. She had become almost completely deaf, and her eyesight was fading rapidly; but the dimming of these senses seemed only to accentuate the expressiveness of her voice and of her gestures. She had a grand, hymn-singing voice, with a sort of sturdy gentleness of intonation. Her hands were the most eloquent that I have ever known. She had a way of suddenly seizing both your hands in hers; and by that touch she knew you, and had no need of hearing or of sight. Louis has sung of her "most comfortable hand"; and there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is no other adjective so fitting to describe a feeling that afforded you a sense of strong shelter and insuperable peace. There were times, too, when Cummy would grasp you by both shoulders and draw you eagerly to her bosom; and it was as if you were being taken to the heart of all of womankind.

Despite her disabilities of sight and hearing, she went forth every day for a brisk walk with her favourite dog; and there was an ardour in her talk which held aloof the touch of time. She could seldom answer a precise question; she had become, indeed, incapable of conversation; but her talk was a tireless soliloquy, lacking in coherence to be sure, but always eloquent and often illuminative.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET
It was down this precipice that the hero of "St. Ives" dangled himself to freedom by a rope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She would ramble on through many moods; and now a mist would hover in her eyes at the touch of some tender recollection, and again her rich voice would break out into peals of laughter at the impetus of that rollicking mood which would surge up very often from the years that were.

There were many treasures in the little room in which she lived,—a photograph of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson taken at an early age, and showing her very lovely in the quaint dress of the middle of the nineteenth century, a painting by Bob Stevenson which Cummy didn't really like but which she valued as the work of an adopted nephew, several pictures and other mementoes of Louis himself, and a charming photograph, of which she was especially proud, which showed the young and beautiful Duchess of Sutherland standing gracefully beside a chair which had been set for Cummy in the gardens of Swanston Cottage. "I told Her Grace that I should stand," said Cummy, "being only an ordinary woman; but Her Ladyship would have me seated in the chair,—and there we are, with a Duchess standing in the presence of old me!"

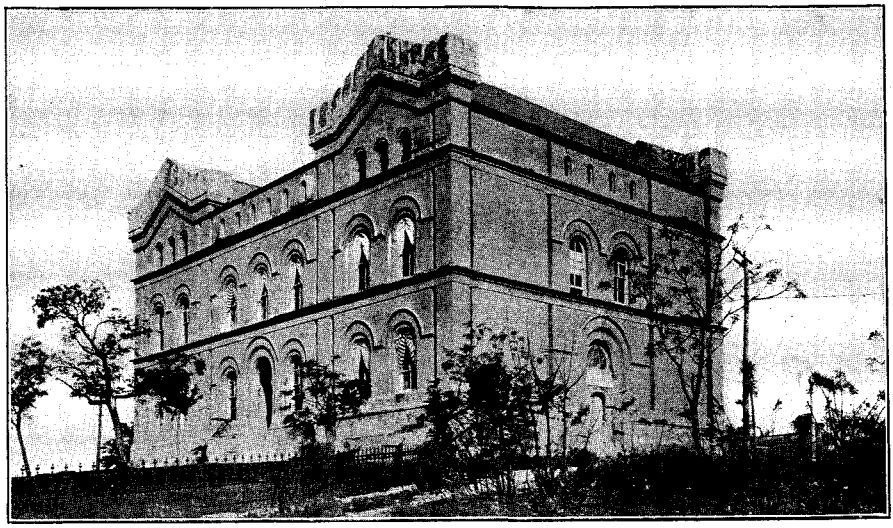
Of the many anecdotes that Cummy told me, there is one that seems especially worth recording, since it has not yet made its way into any of the books on R.L.S. When little Louis was about five years old, he did something naughty, and Cummy stood him up in a corner and told him he would have to stay there for ten minutes. Then she left the room. At the end of the allotted period, she returned and said, "Time's up, Master Lou: you may come out now." But the little boy stood motionless in his penitential corner. "That's enough; time's up," repeated Cummy. And then the child mystically raised his hand, and with a strange light in his eyes, "Hush . . . ," he said, "I'm telling myself a story. . . ."

She would tell you proudly that Louis, in his childhood, was a very religious boy. "He got that from me, you know," she added, with a friendly little nudge. But she would tell you even more fondly of the times when he would wheedle a shilling out of his father and lead Cummy forth upon an expedition to squander this new fortune broadcast through the world.

Well, Cummy is gone now; and the literary pilgrim can no longer jangle the bell of the echoing house in which she lived, and climb up to the little room which her noble, human presence made so great. Edinburgh, that inexhaustible city of romance, remains to be explored by future Stevensonians; but those of us who remember Cummy must ever be haunted, on returning to Auld Reekie in either fact or fancy, by the recollection of an empty chair.

In the next paper of this series, Mr. Hamilton will pursue the trail of Stevenson away from Edinburgh to the most important localities in Scotland which are associated with his life and commemorated in his books. The Manse at Colinton, the Cottage at Swanston, the Hawes' Inn at Queensferry, the Island of Earraid, the Appin country, Braemar, Kingussie, and Pitlochry are among the places to which Mr. Hamilton will conduct the reader on this pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Stevenson in the different districts of his native land.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

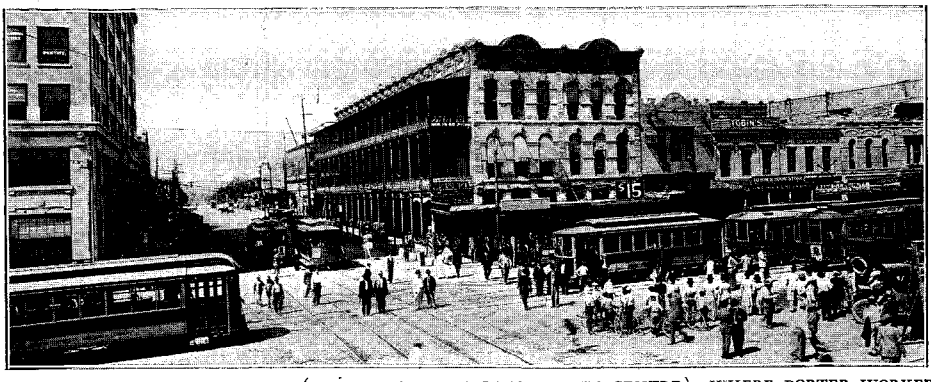


THE STATE GENERAL LAND OFFICE, AUSTIN, WHERE PORTER WORKED FROM JANUARY, 1887, TILL JANUARY, 1891

O. HENRY'S TEXAS DAYS

BY HYDER E. ROLLINS

WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER'S connection with Texas began in March, 1881, when he left Greensboro, North Carolina, with Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Hall and went to the sheep ranch of their son, Richard, which was in La Salle County, forty miles from Cotulla and fourteen miles from the post-office, Fort Ewell. Will's mother had died with tuberculosis in 1865, two and a half years after his birth; and the boy of eighteen, a clerk in his Uncle Clark Porter's drug store, seemed to have inherited the disease. Accordingly, his relatives went to Texas, where it was hoped that the mild dry climate would restore his health. At the time of his arrival in La Salle County, Will was a pallid, anæmic boy, who weighed scarcely a hun-

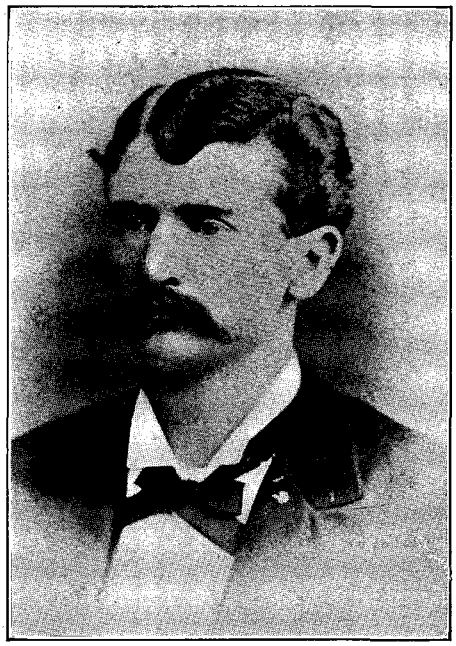


THE OLD FIRST NATIONAL BANK (THREE-STORY BUILDING IN THE CENTRE), WHERE PORTER WORKED FROM 1891 TILL 1894

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred pounds. But so rapidly did he gain strength and so delighted was he with the novelty of ranch life that when Dr. Hall and his wife returned to Greensboro after a three months' visit, Will refused to accompany them and remained with Mr. Richard Hall as "one of the family."

This family deserves notice; for with the probable exception of Miss Lina Porter,—Will's aunt and only school-teacher,—this family had a greater share than any other persons in developing O. Henry's mind. Mr. Hall was even then a distinguished citizen. Possessed of a good education, he had lived the adventurous life of a Texas Ranger and served in various local political offices. From 1887 to 1891 he was State Land Commissioner. In 1891 he ran for governor of Texas against James Hogg and was narrowly defeated. Since that time he has been a prominent attorney in Houston. Mrs. Hall comes of a line of distinguished Texas educators and lawyers. Though a native of Texas, she was educated in Virginia and Louisiana, and to her O. Henry was largely indebted for his wide reading and his liberal education. Mr. B. F. Hughes, a brother of Mrs. Hall's, and her infant daughter made up the household. There were no hired men and usually no servants.



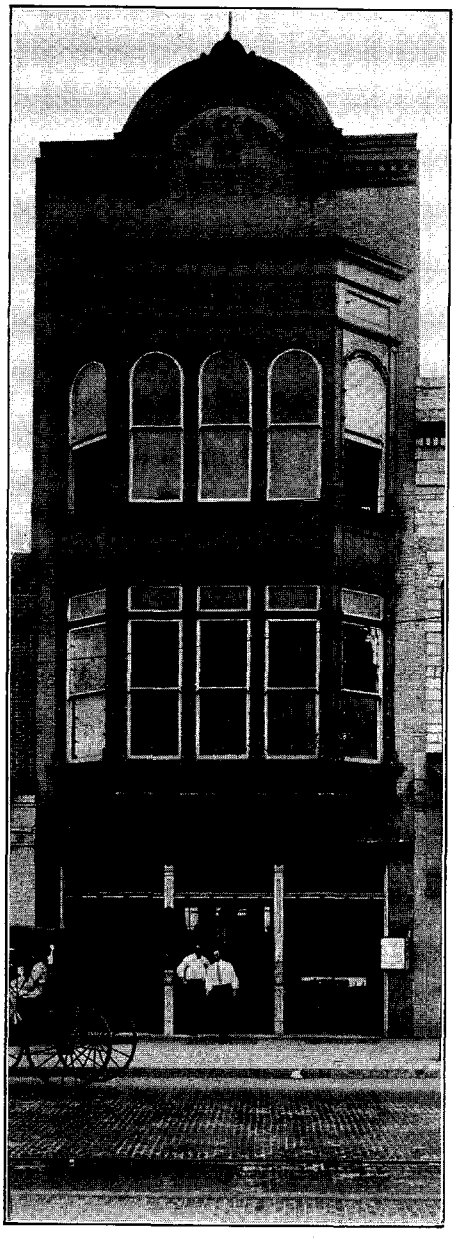
CAPTAIN LEE HALL IN 1881

MR. R. M. HALL IN 1881

The house itself, which has since been demolished, was unattractive and uncomfortable. It was composed of two small rooms, one the bedroom of Mrs. Hall, the other divided by a curtain into a kitchen and dining-room. The three men slept in the open air throughout the year. The ranch, too, was small, and was really a ranch within a ranch. Mr. Hall had leased it from the Dull Brothers of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who controlled three hundred thousand acres.

In a fine brick house twenty-five miles from the sheep ranch lived Lee Hall and his wife. Lee Hall had been for many years a captain of the Texas Rangers, and his company of thirty men—the largest in Texas—patrolled the vast territory from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the head of the Nueces. But he had re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN MORLEY'S DRUG STORE ON PECAN (NOW EAST SIXTH STREET) PORTER SECURED HIS FIRST POSITION IN AUSTIN. HOW MUCH O. HENRY LEARNED FROM HIS EXPERIENCES AS A DRUG CLERK IS SHOWN IN SUCH TALES AS "A RAMBLE IN ASPHASIA" AND "THE LOVE POTION OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN" AND IN CERTAIN INGENIOUS DEVICES OF HIS SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN ADVENTURERS

signed from the service and in 1881 was acting as agent and general manager for the Dull Brothers. His wife, a beautiful and highly educated woman, came from the Weidman family of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, one member of which, Grant Weidman, was for some time Congressman from Pennsylvania. She was fond of Will and delighted to read and discuss books with him. Her life on the ranch was not a happy one, however, for she lived in the continual fear that her husband would be killed.

Captain Hall had a difficult undertaking. La Salle County from time immemorial had been a boundless prairie, where ranchmen turned their stock to graze. The ranchmen felt much aggrieved when Captain Hall had the ranch fenced,—one could ride forty miles without coming to the end of the fence,—and a fence-cutting war, famous in Texas history, arose. But Hall, who was absolutely fearless, put a stop to the fence-cutting. Acting under his orders were numerous cowboys and Mexicans.

In such surroundings a susceptible boy like Will Porter could not keep from learning. He had no regular work, nor was he hired by Mr. Richard Hall. He lived with the family just as Mr. Hughes was living. The sheep ranch itself required little work. But there were cowboys all around, and Porter learned to ride and to rope with them, soon becoming their favourite. Says Mr. Hughes: "In six months' time he had developed into a regular broncho-buster, and was as valuable as any man in Lee Hall's service. Porter was then initiated into the cowboy fraternity by an initiation similar to that of Curly in 'The Higher Abdication.'" During this time, too, Porter was learning to speak Spanish, a language used by all the cowboys as well as by the Mexicans; and in three months he was admitted to be the best speaker of Spanish on the ranch. Naturally he spoke the "greaser" dialect, but he bought a grammar, mastered it, and learned to write and speak correct Spanish as well.

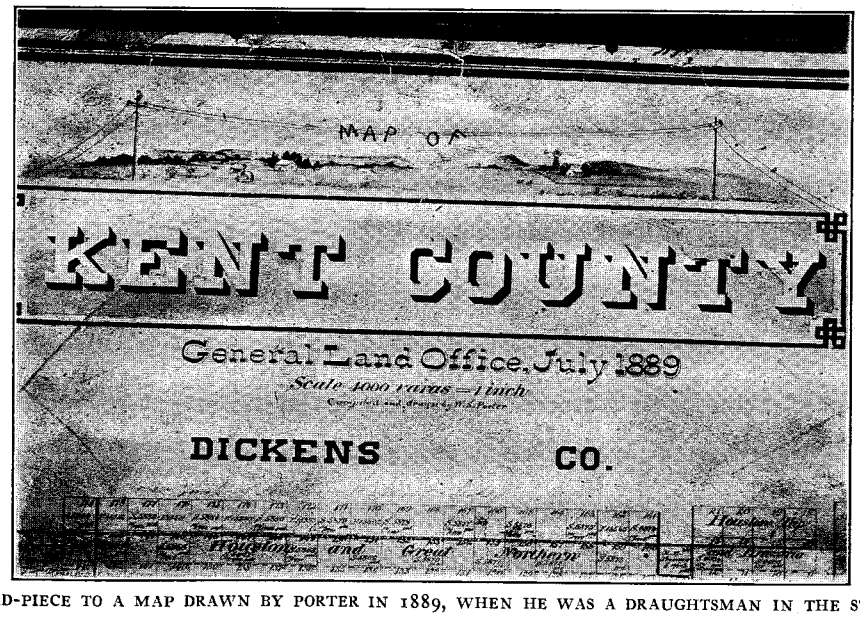
After the novelty of imitating the cowboys had worn off, Porter, who had no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VALENTINE DRAWN BY PORTER IN 1895 FOR MARGARET TO GIVE TO A PLAYMATE

regular duties to perform, spent the greater part of every day in reading and studying. Even during the long intervals between round-ups, when Mr. Hall and Mr. Hughes would be in Austin and when Lee Hall's cowboys would be in Cotulla or Laredo playing con-quien, or monte, or poker, or taking in the bailes, Porter would remain at the ranch and, stretched on a cot under a shady live-oak tree, would read and read from morning till night.

This was where Mrs. Richard Hall's influence counted. She had brought to the ranch her well-selected library of the classics and history, and this was augmented by gifts from the library of Dr. Hall. Every time, also, that Mr. Hall



HEAD-PIECE TO A MAP DRAWN BY PORTER IN 1889, WHEN HE WAS A DRAUGHTSMAN IN THE STATE LAND OFFICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a business trip, he returned with books for Mrs. Hall and Will. Mrs. Hall declares that she has never seen another reader so omnivorous as Will. Light and classic fiction, history, biography, poetry, science,—these he devoured with relish, and unaided he made an effort to read French and German in the original. Even so prosaic a book as Webster's *Dictionary* delighted him, and he spent hours in perusing its dry pages,

Selected Articles from "The Plunkville Patriot"

—Lively Little Locals—

THE FIRST "PLUNKVILLE PATRIOT" APPEARED IN VOLUME I, NUMBER 29 OF "THE ROLLING STONE." NOTICE THE CUT OF GILMORE, DIRECTOR OF GILMORE'S BAND, WHICH PLAYED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE STATE CAPITOL IN 1884

thus laying the foundations for his large vocabulary. He showed a keen insight into the unreal in fiction and astonished Mrs. Hall by his discriminating judgments.

But Porter was not a grind. Occasionally he went with the cowboys to town and enjoyed himself in their hearty fashion. He was not always fond of solitude, and particularly at night did he cease from his studies. Then with a rickety guitar in his hands, he would thrum a tune, and sing cowboy songs in a pleasant baritone; or with a pencil and a piece of cardboard he would caricature his friends or draw a distorted landscape, illustrating the day's happenings; or the family gathered around him, he would tell a story in which they were the leading characters and La Salle County the scene. This latter, however, was a rare occurrence. Mrs. Hall says that none of her family suspected that Porter had a genius for story-telling. On the contrary, his talents were apparently only for drawing, and they believed that as a caricaturist he would some day rival Nast and Kepler. But the letters that he wrote to Carolina were full of such entertaining narrative that most of them were published in the Greensboro and Lenoir papers. From these dusty files they have not yet been resurrected.

In other ways Porter made himself useful. Mrs. Hall had gone to the ranch only a short time before his arrival, taking with her a negro maid. But the maid soon realised that her bargain was a bad one, and the climax was reached when one day a huge bull-snake fell from the unceiled rafters to the table upon which she was ironing. She left at once. Mrs. Hall had been reared by relatives on a Louisiana plantation, and hence knew how to supervise but not how to do actual work. She was in despair until Porter volunteered his services with the remark that his grandmother and his aunt had taught him how to cook. From that time on during the intervals when there were no servants, Porter assisted with the house work. These intervals were frequent. The conditions on the ranch were too appalling for the average negro man or negro woman to bear; and Mexican servants were unreliable.

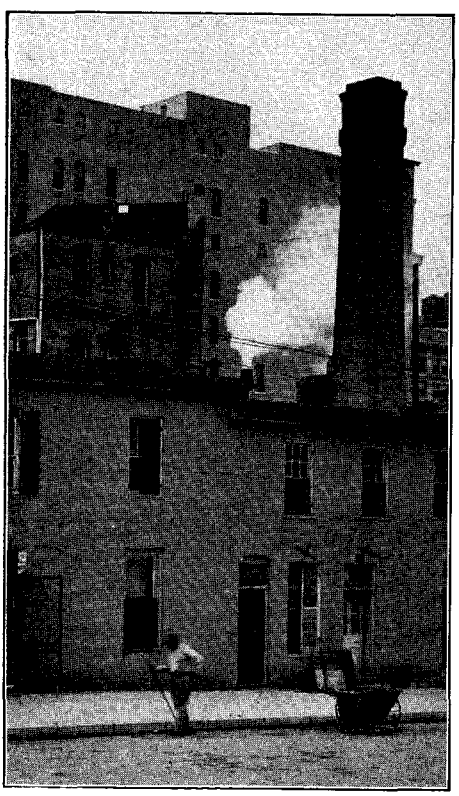
II

The story of how Mr. John Maddox, of Austin, employed Porter to illustrate *Carbonate Days,* Joe Dixon's ill-fated novel, has already been told. It may be interesting to know that Mr. Dixon soon returned to Austin and to placate Mr. Maddox wrote a burlesque called "An

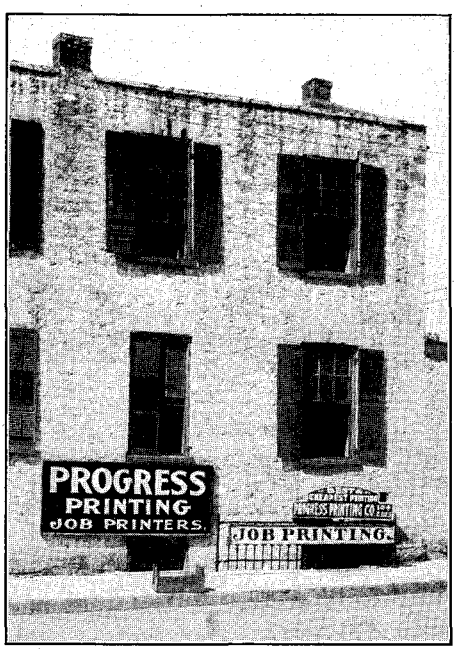
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arrested Movement in Southern Literature," in which he told of his brief career as a novelist and of the irretrievable damage done Southern literature by the destruction of his novel. The "Arrested Movement," one of Mr. Maddox's most cherished possessions, was also illustrated by Porter, but the illustrations have been destroyed.

This happened in the latter part of 1883. In the spring of the following year Mr. Hall bought a ranch near Florence, Williamson County, and thither moved his sheep. But Will was tired of ranch life. He decided not to go with the Halls but to go to Austin. Here his connection with ranch life ceased. It had been of inestimable benefit to him both physically and mentally; and it enabled him later to write convincingly of cowboys, cattle camps, and Western life in general.



"THE ROLLING STONE" WAS FIRST PUBLISHED AT 113 EAST SEVENTH STREET (SEE CROSSES), FORMERLY THE OFFICE OF BRANN'S "ICONOCLAST"



FROM THE BASEMENT OF THIS BUILDING (104 EAST TENTH STREET) "THE ROLLING STONE" MADE ITS FINAL APPEARANCE

Mr. Hall sent Porter to the home of Mr. Joe Harrell at 1008 Lavaca Street, where he remained almost three years. There were three boys about Porter's age in this family, and their most vivid recollection of the newcomer is that he could spell any word in the English language! They would search the dictionary (when Will was not poring over it) for hard words and triumphantly propound them, only to be dumfounded by the ease with which he would spell and define them. Soon after his arrival in Austin Porter presented to the Morley Brothers Drug Store (then, as now, a big wholesale-retail firm) two testimonials that had been forwarded him on May 24, 1884, by J. K. Hall, Clark Porter, and other Greensboro friends, and was employed as a clerk. But after the absolute freedom of the ranch days he found the work so confining and irksome that within a few months he gave up the position.

Mrs. Harrell refused to accept money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Porter for board and lodging, regarding him as an adopted son. For six or seven months, then, Porter had no employment, but prowled about the house, reading and drawing and playing the guitar. Mr. Joe Harrell was running a cigar store on Congress Avenue, and there Porter occasionally worked as clerk or bookkeeper. There was no business arrangement. He worked when he chose and received no salary. But even idleness finally grew tiresome. In the autumn of 1885 Porter became bookkeeper for Maddox Brothers and Anderson, then perhaps the

CARICATURE OF TENNYSON AND QUEEN VICTORIA DRAWN BY PORTER IN A VOLUME OF TENNYSON'S POETRY IN THE RANCH LIBRARY, 1883

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leading real-estate firm in Texas. Here he worked for two entire years at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, showing himself so capable that the firm was loath to release him. Mr. Anderson especially was fond of Porter, and even after Porter had tendered his resignation he was persuaded by Mr. Anderson to move into the latter's beautiful home on West Sixth Street,—a home in which Austin's society set enjoyed a continual round of entertainments and in which Porter lived for more than a year. Mr. John Maddox, too, offered to send Porter to New York to study drawing; but the young man refused to go, probably because he had no confidence in his own ability to draw.

In the Democratic primary election (the real election in Texas), July, 1886, Mr. R. M. Hall was nominated Land Commissioner. In the middle of August Porter wrote him at Florence, asking for a position, and was told that if within three months he could prepare himself for work within the drafting department there would be a place for him. When Mr. Hall assumed office in January, 1887, Porter was ready; and on January 12th, Porter entered the Land Office as assistant compiling draftsman at a salary of one hundred dollars a month. In the Land Office he worked four years.

The Office itself, an antiquated building erected in 1857, appealed powerfully to his imagination. In a burlesque published in the *Rolling Stone,* May 5, 1894, Porter describes it thus:

> As you pass up the avenue, on a steep hill before you you see a mediæval castle. You think of the Rhine; the "castled crag of Drachenfels;" the Lorelei; and the vine-clad slopes of Germany. And German it is in every line of its architecture and design. The plan was drawn by an old draftsman from the "Vaterland," whose heart still loved the scenes of his native land, and it is said he reproduced the design of a certain castle near his birthplace, with remarkable fidelity.

This burlesque, "Bexar Script No. 2692," gives Porter's solution of the mysterious disappearance of a certain document; and if a visitor asks the file clerk to-day for "Bexar Script No. 2692," he will really be stared at and told sharply, "Out of file."

III

The business of the office brought daily crowds of land sharps, disreputable lawyers, poverty-stricken leasers. The prodigal waste of land and the negligence of early officials had thrown everything into confusion. Lacking adequate records, the Land Commissioner was obliged to rely largely on his judgment of individual character if he would dispense justice fairly. There is no better commentary on the business side of the office than "Georgia's Ruling," a story published by Porter in 1900. The story is based upon fact and is so frankly biographical of Mr. Hall that, after his pseudonym was revealed, O. Henry forbade its publication in book form, and only after his death did it appear in *Whirligigs.* Porter himself once indulged in a little speculation. Having located some "stray land" in Willbarger County, he bought it for fifty dollars, and sold it in a few months for nine hundred dollars. The incident is worth recording, since Porter rarely showed any signs of business ability.

Other stories, too, grew out of his work in the Land Office. The draftsmen, for instance, were in the habit of erasing the pencil marks from their drawings with stale bread. One day a clerk inadvertently used a piece of buttered bread, ruining his drawing. Hence the story, "Witches' Loaves." Here, too, a group of the younger men formed a party to search for treasure that had supposedly been buried in Pease Park, a mile from the city. They found nothing, but Porter's part in the search later resulted in the delightful story, "Buried Treasure."

Many of the present clerks in the Land Office worked with Porter, and they declare that he was even then a genius. His talents at that time, also, were apparently only for drawing, and every odd-looking person who came into the drafting-room was sure to be caricatured by his quick pencil. Even the maps that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drew are decorated with landscapes or figures that stamp him as a humourist. The most characteristic is a map of Kent County, drawn July, 1889.

Though dimmed with age, the sketch at the top of the map presents some amusing features. In the immediate foreground, at the two sides of the picture, are two telephone poles (an anachronism), on whose sagging wires a jay bird is resting. Between the wires and to the left a sombreroed cowboy rides complacently along, watching his hound, who has driven a rattlesnake from under a clump of prickly pears, chase a jack-rabbit. Behind him, and in the centre of the picture, meanders a clear stream, on the surface of which floats an enormous fish. Nearby two longhorn steers are grazing. In the background to the right is seen a prosperous-looking ranch house overtopped by a windmill; while at the left appears the bunk house. In the extreme background rise hills, thickly covered at the foot with small cedar trees. In another picture the decoration consists merely of a wise-looking "Brer Jack-rabbit" and a tall and very prickly cactus. Porter's maps are preserved, of course, for their value as records, and the clerks, who value them more for their associations, will show them with a pride and enjoyment that are almost pathetic.

On July 5, 1887, Porter eloped with Athol Estes, a seventeen-year-old girl, whose mother, Mrs. G. P. Roach, though previously opposed to the wedding, after the ceremony had a change of heart and forgave the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Roach were undoubtedly the best friends Porter ever had, and Mrs. Roach objected to the wedding only because she feared that her daughter had inherited tuberculosis, the disease from which Mr. Estes had died, and because Porter's mother had died of the same disease. Her objection was valid, for Mrs. Porter died of tuberculosis ten years later. The marriage, however, was a happy one. For several months the Porters lived with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson, and then moved to 308 East Fourth Street. Here Margaret, their only child, was born in 1889, and soon grew old enough to see the humour of their living, as she expressed it, "among the Raatz and the Roaches, the Weeds and the Crows."

Mr. Hall retired from the Land Office in January, 1891, and on January 21st, Porter, drawing out the $66.66 due him, resigned his position to enter the old First National Bank of Austin. He had double work, being both paying and receiving teller, and was allowed no rest. During two summers he and his family took a kind of vacation by living in South Austin in the home of the Halls, which though it was directly across the Colorado River, at the foot of Congress Avenue, was by carriage road, because of the location of the bridge, three miles from the bank. Porter's service in the bank entailed both physical and mental strain. He had neither time nor inclination for writing. The affairs of the bank were managed so loosely that Porter's predecessor was driven to retirement, his successor to attempted suicide, and himself to serious trouble. He was not suited for business, and it is safe to say that he had hardly a happy moment while connected with the bank. He left the bank in November, 1894.

But before that time he had taken a step that brought him into local prominence and influenced his later career. William Cowper Brann, "Apostle and Iconoclast," had edited in Austin a few numbers of a monthly journal called the *Iconoclast,* beginning in July, 1891. The paper was a "skinning machine" that treated popular fads and popular ideals so irreverently that subscribers came slowly. Brann saw that the time was was not ripe for his "great religious monthly," and left Austin to accept the editorship of the San Antonio *Express.* In March, 1894, Porter decided to try his hand at editing a paper. Propositions were made to Brann, with the result that the press of the *Iconoclast* was sold to Porter for two hundred and fifty dollars. Of the two numbers of the *Iconoclast* which are said to have appeared under Porter's editorship in March, 1894, none is known to be in existence. In April

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brand resigned as editor of the *Express* and moved to Waco, where he decided to take up idol smashing again. As no other name would fit his magazine, he asked Porter to give up the name "Iconoclast." Porter consented. In February, 1895,—if one is interested in the matter,—the first issue of Brann's new *Iconoclast* appeared, and when he was killed in a street brawl at Waco, April 1, 1898, the paper had reached a circulation of ninety thousand.

IV

The first issue of Porter's rechristened paper, the *Rolling Stone,* appeared April 28, 1894, as Volume I, Number 3. It was a five-column sheet, thirteen by twenty inches, printed on cheap, dull paper. With the fourteenth number the sheet was reduced to quarto size, the five columns were changed to three wide columns, the inferior paper was replaced by glossy paper of a good quality, and the motto, "Out for the Moss," which had up to this number served as a sub-title, disappeared. With Volume I, Number 36, the sheet was enlarged to its original size, but the glossy paper and the three wide columns were retained. All the issues of Volume II present the same general appearance as Volume I, Number 36, except that they were printed on cheap paper and were quartos in size. Every issue consisted of at least eight pages, and most of the last issues consisted of twelve pages.

The paper contained cartoons, short humourous stories and burlesques, poems, questions and answers (humourous, of course), a people's page, where "any subject from Esoteric Buddhism to freckles," received prompt attention, a page or more of plate-matter, and editorials, some of which were serious in thought and expression. Porter drew all the cartoons and wrote most of the copy, although syndicated articles by Bill Nye regularly and contributed articles by Texas writers occasionally appeared. Ideas in fun-making came to Porter as the *Rolling Stone* grew older. The "Plunkville Patriot," a page gotten up in imitation of a backwoods country paper and depending for its humourous effects primarily upon a system of alarming typographical errors, was introduced in Volume I, Number 29 (October 27, 1894) and thereafter was found in every issue.

The first few issues were gotten up after bank hours and at nights by Porter and his father-in-law, Mr. G. P. Roach, but it pretentiously claimed to be the offspring of "The Rolling Stone Company, 113 East Seventh Street, Driskill Hotel Block." Soon afterward Dixie Daniels,—now Dr. D. Daniels, of Galveston,—became managing editor (Porter's name did not then appear in the paper), and the offices of publication were changed to rooms 7 and 9 on the second floor of the Bruegerhoff Building, Tenth and Congress.

The *Rolling Stone* had an average circulation of fifteen hundred copies, and was read with delight by its subscribers. Even such celebrated humourists as Bill Nye and John Kendrick Bangs praised the paper. But in January, 1895, Porter made a grave mistake. A smooth-talking Englishman from San Antonio came to Austin and persuaded Porter that with him for a partner the *Rolling Stone* would be a boundless success. Therefore in Volume II, Number 2, January 26, 1895, Mr. Daniel's name was displaced by the announcement that "the *Rolling Stone* is edited by W. S. Porter and Henry Ryder-Taylor. Published simultaneously in Austin and San Antonio, Texas, every Saturday." In the editorial columns of the same issue Porter announced that Mr. Ryder-Taylor ("No, not H. Rider Haggard") had accepted the position of local manager for San Antonio. Henceforth one page of the paper was devoted to articles and jokes written by Ryder-Taylor for the delectation of San Antonio readers. The offices of publication were then 104 East Tenth Street, Austin, and 827 South Presa Street, San Antonio.

The alliance with Ryder-Taylor was provocative of some good, for it took Porter on several occasions to San Antonio, and he learned that quaint old city,—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her crooked streets, her old-fashioned houses, her boasted climate, her ubiquitous consumptives,—so that he was later able to write stories of San Antonio abounding in local colour,—"A Fog in Santone," "Hygeia at the Solito," "The Higher Abdication," "The Missing Chord," and others. On two occasions, also, in order to secure subscriptions for the paper, he and Ryder-Taylor paid trips to Fredericksburg, a nearby German settlement, which he has recorded in "A Chaparral Prince."

But Ryder-Taylor persuaded Porter to oppose in the paper the Callaghan administration (until 1912 in control of San Antonio), and this alienated most of the San Antonio subscribers. According to Dr. Daniels, Porter also offended the German element of Austin by a thoughtless burlesque; and in the middle of this trouble he was seized with a malignant attack of measles. The *Rolling Stone* skipped two issues in March. While he was really too ill to be out of bed, Porter returned to his office and issued Volume II, Number 9, March 30, 1895, apologising in a witty paragraph for the temporary suspension of publication. In this issue also he announced that Mr. Hec A. McEachin, of Austin, had been engaged as associate business-manager and would at once put the paper on a firm financial basis. The paper was then published only "in Austin by W. S. Porter and Hec. A. McEachin," but Ryder-Taylor continued to serve as "editor and manager of the San Antonio page," with an office in San Antonio at 637 South Presa Street. Only three other numbers were issued before the paper discontinued publication, April 27, 1895.

Evidently McEachin did not fulfil Porter's hopes, and Porter himself was again so seriously ill with measles as to come near dying. In his absence his subordinates did not try to edit the *Rolling Stone,* nor did Porter try to revive it after his recovery. Though intended chiefly for local readers the *Rolling Stone* is really delightful. Its crowning glory is the short stories written by Porter, and one can detect in them the touches and mannerisms that made O. Henry great. Had Porter continued to edit the paper and had the financial side been well managed, there can be no doubt that it would have become one of the leading humourous weeklies in the United States.

V

The period during which Porter edited the *Rolling Stone* was a period of intellectual growth. For six months his only means of support was the paper, and as the work required by it was comparatively light, much time was left at his disposal. Porter was then living at 307 East Fourth Street, and in a barn in his back yard he arranged a study, where he spent a good part of each day in reading and writing. His stories were mere experiments, for he made no effort to enter the popular magazines. Until this barn burned in 1912, it still contained a thousand or more dust-covered volumes that he had read and cast aside,—everything from *Trilby* to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The neighbourhood was running over with children, many of whom played from morning till night with Margaret in the Porter home. A fad of drawing what they called valentines arose, and each child nailed by his gate a box in which to receive the drawings made by his companions. As may be imagined, Porter's pencil was kept busy drawing valentines for Margaret to mail; and several of the valentines (one of which is here reproduced) are still preserved by Austin people. Porter was a favourite with the children. Those that have grown up have pleasant memories of a jolly, big-hearted man who never failed to throw himself unreservedly into their games, to tell them stories that outrivalled in interest those of Uncle Remus, to sing delightfully humourous songs to the merry jangle of a guitar, or to draw mirth-provoking cartoons.

In July, 1895, a friend of Porter's in Washington, D. C., who had been favourably impressed with the *Rolling*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stone, asked him to go there to edit a paper of similar nature. He decided to do so, and in pursuance of the plan sold all his household furniture. But Mrs. Porter was ill and objected to leaving the State. Colonel R. M. Johnston, of the Houston *Post,* then asked Porter to serve on the staff of that paper, and Porter accepted the appointment, moving to Houston in October, 1895.

The story of his work on the *Post* is rather well known. He was asked to do miscellaneous reporting at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Society affairs were often assigned to him, but he usually coaxed his wife into attending and reporting these. On October 14th, he began to edit a column of witticisms,—brief paragraphs of narrative, jokes, and poems,—called "Some Postscripts and Pencillings." On November 5th the name of the column was changed to "Some Postscripts," and he continued to edit it for several months with great success. The State Press praised the column highly, while Colonel Johnston showed his appreciation by raising Porter's salary to twenty and then to twenty-five dollars a week and by advising him to go to New York, where his talents would be in demand by the big newspapers. Mrs. Porter, however, was becoming more and more ill. Mrs. Roach was sent for, and after a short visit took her daughter back to Austin. Here she regained her health so rapidly that Porter felt free to take a trip he had been contemplating.

In July, 1896, he went to New Orleans. Remaining there for a week or two without money and without a job, he was thrown among the "down-and-outers," whom, after all, his bohemian soul always loved. For a time he worked with a construction gang on the levees; but more important than all, in odd moments he was learning New Orleans and certain types of her people. When he had earned sufficient money to pay for his passage, he sailed to Central America, and for six months remained in Honduras, occupying himself, as he has expressed it, "by knocking around among the refugees and consuls," and by acquiring the material afterward used in *Cabbages and Kings.*

News came that his wife had suffered a relapse, and he hastened to return to Texas. For a day or two, because of insufficient funds, he stopped at New Orleans, and it was at this time that he chose his pseudonym in his characteristically haphazard fashion. February 5, 1897, he arrived at Austin, and found his wife in the last stages of consumption. Until her death, on the following July 25th, Porter devoted himself to nursing her, scarcely leaving her side for a moment.

On April 22, 1898, Porter left Austin and Texas. He never returned, nor was he ever again in the South except on brief visits to North Carolina. Until July, 1901, he was in Ohio. He spent the next nine months with Margaret and the Roaches, who had moved to Pittsburgh; and it was here that he made his decision to go to New York City. How fortune favoured him there everybody knows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE RAFT"

In a certain sense, this new volume by Coningsby Dawson forms a complementary picture of life to that given in *The Garden without Walls*. In that earlier story he shows us the life of the boy and the man, hedged around with walls built of custom, convention, duty and honour. The boy may scale these walls, the man may break through them, though at the cost of sore hurts and bruises. But the girl and the woman live as it were upon a raft, surrounded by deep waters, over which they gaze wistfully to the distant shore of the land of marriage and motherhood, homes and husbands,—and they cannot swim. In the words of one of his two heroines, Jehane, "Unless some of the men see us and put off in boats to rescue us, we'll be caught in the current of the years and swept out into the hunger of mid-ocean." As is inevitable where realism and symbolism seek to join forces, the two methods in Mr. Dawson's hands are all the time tending to separate. At times the sheer narrative asserts its claims, and he gives us an almost spendthrift wealth of characters and incidents quite extraneous to the main story, yet not to be regretted, because his personages when at their best, even the secondary ones, are an unadulterated joy. And then again, he seems suddenly to remember his main thesis and says to his chief actors, "Now, you have had your own way long enough; you must do, not what you want to do, but what I choose to make you do, in order to prove my argument." And that is why one feels that Mr. Dawson's characters are alternately delightful and companionable acquaintances and then again mere symbols of human nature reduced to an algebraic equation.

It is consequently not an easy task to give even the most superficial general survey of the plot and structure of *The Raft*. To say that it is a double story, giving the life histories of two strongly contrasted marriages, would be true enough so far as it goes, but such a definition does the volume scant justice. Jehane Usk and Nan Tudor were born and bred in the university town of Oxford. Up to the age of twenty-five, they had seen themselves surrounded by "privileged male-creatures who had it in their power to choose them," but so far had not done so. Then, suddenly, love came into their lives, love for one and the same man, Billy Barrington. The good fortune of being loved in return fell to the lot of Nan, while Jehane, embittered and haunted by the dread of becoming an old maid, "married blindly on the rebound." Nan's marriage proved ideally happy. Jehane, tied for life to a hopeless weakling, half buffoon and half knave, struggles through dragging years of misery, fiercely jealous of Nan's good luck, of Barrington's prosperity, and trying with a pitiful and futile pride to hide her own poverty, her husband's incapacity, his trickery and intemperance. But all this hardly touches upon the really vital element of this complex and richly endowed cross-section of life. Children, many of them, come to bless both these marriages,. that of love and that of convenience,—

*The Raft. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Wall Between. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Lad of Kent. By Herbert Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Greatest of These. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Love's Legend. By H. Fielding-Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Iron Year. By Walter Bloom. New York: The John Lane Company.

Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Mr. Dawson is peculiarly happy in his understanding and delineation of childhood. What one will remember longest of this book is not Nan, unconsciously selfish in her happiness, nor Jehane, tragic in spite of her sordid grievances, nor Barrington, who tries to be magnanimous and succeeds in being only patronising, nor even Jehane's maudlin and utterly disreputable husband, Ocky Waffles, with a lovable streak hidden somewhere under his grotesqueness,—no, none of these, but the children, keen, bright, vitally alive, and every one of them a personality. Gentle little Kay, Riska, moody and petulant like her mother; Glory, whose quiet influence the reader scarcely suspects until almost the final chapter; and last but far from least, Peter, Nan's first-born, little Peterkins, whose abnormal imagination is a source of perpetual anxiety to his parents, because he is so excessively and incurably "Peterish." And back and behind the children there is still a lengthening vista of minor characters, each touched off with just a few clever, incisive strokes, each delightful in his own special way, each refusing to be forgotten. But we get rather far away from the Raft in the course of the story; at times we almost forget that it is supposed to be the central symbol. And the reason is quite simple: Mr. Dawson is so keenly interested in life,—not one aspect of life or two aspects, but human life in its entirety,—that he refuses to be bound down to a formula; the swelling tide of his imagination simply rises like a spring freshet and overflows its banks. And because his substance is so much more important than his form, we feel that it does not greatly matter how loose his construction turns out to be at last analysis. His people are alive, preëminently and triumphantly alive,—and what higher form of creation is there than the giving of life?

"THE WALL BETWEEN"

The Wall Between, by Ralph D. Paine, is either an enjoyable or a keenly annoying volume, according as the reader finds himself in sympathy or not with the author's point of view. It is a story of American naval life, or more specifically life in the United States marines. Perhaps the best way to express the present reviewer's source of antagonism to the whole spirit of the book is to say that it recalled, by way of contrast, a short story written many years ago by Major,—or as he then was, Captain—Charles King. The story in question dealt with a private in the army, stationed at some isolated Western post. The man in question, little more than a boy, is suffering from acute homesickness. To the keen eyes of the commanding officer's wife, it is obvious that what he misses is the ministration of women, mother, sisters, perhaps some one still nearer and dearer. But the companionship of womankind is precisely what it is impossible for him to have, because he is only an enlisted private, and strict army discipline forbids even the briefest friendly talk between a private, no matter how refined, and an officer's wife or daughter. And the consequence is that the good woman, who would so gladly have mothered the poor lad, must stand aside and see him eat his heart out, until one day he commits suicide,—and all because the iron discipline of the army must be preserved at any cost,—and rightly so.

But in *The Wall Between* we have a parallel situation portrayed in a spirit of revolt. Mr. Paine obviously is not in sympathy with the traditions of the service, and he proceeds to set them at defiance. Kendall is an enlisted man who by sheer force of character and executive ability has worked his way up to the position of assistant quartermaster, the highest position he can hope to hold. He has entered the service under a shadow, an undeserved one, for he is bearing the burden of his father's financial errors; but he still has friends who believe in him, and while on leave of absence, he re-visits old scenes and as a malicious fate will have it, is brought face to face with a certain Lieutenant Burkett, one of his own superior officers. Naturally, the lieutenant resents being forced to meet on terms of equality one of his own men, and a most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unpleasant altercation follows, in which Kendall addresses the lieutenant in terms which under ordinary circumstances would have led to court-martial, which he escapes through a sheer technicality. Now, while on leave, he has met and fallen in love with a girl who turns out to be the niece of his own colonel, and who also has awakened the interest of Lieutenant Burkett. All of which is the prelude to a lengthy series of intrigues and falsehoods, designed by Burkett to ruin the man who has incurred his animosity. In the end, Sergeant Kendall wins glorious laurels at the battle of Managua, Lieutenant Burkett disgraces himself by cowardice in face of the enemy, the Colonel's niece defies navy traditions and her mother's commands, and openly avows her intention of marrying the Sergeant. But the latter, recognising that the Wall Between would always remain, shutting out his wife from the social sphere in which she was born, resigns from the service and contents himself with the cashiership of a modest bank in a country town. All of which the author obviously believes is a convincing proof of the iniquity of naval discipline. Yet it is quite likely that a good many intelligent people will refuse to be convinced that the good of the service would be promoted by the establishment of something on the order of the free and easy and utterly illogical social relations that have made Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Captain of the Mantelpiece* memorable.

"A LAD OF KENT"

To the sated reader of to-day, *A Lad of Kent,* by Herbert Harrison, will perhaps prove a welcome diversion because of its distinctly old-fashioned flavour, its blithe and inconsequential ramblings, its wealth of surprises and mysteries, and its lack of haste or method in explaining them. An orphan lad, brought up haphazard by a recluse and scholar, who half starves the boy because he spends the sum sent periodically for the latter's maintenance on rare old books and parchments, suddenly finds all his fortunes changed by the death of his old guardian and the advent of a stranger of courtly appearance, who claims to be a former unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the boy's dead mother, and undertakes to take him away and provides generously for his future. The period of the story is at the opening of the nineteenth century, when smuggling was euphemistically called "free trading," and when crime and lawlessness largely went unpunished. As a picture of the rough manners of that epoch, the tale has a vividness that carries conviction; as a chronicle of adventures of a hardy sort, abductions, attempted murder, death from fire and sword, it lives up worthily to the good old picaresco traditions; and with it all, there is a strain of human kindliness, charity and brotherly love that gives it a wider and deeper appeal than books of its class are apt to have. Indeed, there is something about it so individual, so sincere, so sterling that one feels compelled to speak a kinder and more urgent word on its behalf than on that of many another tale of larger calibre.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

Mr. Archibald Marshall has more than once been compared, both in regard to his material and his method of treatment, to Anthony Trollope; and with each volume the conviction grows that the comparison is not unjustified. It is not merely that he has a rare gift for telling a story of placid English country life, with its homely customs and strict conventions; it is not merely that he sets before us personalities so strongly drawn, so unsparingly analysed that we know at a glance, as we so often know in real life, whether they are destined to appeal or to antagonise; but it is because his personages one and all fit so perfectly into their background, they are so much a part and parcel of the landscape, so obviously a product of the native soil, that it is hard to say in any of his stories at just what point environment ceases and personality begins. In other words, his method is so delicate and so true that we cannot quite imagine what any of his men and women would do if transplanted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of their native haunts. Taken where they are, they are not merely individuals but something more: collectively they are a cross-section of an English social stratum. *The Greatest of These* is not only a worthy successor to *Exton Manor* and *The Squire's Daughter;* one is almost tempted to say that it is the finest story that Mr. Marshall has yet produced. Narrow and circumscribed as it is in stage-setting, it is as broad as life itself in its practical application. For its theme is nothing less than the all-embracing power of charity and love. Although we feel in the course of the volume that we have personally made the acquaintance of every man, woman and child in the little village of Roding, the canvas is really not a crowded one, and in a hasty retelling of the plot it is somewhat surprising to find how few characters it is necessary to mention. The chief of these are Dr. French the rector, somewhat pompous and very sure of himself, his really charming if somewhat worldly wife, Gosset the grocer, who is also a fanatical dissenter, and Dr. Merrow, whom ill health has forced to leave the large congregation he has built up in London, and to take charge of the very small chapel in Roding. Coincidently with Dr. Merrow's arrival, a grave scandal has come to light in the village; Gosset's strictly reared young son is found to have led astray Jane Morton, a farmer's daughter and house servant of Miss Budd, whose vaunted piety does not prevent her from turning the unfortunate girl out of doors, and whose fierce antagonism to the dissenters makes her delight in circulating this flagrant example of the Chapel's failure to keep its members in the straight and narrow path. Because Miss Budd is one of his parishioners, Dr. Grant is first drawn into the tragedy, and when asked for his advice as to young Gosset's duty, hesitates to recommend a belated marriage, on the ground that it would not result in the happiness of either party, and that it is unjust that a young man's first error should handicap him for life. But the real reason why Dr. Grant is uncertain in his own mind is that this sad incident has reminded him of his own secret fault, dating back to the years before he had studied for the ministry. Somewhere in England, if she is still living, is a woman pensioned off by the Doctor's wealthy relatives, and somewhere also is a young man who is entitled to call the Doctor "father." But all these ugly truths he has put behind him, so successfully that for years he has led his comfortable, condescending, prosperous life, with no qualm for the past, and with the hope of higher honours in the shape of an archdeaconry looming up pleasantly in the near future. And largely because of his selfishness and smug complacency, the little village of Roding has become a hot-bed of discords and jealousies, and the antagonism between Church and Chapel has reached a state of intense bitterness. Into this atmosphere of strife comes Dr. Merrow, wise, just, exquisitely gentle in spirit, yet so aloof from the sordidness of the ugly side of life that a sudden closer contact with it leaves him sadly puzzled and infinitely pained. To show in detail how this new and benign influence on the troubled and discordant elements of Roding social life begin to straighten out, how hatred gives place to tolerance, and one after another the ringleaders of strife awaken to a finer and nobler view of life, would be to re-tell the whole story almost at its original length, for Mr. Marshall has packed it so closely with fundamental truths that any brief epitome must leave out connecting links that are vital to a full understanding. Especially admirable is the awakening of Dr. French from his smugness, and his wife from her worldliness, under the refining influence of exposure and disillusion. For the revelation of his early sin comes just at the hour when the title of archdeacon is within his grasp,—only to be snatched from him; and to the wife comes the bitter knowledge that the man she has idolised is made of no finer clay than the rest of sinful mortals. But here also the tender tolerance and wise understanding of Dr. Merrow lays a healing touch; and when in recovered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

health he passes on to a new and wider sphere of usefulness, he leaves behind him a village regenerated by the pervading influence of that spirit which we are told is greater than that of either faith or hope. Altogether, a strong, clean, wholesome book, full of a gentle inspiration.

"LOVE'S LEGEND"

Love's Legend, by H. Fielding-Hall, is defined by the note which accompanies it as a story portraying "the truth about some of the problems of early married life," which will "cut across the smudge of sex questions like a fresh wind through a dingy town." Such a statement strikes the prospective reader as being a rather large contract; and after a first reading, it is more than likely that there will be a widespread and honest difference of opinion as to how far the author has succeeded in living up to his purpose. Not that there is anything openly offensive either in the situations or the wording of the story. It is all scrupulously discreet and euphemistic; all the physical facts of life are seen vaguely as through a veil, and embodied in a series of fairy tales, by means of which the husband conveys to his curiously unenlightened bride a symbolised interpretation of all that a sanely educated young woman of to-day ought to have known already. As for the husband's attitude toward the question of a double standard, which once in the course of the narrative becomes a crucial question between the couple, it will probably be as far from satisfying old-fashioned folk as it will from satisfying the demands of the new feminism. After frankly championing the right of man to have his own separate standard of morality, the husband goes on to say:

> We have standards that you women know nothing of. . . . Compared with men, women are narrow, are ignorant, are spiteful and petty, are cowards, and are most untruthful. . . . You will repeat as true what is only hearsay, and bad hearsay at that. You prefer to believe evil of another rather than good. You will bear false witness. In courts it is notorious how untruthful women are. You are unscrupulous, and you don't know what honour is. There is not a woman in a hundred who, if she were suddenly to become a man, and continued to act as a woman, would be accepted in any club or service or company of men at all.

The annoying feature of the volume is the sense, from which it is impossible to escape, that one has been tricked through some undeniably charming artistry of words, into listening to the author's personal doctrines on feminism, where we were prepared to be pleasantly entertained with a love idyll. To offset whatever disparagement the present review has implied, it must be freely confessed that the exotic setting, the house-boat on a semi-tropical river in the heart of Burmah, makes a strong and lingering impression. An ideal spot for a honeymoon, undeniably, if the honeymooners could only have taken the natural course of events more as a matter of course, and not acted all the time as though the wrong word or the wrong gesture would inevitably lead to the irreparable. Marriage always means a certain amount of readjustment, and such readjustment is not necessarily less sure merely because it is slow. And in conclusion, the present reviewer at least closed the book with an uncomfortable feeling that, in spite of all its delicacy, he had in a sense been peeping through a forbidden chink in the blinds. And this, not because of what is said, but because of the power of suggestion that subtly lurks between the lines.

"THE IRON YEAR"

In issuing a translation of *The Iron Year,* from the German of Walter Bloem, the publishers certainly hit upon a curiously timely and apposite story. Aside from the fact that the immediate theme is the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and not the present struggle between the German Empire and the Allied Forces, much of the text reads like a transcript from the daily papers, amplified by all those illuminating little details, which in actuality we are obliged to fill in for ourselves by a sheer imagina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive *tour de force*. *The Iron Year* is an uncompromising piece of narration, little troubled by reticences. It has in the best sense of the term a Zolaesque power of visualising the inevitable casualties of war. The strange tricks that cowardice plays with men, the surprising redemption of a man who has first played the poltroon and then, by a miraculous transformation which he himself is at a loss to understand, redeems himself, turns a retreat into a victory, and wins proud recompense, has seldom if ever been analysed in so masterly a fashion; possibly in certain pages of Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* we find a similar subtlety of psychology. The specific plot of *The Iron Year* is rather thin. A French officer has been sent on a diplomatic errand to Germany on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, and incidentally meets and falls madly, unreasoningly in love with a beautiful young German girl of rank and title. Under normal conditions nothing tragic or clandestine would have happened; but with the knowledge that the spectre of war is about to intervene between them, that they belong to alien and hostile races, and that even when a tardy peace comes, a thousand obstacles will still bar their way to happiness, they throw discretion to the winds, and while the tramp of marching legions sets the very walls to trembling, and the roll of drums warn the young lieutenant that he must make haste to cross the frontier, they linger, like Tristan and Isolde, blind to all but their own consuming passion. Later, when the German girl's father wishes her to make a hasty marriage with a suitor of her own nation, on the eve of his departure to join his regiment, she rebels fiercely; and when her opposition has led to angry cross-questioning and confession, she finds herself disowned, banished from home, and with no resource but to forget her shame and sorrow in the merciful mission of a Red Cross nurse. These two, the nurse and the lieutenant, repeatedly cross each other's trail, but are doomed never to come face to face until, like the luckless pair in *Evangeline*, they meet in the shadow of death. But this story of individual lives is deliberately subordinated by the author to the interest of the far vaster story of the war itself. And it is no more than fair to give him credit for having risen to a height commensurate with the magnitude of the theme. We witness little local skirmishes, we assist at the mad charge of countless thousands, we follow the desolate trail of the sick and wounded, endlessly retreating to the rear, we penetrate into besieged fortresses, into cellars where frightened women and children cower, into hastily improvised hospitals, over-laden with suffering and death. And the whole accumulated, massed up horde of impressions mysteriously blends and intermingles in one immense, repellent, unforgettable picture, an apotheosis as it were of the rapacious, insatiable Spirit of War, the same spirit that is rampant to-day, as it was forty years ago. The book will have a vogue, because, just at present, no matter how reluctantly, we cannot keep war out of our thoughts. But in times of peace *The Iron Year* is a book to turn away from, because it is too vivid, too cruel, too openly and insolently rejoicing over the downfall of the enemy.

"STORIES OF RUSSIAN LIFE"

It is, of course, a satisfaction to have a convenient and representative collection of short stories by Anton Tchekoff accessible in such a smooth and satisfactory translation as that afforded by Marian Pell. And at the present time, when Russia is playing so large a part in deciding the future destinies of Europe, it is doubly interesting to the large majority of readers to whom Tchekoff has been merely a name, and a strange, foreign, odd-looking name at that, to make a close acquaintance with him, and through him with the inner soul of the Russian of all sorts and conditions, officer and civilian, government functionary, villager, labourer and peasant. In spite of his kindly humour and tender sympathies, there is something undeniably depressing about many of these stories, for they picture such narrow, joyless lives, borne

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a spirit of hopeless resignation. And humour and tragedy blend inexorably in more than one of these little gems of story-writing. Take, for instance, one of the shortest, "The Death of an Official," which has something of the quality of Maupassant's "Piece of String." A certain minor government official is seated one evening at the theatre in the second row of the orchestra, when to his unspeakable chagrin he has the misfortune to sneeze upon a superior officer who is seated directly in front of him. The incident in itself is trivial, but to the young official's sensitive imagination it becomes magnified into a heinous offence, colossal and unpardonable. Because he so absurdly exaggerates the incident, he apologises in terms that verge upon caricature, and awakens in the other a suspicion that he is being made fun of. And so, from sheer inability to see things in their just proportion, the luckless young man pursues the other with more and more profuse and obsequious explanations and regrets, savouring continually more and more of farce comedy, until his tormented victim angrily has him ejected from his house. Then, stricken to the heart with the realisation that his future public career is ruined, the poor young official, still unable to understand, has nothing left him but to go quietly home, lie down and—die.

Such is one of these twenty-four stories, chosen at random, just where the pages happened to fall open. It may serve to convey something of the simplicity, the austerity and at the same time the poignancy that, despite their wide range of character, setting and social grade, runs through the warp and woof of every one of their number. Let it be hoped that through the little volume, the fame of Tchekoff will reach a steadily widening audience of American readers.

A THACKERAY PORTFOLIO

COLLECTED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In Two Parts—Part I

The Proposed Life of Talleyrand—Britannia Protecting the Drama—The Dignity of Literature—Concerning Mr. Washington—Blackballed by the Athenæum—Complaining Against Mutilation—Striking for Higher Pay.

Very few even among the greatest admirers of Thackeray's work are aware that he ever contemplated writing a *Life of Talleyrand*. The book was never written, notwithstanding an announcement by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, in 1844, which ran as follows: "The first Biography will be a *Life of Talleyrand* by W. M. Thackeray." It was intended to have been issued in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Monthly Series," a collection of original works of fiction and biography. The following letter from Thackeray, which is written in his business, as distinguished from his social, handwriting, will be read with interest.

Reform Club, 16th July, 1844.

My dear Sirs: I will engage to write the volumes *The Life of Talleyrand,* and to have the MS. in your hands by the 1st of December, health permitting, and will sign an agreement to that effect if you will have the goodness to prepare one.

Very faithfully yours, dear sirs,

W. M. Thackeray.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

The preface to Thackeray's "Cornhill to Grand Cairo" explains why his *Life of Talleyrand* was not written after all. After stating that on the 24th of July, 1844 (eight days after he had undertaken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to write the Life for Messrs. Chapman and Hall), the trip to Cairo was suddenly proposed to and accepted by him, he writes: "To break his outstanding engagements, to write letters to his amazed family, stating that they were not to expect him at dinner, was the work of twenty-four hours." One of the engagements thus broken was that made in the letter printed above. Of all Thackeray's intended, but not executed, works, this *Life* must be regretted most. His knowledge of the French, their character and literature, and his peculiar humour, would have rendered him, beyond all other writers, able to do justice to this subject. One is inclined, therefore, to grumble at the promoters of his *Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo,* to which, and the writing of the account of his voyage, we owe the loss of his intended *Life of Talleyrand.* The curious in such matters will be interested to know that the book was to have been in one post 8vo volume of 350 to 400 pages, and that it is not improbable that Thackeray would have had at his disposal private papers belonging to an old friend of his family, Madame Tolmache, the widow of Talleyrand's private secretary.

About 1839 or 1840 Thackeray was still in his twenties and still clinging to the idea of an artistic career. About this time there was proposed the publication of a pictorial broadsheet to be called "Sketches by Spec." It was not only planned but one number was written and actually printed, although it is doubtful if the work was really issued to the public. The subject of the illustration was "Britannia Protecting the Drama," and it is scarcely necessary to give the reasons for assigning the authorship of the print, and the accompanying description, to Thackeray. It is enough to point out that the drawing was entirely characteristic of him, and is signed by his well-known "Spectacles," while the peculiar style of spelling the pseudonym of "Spec," used afterward in *Punch* (and the name of the publisher), confirmed Thackeray's authorship of the whole. But before sketches by "Spec" came the earliest of Thackeray's incomplete works, *The Whitey Brown Paper Magazine.* This was planned as a joke and was clearly never intended to be carried out. The originator was John Hamilton Reynolds, and two of the contributors were to have been Thackeray and R. H. Barham.

Passing over a number of years we come to the time when *The History of Pendennis* was appearing in monthly parts. In that story there was chronicled an interview between Pendennis and Warrington that brought down upon the author's head the indignation of a great many of the writing fraternity. In a letter written from the Reform Club to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle,* Thackeray took up the cudgels in his own behalf.

THE DIGNITY OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR: In a leading article of your journal of Thursday, the 3d instant, you commented upon literary pensions and the status of literary men in this country, and illustrated your argument by extracts from the story of *Pendennis,* at present in course of publication. You have received my writings with so much kindness, that, if you have occasion to disapprove of them or the author, I can't question your right to blame me, or doubt for a moment the friendliness and honesty of my critic; and, however I might dispute the justice of your verdict in my case, I had proposed to submit to it in silence, being indeed very quiet in my conscience with regard to the charge made against me.

But another newspaper of high character and repute takes occasion to question the principles advocated in your article of Thursday; arguing in favour of pensions for literary persons, as you argued against them; and the only point upon which the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* appear to agree unluckily regards myself, who am offered up to general reprehension in two leading articles by the two writers; by the latter, for "fostering a baneful prejudice" against literary men; by the former, for "stooping to flatter" this prejudice in the public mind,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and "condescending to caricature (as is too often my habit) my literary fellow-labourers, in order to pay court to the non-literary class."

The charges of the *Examiner* against a man who has never, to his knowledge, been ashamed of his profession, or (except for its dulness) of any single line from his pen—grave as they are, are, I hope, not proven. "To stoop to flatter" any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme "to pay court to the non-literary class by disparaging my literary fellow-labourers," it is a design which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would exhibit a degree not only of baseness but of folly upon my part of which, I trust, I am not capable. The editor of the *Examiner* may perhaps occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudice for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from the *Examiner's* premises I will not stoop to contradict, because the premises themselves are simply absurd.

I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by the *Examiner* "as the non-literary class" has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse "the non-literary class" of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give a reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who so benefits him. What intelligent man, of what political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of the *Examiner* of whom your paper once said that "he made all England laugh and think"? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian, novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps?—all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won? That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day, that to question them would be absurd as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds or his tens of thousands of readers? And has not every one had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is of course one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall choose to listen to another author; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute; nobody wants to disparage it; no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary: the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before—a fair place fairly achieved by their genius; as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men of other callings—to bishops, or to judges, or to opera singers and actors; nor have they received star and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard: for one man spends a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill; and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But, putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is as good as it deserves to be and as good as that of any other professional man.

With respect to the question in debate between you and the *Examiner,* as to the propriety of public rewards and honours for literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not very cheerfully coincide with Mr. *Examiner* in accepting all the honours, places and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the State, to reward, by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service; and if individuals are gratified by having sir, or my lord, appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are; there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men of the robe or the sword; or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government; nor surely need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European State but ours rewards its men of letters; the American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel; if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd; are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour?

And now, with regards to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done if he had been accused of a design to bring the Church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say, that before you deliver sentence it would be as well if you had waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure and the *Examiner's*, and whether you, in accusing me of prejudices, and the *Examiner* (alas!) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred "to our next."

That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own; and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches;* but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weakness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed among literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint in the descriptions against which you protest, was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family and to pay his tradesmen. Nor is the picture I have drawn "a caricature which I condescend to," any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter "the non-literary class." If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead; but my attempt was to tell the truth, and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books: I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to some one not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that dreary place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I work out my moral ill, or it may be possibly that the critic of the *Examiner* fails in apprehension. My efforts as an artist come perfectly within his province as a censor; but when Mr. *Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is "stooping to flatter a public prejudice," which public prejudice does not exist, I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust; and am thankful that it repels itself.

And, instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentlemen; nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take to be settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, as that he is mine. If I begin straightway with a protest of "Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know I am as good as you" which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession—my neighbour who would like to eat his soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident, and another as a para-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

site, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites among us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dunup's notorious state of insolvency, or that the picture of Stiggins, in "Pickwick," was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap;" are we to be passed over because we are faultless or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast of a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck —novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural; and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions.—Believe me, sir, to be your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Reform Club, Jan. 8.

It was to the London *Times* that Thackeray addressed his letter speciously explaining away the sting caused by a certain famous paragraph in the opening chapter of *The Newcomes*.

"MR. WASHINGTON"

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR: Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country.

In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing appears a sentence, in which I should never have thought of finding any harm until it had been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

"When pigtails grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when Ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble Lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,—there came to London, out of a northern country, Mr.," etc.

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and, from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming up to London between the years 1770-80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's industrious apprentice.) I fancy the old society with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury-bench—the news-readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive. 1776—the people in London in '76—the Lords and House of Commons in '76—Lord North—Washington—what the people thought about Washington,—I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington "Mr. Washington;" as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican tyrant," or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington"? and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels!—of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.

I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,
Athenæum, Nov. 22. W. M. THACKERAY.

[*Times*, November 23, 1853.]

Thackeray was proposed for membership at the Athenæum by Hallam and Dean Milman, and was excluded by one black-ball. This injury, which was redressed by his election by the committee a year later, was the subject of the following admirable letter:

MR. THACKERAY TO MR. HAYWARD

KENSINGTON, Feb. 1, 1850.

MY DEAR HAYWARD: Thank you for your kind note. I was quite prepared for the issue of the kind effort made at the Athenæum in my behalf; indeed, as a satirical writer, I rather wonder that I have not made more enemies than I have. I don't mean enemies in a bad sense, but men conscientiously opposed to my style, art, opinions, impertinences, and so forth. There must be thousands of men to whom the practice of ridicule must be very offensive; doesn't one see such in society, or in one's own family? persons whose nature was not gifted with a sense of humour? Such a man would be wrong not to give me a black-ball, or whatever it is called—a negatory nod of his honest, respectable, stupid old head. And I submit to his verdict without the slightest feeling of animosity against my judge. Why, Dr. Johnson would certainly have black-balled Fielding, whom he pronounced "a dull fellow—Sir, a dull fellow!" and why shouldn't my friend at the Athenæum? About getting in I don't care twopence; but indeed I am very much pleased to have had such sureties as Hallam and Milman, and to know that the gentlemen whom you mention were so generous in their efforts to serve me. What does the rest matter? If you should ever know the old gentleman (for old I am sure he is, steady and respectable) who objects to me, give him my best compliments, and say I think he was quite right to exercise his judgment honestly, and to act according to that reason with which Heaven has mercifully endowed him. But that he would be slow, I wouldn't in the least object to meet him; and he in his turn would think me flippant, etc.—Enough of these egotisms. Didn't I tell you once before, that I feel frightened almost at the kindness of people regarding me? May we all be honest fellows, and keep our heads from too much vanity. Your case was a very different one: yours was a stab with a sharp point; and the wound, I know, must have been a most severe one. So much the better in you to have borne it as you did. I never heard in the least that your honour suffered by the injury done you, or that you lost the esteem (how should you?) of any single friend, because an enemy dealt you a savage blow. The opponent in your case exercised a right to do a wrong: whereas, in the other, my Athenæum friend has done no earthly harm to any mortal, but has established his own character and got a great number of kind testimonials to mine.

Always, dear Hayward, yours very truly,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Before the publication of *Vanity Fair* Thackeray was a little better than a sublimated literary hack, and was obliged to endure the hack's fate of having his copy cut to make space for more favoured contributors. Thus the *Great Hoggarty Diamond* was materially curtailed in the course of publication. Thackeray naturally squirmed under the treatment. Here is a letter on the subject written October 16, 1845.

October 16, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received and acknowledged with many thanks your banker's bill. From them or from you, I shall always be delighted to receive communications of this nature. From your liberal payment I can't but conclude that you reward me not only for labouring, but for being mutilated in your service. I assure you I suffered cruelly by the amputation which you were obliged to inflict upon my poor dear paper. I mourn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still—as what father can help doing for his children?—for several lovely jokes and promising *facetiæ,* which were born and might have lived but for your scissors urged by ruthless necessity. I trust, however, there are many more which the future may bring forth, and which will meet with more favour in your eyes. I quite agree with your friends who say Willis was too leniently used. O, to think of my pet passages gone for ever!

Very faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

[*Selected Correspondence of the Late Macoey Napier.* Macmillan, 1879.]

Another cause for complaint on the part of Thackeray in the early days was that he felt himself to be inadequately paid for his work. The following clipping on that subject appeared in the New York *Evening Post* for December 8, 1886:

HOW THACKERAY STRUCK FOR HIGHER PAY

The Charleston *News* publishes the following hitherto unpublished letter, "which," it says, "was written to James Fraser, the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine,* and was copied, by a Charleston lady who visited Europe this year, from the original in the collection belonging to Mr. Fraser's sister, Mrs. Finlayson of Dublin, Ireland":

BOULOGNE, Monday, February.

MY DEAR FRASER: I have seen the doctor, who has given me his commands about the hundredth number. I shall send him my share from Paris in a day or two, and hope I shall do a good deal in the diligence tomorrow. He reiterates his determination to write monthly for you, and to deliver *over the proceeds to me.* Will you, therefore, have the goodness to give the bearer a cheque (in my wife's name) for the amount of his contributions for the two last months. Mrs. Thackeray will give you a receipt for the same. You have already Magee's authority?

Now comes another, and not a very pleasant point, on which I must speak. I hereby give notice *that I shall strike for wages.*

You pay more to others, I find, than to me; and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellow-plush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet, and with a drawing for each number in which his story appears—the drawing two guineas.

Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part; it is simply a bargain, which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellow-plush *is the most popular contributor to* your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly; if he does not deserve more than the monthly nurse, or the Blue Friars, I am a Dutchman.

I have been at work upon his adventures to-day, and will send them to you or not as you like, but in common regard for myself I won't work under prices.

Well, I dare say you will be very indignant, and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so. But I am a better workman than most in your crew and deserve a better price.

You must not, I repeat, be angry, or because we differ as tradesmen break off our connection as friends. Believe me that, whether I write for you or not, I always shall be glad of your friendship and anxious to have your good opinion.

I am ever, my dear Fraser (independent of £. s. d.), very truly yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Write me a line at Maurice's, Rue de Rivoli. I can send off Y. P. twenty-four hours after I got yours, drawing and all.

JAMES FRASER, 215 Regent Street.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BEATITUDE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

In gay Brabant I have danced till the night turned rose,
All the health and the wealth of a Rubens before my eye.
In meadows which only the tramper of byways knows,
I have tasted the peace of earth neath a kind calm sky,
Glad of the Angelus, gladdened by love-looks shy
And the laughter of children and songs of men who mow.
All that I hear to-day is the harsh dull cry:
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Picardy plain through which all joyance flows
Like the tranquil Somme; and churches beautify
Every hamlet with noble shrines that spell repose;
And the simple peasant has never a thought to deny
A bed or a snack to the stranger wandering by,—
In gentle, smiling Picardy, all aglow
With poppies amid ripe wheat, I hear the sigh:
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Prussia the proud, whose boundaries enclose
Full many a fireside happy once to vie
In soft content with any home that owes
Its worth to toil and thrift, now gone awry;
Yea, in proud Prussia, not only those that fly
The Cossack, but women secure from death or blow,—
Do not their hearts confess (though lips may lie):
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

ENVOY

Lord Prince of Peace, who for men's sins didst die,
Let them not reap the whirlwind that they sow!
Twice-crucified, do not Thou too reply:
Blessed are they which died a year ago!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRONOLOGICAL SEQUENCE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

At the very outset of the current season, a great success was achieved by a youth of twenty-one whose name had never before been heard of in the theatre. Like Lord Byron, this new playwright awoke one morning to discover that he had grown famous overnight. His name—which is familiar now—is Elmer L. Reizenstein; and the title of his play—which bids fair to crowd the Candler Theatre every night throughout the season—is *On Trial*.

"ON TRIAL"

The most remarkable feature of the success of *On Trial* is that it is emphatically a success of art for art's sake. The piece has been accurately described by the youthful author as "an experiment in dramatic technique"; and its instantaneous and huge success affords a hitherto unprecedented indication that our public has grown sufficiently interested in the technique of the drama to welcome plays whose strongest bid for favour is their technical efficiency.

Until this indication of a turning of the tide in favour of stagecraft for the sake of stagecraft, it had been generally agreed among observers of our current drama that popular success depended more on subject-matter than on technical dexterity. Nearly all the plays that have run, in recent seasons, more than six months in New York have succeeded because of something in the theme or in the story that caught the fancy of the public. While technical masterpieces like *The Thunderbolt* have failed, inferior fabrics like *Within the Law* have played to crowded houses for a year because of a certain timeliness of interest in their subject-matter. *Peg o' My Heart* succeeded because it told a pretty, sentimental story, while *Hindle Wakes* failed because it told a story that was neither pretty nor sentimental. By inference from examples such as these, it had appeared that the material of a play was the only thing our public cared about, and that technique—even the technique of a Pinero or a Stanley Houghton—would afford no royal road to popular favour unless it were expended on a story that was novel or timely or pretty or sentimental.

But the subject-matter of *On Trial* is scarcely interesting in itself. The play has no theme; and the story that it tells is not sentimental or pretty or timely or even novel. A profligate induces an inexperienced young girl to spend a night with him at a road-house by promising to wed her on the morrow. The next morning the girl's father appears at the road-house, accompanied by a woman who is already married to the profligate. The villain runs away, and the girl is taken home by her father. Shortly afterwards, her father dies; and some years later, the girl meets and marries an honourable man. A daughter is born to them, and they develop a very happy home. It appears that the heroine was justified in concealing from her husband the misfortune that had befallen her before she met him. But the husband meets the profligate in the business world, is befriended by him, and even borrows money from him. This money he repays in cash; but the profligate takes advantage of the accidental renewal of acquaintance with the heroine to force her to yield to him again, under threat of allowing the past iniquity to be exposed. The husband, discovering the recent intrigue, seeks out the profligate and shoots him dead. A few moments before the shoot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, the private secretary of the profligate has stolen from the latter's safe the cash that had just been paid him by the murderer; and it therefore appears to the police that robbery was the motive for the murder. The husband seizes on this circumstantial evidence to shield his wife and child from scandal. He confesses himself guilty of murder for the sake of robbery, and asks only to be sent to the electric-chair. But the court insists on assigning counsel to defend him; and the defendant's lawyer, by calling the wronged wife to the stand, makes clear the real motive for the shooting. The private secretary of the dead man is also called as a witness; and when the defendant's counsel succeeds in forcing him to confess that it was he who had rifled the safe and that this robbery had had no connection with the murder, the jury agree at once in acquitting the defendant.

It will be noticed that this story is entirely traditional. At no moment does it exhibit any note of novelty. It is sound enough, indeed, to seem worthy of retelling; but no one can deny that it is trite. The characters concerned in the story are also true enough to life to warrant their revisiting the glimpses of the footlights; but they are neither original nor likable nor particularly interesting. Why should the public flock to the theatre to meet a man who leads a girl astray, or another man who shoots him dead? Why should the public still shed tears over a wronged wife, and a child who remains pathetically unaware of a scandal that has destroyed the happiness of her parents?

From questions such as these, it should become apparent that Mr. Reizenstein was dealing with a story that by no means contained, within itself, the elements of sure success. Did he succeed, then, because of any trick of writing in his dialogue? The answer is, emphatically, no. The best that can be said of the writing of *On Trial* is that it is direct and simple and concise; but the dialogue is utterly devoid of literary charm and of that human richness which is akin to humour. Hundreds of plays which have been obviously better written have failed at once, in recent years, upon our stage. Why, then, did *On Trial* capture the public by assault?

The reason is that Mr. Reizenstein utilised the novel device of building his story backward. This device was interesting in itself, because it had never been employed before on the American stage; and Mr. Reizenstein's employment of it was made doubly interesting by the fact that he revealed, in this experiment, a technical efficiency that is truly astonishing in the first work of an author with no previous experience of the stage. Instead of inventing a story and then deciding how to tell it, this adventurous young playwright started out with an idea of how to tell a story in a novel way and then invented a story that would lend itself to this predetermined technical experiment.

We have observed already that the story of *On Trial* is rather commonplace; but Mr. Reizenstein has made it seem, in Browning's phrase, both "strange and new" by revealing it from the end to the beginning, instead of from the beginning to the end. Instead of starting out with motives and developing them to their ultimate expression in facts, he has started out with the accomplished facts and then delved backward to reveal the motives which had instigated them.

In the first act of *On Trial* we see the murder committed on the stage. In the second act, we see enacted an incident two hours before the murder which makes us aware of the exciting cause of the subsequent event that we have previously witnessed. But it is not until the third act, which reveals in action an event that happened thirteen years before, that we are permitted to discover and to comprehend the motives which ultimately culminated in the shooting that we saw in the initial act. By telling his story backward, from effect to cause, the author has added an element of theatrical suspense to a narrative which otherwise might have been dismissed by the public as an oft-repeated tale.

When Mr. Reizenstein was inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viewed by the newspapers and was asked how he had happened to hit upon this technical device, he answered that the experiment had been suggested to him by a critical article on the subject of *Building a Play Backward,* which he had read in THE BOOKMAN for February, 1914. Because of this statement, it may not seem inopportune to remind our readers of certain passages in the article referred to. They will serve now, as they served before the fact, as a theoretic statement of the technical experiment which Mr. Reizenstein has so successfully performed.

It is obvious that, so long as the novelist exhibits his events in a pattern that reveals their logical relation, it is not at all necessary that he should present them in chronological succession. . . . In reviewing any passage of our own experience, we are more likely to think backward from the last event than forward from the first. Retrogression in time is, therefore, a natural device of narrative; and it is not at all surprising to find it thoroughly established as a convention of the novel. What *is* surprising, on the other hand, is the fact that it has not yet been established as a convention of the drama. . . .

Might it not be interesting to . . . build an entire drama backward,—to construct a three-act play, for instance, in which the first act should happen in the autumn, the second act in the preceding summer, and the third act in the previous spring? Let us imagine a tragedy, for instance, in which, with no preliminary exposition, a murder or a suicide is acted out in the initial act. This would naturally awaken in the audience a desire to understand the motives which had culminated in the crime. Then, in the second act, we could exhibit the crucial event which had made the murder or the suicide inevitable. Again, the audience would be stimulated to think backward from effects to causes and to wonder what had brought this crucial event about. Lastly, in the third act, several previous events could be displayed, which would finally clear up the mystery by expounding the initiation of the narrative. . . . The question, "What happened before?", is fully as suspensive as the question, "What happens next?": and, in this instance, it is by far the more important question of the two. . . .

There are certain stories which are seen most naturally if we follow them forward from causes to effects; but there are certain other stories which can be understood most truly only if we follow them backward from effects to causes. As a matter of experiment, it would be extremely interesting if some playwright should soon set before us a story of this type in the perspective of reverted time.

In fulfilling the prophecy which was ventured in this statement, Mr. Reizenstein has built a play which is, indeed, "extremely interesting." The firmness of his fabric is worthy of the great praise with which it has been greeted. In his very first effort, this youth of twenty-one has exhibited a technical efficiency of which many an experienced playwright might be proud; and THE BOOKMAN is very happy to have suggested to his mind a ready method of revealing his extraordinary talent for the technique of the theatre.

"INNOCENT"

It must not be inferred from the success of Mr. Reizenstein's experiment that there is, inherently, any greater virtue in building a play backward than in following the chronological sequence which has always heretofore been traditional in the drama. The choice of method must depend on the type of story that the playwright has to tell. It remains as true today as ever that the great majority of dramatic stories may be set forth most effectively if they are built up, synthetically, from causes to effects. It is only a particular type of narrative—and stories of this type will always remain in the minority—that can be set forth most effectively if they are analysed from effects to causes. This statement must be emphasised at the present moment, lest the public should be threatened with a rush of plays whose only claim to interest should be that they aim to illustrate the Biblical maxim that "the last shall be first and the first shall be last." The famous ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periment of Columbus with the egg was bad for the egg: there are many objects in the universe that are not meant to stand on end.

Innocent, a Hungarian play by Arpad Pasztor, which has been adapted into English by George Broadhurst, starts off with a prologue in which a man commits suicide for reasons which, at the moment, remain unknown. He leaves a diary in which he has written down the story of his life; and, as his best friend begins to read this record, the lights are lowered, and a three-act play is set forth which exhibits the events that are incorporated in the diary. This play takes place two years before the prologue. It is, however, constructed synthetically, from causes to effects; and no retrogression in time is attempted from the outset to the end. The only purpose of the prologue, therefore, is to warn the audience in advance that the drama is to have a tragic ending; but this purpose might have been achieved much more artistically if the author had followed the tradition of all great tragic dramatists from Æschylus to Ibsen and foreshadowed his catastrophe by writing his entire drama in a mood that should overwhelm the audience as with a hovering of the imminent dark wings of fate. The device of the prologue, in this instance, is merely a confession of literary weakness on the part of the dramatist, and must not be regarded as a supplanting of chronological sequence by logical sequence in the drama.

The play itself is ambitious in theme but inadequate in execution. The heroine, who is first exhibited in the period of adolescence, is the child of parents who were utterly devoid of moral stability. Her father, on his death, consigns her to the care of his best friend. The girl, who is doomed by heredity to take the downward path, seduces her guardian and ultimately ruins him. It is for this reason that he kills himself.

This story, sordid as it is, might have been made interesting by a master of characterisation; but the people of the present play are never real,—they are conceived merely as abstractions and remind us of the tenuous characters of the old morality plays. The dialogue, also, as written by Mr. Broadhurst, is artificial and rhetorical. Structurally, the third act is devoid of interest, since the tragedy is really determined at the conclusion of the second. For all these reasons, the piece is unworthy of permanent attention.

"UNDER COVER"

Under Cover, by Roi Cooper Megrue, was intended merely as a popular entertainment; and it is pleasant to record that the author has succeeded in making his melodrama both entertaining and popular. It is a spirited and dashing and good-humoured play; and it deserves the popular success it has achieved.

There are two points in *Under Cover* which call for serious consideration from students of the technique of the drama. The fourth act overlaps the third by five minutes of actual acting time. That is to say, after we have been shown what happened in one room of a house during a certain period of five minutes, we are shown what was happening in another room of the house during the same period. This device was first employed on the American stage in *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero, wherein the third act overlapped the second. It seemed, at the time, a strange expedient; but, after it has been made familiar in half a dozen different plays, it will grow to seem as natural to the public as that other device of lowering the curtain to indicate a lapse of time which was first employed, upon our stage, in *Iris.* There is no reason whatsoever why the dramatist should not be permitted to turn back the clock whenever, by so doing, he can heighten the dramatic interest of his story.

But a more important point remains to be considered. In *Under Cover,* Mr. Megrue has deliberately chosen to violate the traditional maxim that a dramatist must never deceive his audience. Until the very end of the play, he leads his audience to believe that the hero is a smuggler; and then he suddenly turns about and explains that the hero is not a smug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gler after all, but an officer of the secret service who is engaged in running down the grafters in the customs-house. Critical opinions are likely to differ as to whether or not this pattern increases the interest of the melodrama. It is the opinion of the present writer that the play would be more effective if the author should take the audience into his confidence at the outset of the second act. As it is, the revelation comes too late to heighten the dramatic intensity of the plot; and the postponement of the revelation invalidates much of the action that has preceded it. In order to deceive his audience, the author has been forced to exhibit many of his incidents from a point of view which makes them seem untrue in retrospect.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

It is apparent from *It Pays to Advertise,* which was written by Mr. Megrue in collaboration with Walter Hackett, that Mr. Megrue is determined to overturn the technical tradition that it is dangerous, and usually fatal, to deceive the audience. In this play, time and time again, the audience is led to form an opinion of the motives which actuate the characters in a given situation, only to have that opinion suddenly overturned by some subsequent and unexpected revelation. It must be admitted that this insistence on the interest of sheer surprise is entirely successful in *It Pays to Advertise;* but it should also be noted that the play is a farce, and that untraditional antics which are entertaining in a farce are not thereby proved available for more serious and earnest types of drama.

A word must be appended in praise of the rich Americanism of the humour of *It Pays to Advertise.* There is nothing novel in its story of an inexperienced son who sets out to defeat his wealthy father in a business campaign and succeeds by the sheer audacity with which he advertises a product that he is unprepared to manufacture without his father's assistance; but this story is told with a contagious verve and vigour, and the dialogue is written with a real feeling for that particular type of humour that has been recognised as definitively American since the days of Benjamin Franklin.

"WHAT HAPPENED AT 22"

In *What Happened at 22,* Mr. Paul Wilstach marred an interesting melodrama by beginning his play too early in the sequence of events which made up his narrative material. The last act was undeniably dramatic; but it was preceded by two acts of preparation that seemed laborious and dull.

A notorious forger secures employment as a valet in the house of a famous lawyer who has been retained to track him down. The author deemed it necessary to devote two entire acts to an explanation of the circumstances which made it possible for the forger thus to spy upon his enemy; and this technical decision was fatal to the play.

When the lawyer is about to discover the identity of the criminal, the valet kills him. In the last act of the melodrama, the valet contrives to cast suspicion of the murder on the dead man's son, until, by a sudden subterfuge of the heroine's, he is betrayed into an involuntary gesture which reveals his own guilt. This last act was skilfully constructed; but its interest was discounted by the fact that the audience had been kept waiting for it through two acts which were not interesting in themselves.

"THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND"

The Prodigal Husband, by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton, is a singularly inefficient play. When the curtain falls upon the first act, no reasons have been afforded to make the audience desire to see the second; and the second act is equally deficient in finger-pointing passages to make the audience look forward to the third. The structure of the play is full of gaps and holes.

A prodigal husband, who is separated from his wife, finds a little girl thrust upon his hands by the death of her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother, who has been his concierge. He adopts the child and brings her up; but, when the girl has grown to be a woman, he finds himself accused of harbouring her as his mistress. This suggestion so works upon his nerves that he proposes to elope with her. The girl takes fright and runs away to seek shelter with his wife. Pursuing the girl, the prodigal husband meets his wife for the first time in many years; and, finding her more beautiful than he had remembered, he becomes reconciled with her and resumes his erstwhile fatherly relation with the daughter of the concierge.

In this story, there is material for two or three different plays, any of which might have been worked out rigorously in a compacted pattern; but the narrative as set forth by the authors is loose and incoherent.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE"

There is a certain exquisitely virginal quality of sentiment which can be attained, in the theatre, only by the French; and this quality is charmingly revealed in *The Beautiful Adventure,* by Robert de Flers and Armand de Caillavet. This is the sort of play to which young girls should take their mothers.

The heroine and the hero, who long have loved each other, have been separated by a mutual misunderstanding fomented by the hero's mother, who wishes her son to marry a more wealthy girl. The heroine, in pique, accepts an offer of marriage from a man she does not love. Five minutes before the wedding ceremony, the hero returns and persuades the heroine to run away with him. The two escape to the country cottage of the heroine's grandmother. This elderly lady naturally assumes that the young man who is travelling in company with her granddaughter has just been married to her. She receives them as a couple on their honeymoon; and her attitude toward the situation requires them, against their previous intentions, to accept the relation the old lady has assigned to them. The next day, the discarded bridegroom appears upon the scene, closely followed by the parents of the hero; but their unavailing protests are overruled by the insistence of the young couple that they love each other and that nothing can prevent them from being immediately married.

This pretty little play—for the critic is required to describe it with the adjectives most dear to matinée girls—is charmingly conceived; and the dialogue is rendered very beautifully in the English adaptation by the lady who elects to sign herself with the pen-name of "George Egerton."

"TWIN BEDS"

Mr. Salisbury Field and Miss Margaret Mayo are to be commended for the daintiness with which they have handled a delicate situation in their deft and entertaining farce, *Twin Beds.* One night, when Harry Hawkins is presiding over a late party at his club, an Italian tenor who lives in an apartment overhead and who in the past has paid elaborate court to Mrs. Hawkins, returns home in a bibulous condition, and, mistaking his apartment, subsides to sleep in Harry's bed. When Mrs. Hawkins discovers the presence of the tenor, she raises a hue and cry which results in one of those long chases of many characters about the stage which are traditional in farce. Harry finally discovers the tenor in a clothes-basket [for the authors of *Twin Beds* have not neglected to read *The Merry Wives of Windsor*]; and a scandal which threatens the disruption of two families is averted only by a series of those mutual explanations which, from time immemorial, have afforded happy endings to all farces.

There is nothing noticeably novel in the narrative material of *Twin Beds;* but this material is handled with a praiseworthy dexterity and a commendable lightness of touch. The dialogue is illuminated with many witty sallies; and the characters are drawn as truthfully as those that we expect to meet in more elevated types of comedy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOSEPH CONRAD—A STUDY

BY RICHARD CURLE

IN THREE PARTS

PART III—CONRAD'S NOVELS AND STORIES

UP to the present Conrad has published ten novels (two of them in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer) and five volumes of stories.

His first book is *Almayer's Folly* (1895). This "story of an Eastern River" is one of illusion, weariness, and irresistible passion. Almayer is the white trader, the only white trader, of Sambir, a distant and obscure settlement up the river Pantai of an island in the Dutch East Indies. He has been there many, many years, first with high hope, with much business, and under the protection of powerful Captain Lingard, the famous and dreaded "Rajah Laut," but latterly with nothing left to him but his love for his half-caste daughter Nina and his belief in a vast treasure waiting for him in the interior. For Captain Lingard has disappeared forever, ruined and broken, and the wily Abdulla, the Arab treacherously introduced so long ago by Willems (see *An Outcast of the Islands*), has sapped the very life of his trade. A heretic amongst the True Believers, the once-influential Almayer passes a despised and perilous existence beside the steaming waters of the Pantai. Everything around him has sunk into decay before his brooding and embittered sight, but at last hope, in the form of Dain Maroola, a Malay of noble family, has come to him with the promise of wealth. For it is with Dain the great expedition into the interior is to be made. And with the gold he and Nina will escape from their prison to Europe, and all the misery of the past will be blotted out. But in these visions of a splendid future Almayer is blind to the present, and even as he dreams of perfect felicity, Dain, the conspirator, has stolen away the heart of Nina. And far from that forlorn and hopeless spot she flies with him across the sea, the mysterious and untamed Nina, to the house of his father, the Rajah. But Almayer, weakly violent and affectionate by turns, sinks under the double blow of calamity and disappointment.

There is a secret air of plotting in this book, the plotting of the local Rajah, Lakamba, and his councillor, the one-eyed and pessimistic Babalatchi, the plotting of Almayer and Dain, of Dain and the Rajah, of Dain and Nina, of Babalatchi and Mrs. Almayer, of Abdulla and the Dutch, and, as it were, the patient and sombre plotting of the forces of nature. For the stifling, moist, and fœtid smell of the jungle fills the book with a whispered tension. The poisonous breath of the river and of the rotting forests seems to have entered into the hearts of all these actors, and there is positive relief in the thought of Almayer's death. *Almayer's Folly* is not one of Conrad's easiest stories to read. Its monotonous and oppressive atmosphere has an almost physical effect upon the nerves. But it is an imposing effort of its kind, this sinister revelation of a tropical backwater.

Conrad's next book is *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896). This is another tragic story of Sambir and the Pantai, and it would have been almost better to consider it before *Almayer's Folly*, because it treats of a date fifteen to twenty years anterior to that novel. In *An Outcast of the Islands* Almayer is still young and Nina a tiny child. Captain Lingard is still in his full vigour, there is still activity on the wharf of Lingard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Company, and the influence of Abdulla is but a shadow. And, indeed, all might have remained well but for the cursed Willems, Hudig's defaulting clerk from Macassar. It was Captain Lingard, autocratic and indulgent, who had given Willems his first start in life, and it was Captain Lingard who bore him off to the safe retreat of Sambir when the outraged Hudig thrust him forth with curses. From the outset Willems and Almayer hate one another. It is a thing the likelihood of which Captain Lingard should have guessed. When he sailed down the river, leaving the two men together in the treacherous solitude of the forest, he might have known that disaster would follow. But he knew only that his will was law and that he, the benevolent despot, was doing everything for the best. Willems, idle and bored to death, meets in his forest walks the enchanting Aïssa, daughter of the old sea-pirate who lives under Lakamba's protection. They love with the swift and passionate *abandon* of the East. And it is in the slavish infatuation of this white man that the one-eyed Babalatchi grasps an opening for his eternal sense of intrigue. Aïssa is taken secretly from Willems, and in the madness of his raving he is told that only under one condition will he ever see her again—on the condition of pilotting Abdulla's ship from the river's mouth to the settlement. Abdulla is rich, he is unscrupulous, and once he is in Sambir the power of Lingard, the dreaded "Rajah Laut," will cease. The infatuated Willems, a megalomaniac and a man without conscience, commits this baseness; and the rich preserve of the white captain, his benefactor, is filched from him forever.

The latter part of the story consists of Captain Lingard's punishment of Willems. He returns to the settlement and he finds out all from the indignant Almayer. On his boat he had actually brought with him Willems's wife and child and he came back full of plans and good thoughts for his *protégé*. But his revenge is terrible enough. He sentences Willems to perpetual imprisonment in a dark clearing of the Pantai. Before him the river, behind him and on both sides the impenetrable jungle. Willems's love for Aïssa has turned to loathing and he seeks desperately to escape. But at the moment of his flight (made possible—in appearance—by the treachery of Almayer), she shoots him with his own revolver.

The story of *An Outcast of the Islands* is one of violent emotion soon spent—like a tropical downpour. There is scheming in it, hatred, and passion. The action is, I consider, too long drawn out, but the situation is impressive and even terrible. As in *Almayer's Folly* the teeming, patient, and silent life of the wilds weighs upon every person and thing, colouring the whole aspect of nature not only in a material but in a spiritual sense. *An Outcast of the Island* reeks of the dank undergrowth.

The Nigger of the "Narcissus" (1899) is Conrad's third novel. It is the story of one voyage of the sailing-ship *Narcissus* from Bombay to London—a story dealing with calms and with storms, with mutiny on the high seas, with bravery and with cowardice, with tumultuous life, and with death, the releaser from toil. "The nigger of the *Narcissus*" is James Wait, a huge St. Kitts negro, who is dying from consumption but who clings to existence with scorn, with terror, and with evil words. His sinking life hangs like a mill-stone round the hearts of the sailors. Only Donkin, the Cockney, who pilfers from the dying man, feels in his dirty little soul no touch of compassion.

It is, in fact, the nigger who is the centre figure of the book. From the moment he steps aboard at Bombay till the moment his dead body is lowered into the northern sea he dominates the whole life of the ship. The wastrel Donkin is cunning enough to use him and his illness as a lever for stirring up unrest in the hearts of the crew. They admire their officers but they cannot understand their attitude toward the dying man. And bewilderment to simple men is the first step in disorganisation. But the individual hu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man interest is incidental to the real purpose of the story, which is to conjure up the actual spirit of a voyage, to make it live again before our very eyes. This book is realistic in the finest sense, alike in its atmosphere and its characterisation. We can almost smell the ocean, almost feel the ship moving beneath our feet, almost sense the tropical heat and the winter cold. And it is the same when we come to look at the men. The pictures of the three officers, and of such men as Singleton, "a sixty-year-old child of the mysterious sea," of Podmore the cook, of Craig (known commonly as "Belfast"), of Wait the nigger, and of the despised (and influential) Donkin, are extraordinarily defined and brilliant.

It is impossible to say much about *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* because it is still more a novel without a plot than *Vanity Fair* is a novel without a hero. And yet it is one of Conrad's most original conceptions. He alone has ever written such a book. It has the vividness of an actual experience touched by the magic glitter of remembrance. The descriptions of the sea and of the life on board are strangely beautiful. *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* has the qualities of an epic—an epic of the arduous, the exacting, and the enslaving service of the sea.

Lord Jim (1900) is Conrad's next novel. It is a story of remorse and of the effort to regain self-respect for a deed of fatal and unexpected cowardice. The sea and secluded Eastern settlements are the background. "Lord Jim," son of a clergyman, and a young man of romantic imagination, faith in himself, and an almost morbid sensibility, is an officer on the pilgrim-ship *Patna,* a "steamer as old as the hills, lean like a greyhound, and eaten up with rust worse than a condemned water-tank." On a calm night in the Red Sea, while Jim on the bridge, lulled into a sense of delicious and perfect security, is awaiting the end of his watch, the *Patna* passes over a derelict. To a boat in her condition such a thing would have been fatal ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Not one of the eight hundred sleeping pilgrims realises what has happened, but immediately a subdued, hideous panic breaks out on the upper deck amongst the few white officers and engineers. Jim, disdainful of their terror, watches in scornful silence while they lower a boat with feverish haste. At any instant the bulkheads may give (Jim himself has made an examination and has seen the plates bulging inwards)—and there are no boats for the pilgrims. He watches with utter disgust the secret fury of their terror, and suddenly, when the boat is already in the water, he jumps. He had not meant to do so, he was sure of himself, but at the crisis—he jumps. And it is this lapse for which all the rest of his life has to atone. For public disgrace follows quick upon their action. By some unaccountable fortune the *Patna* succeeds in keeping afloat, and is towed into Suez by a French man-of-war—a ship deserted by her officers. So the more or less plausible story invented by the captain, who knew that dead men tell no tales, turns upon them to rend them for good and all.

It is at the court of inquiry that Marlow, the narrator of the tale, makes Jim's acquaintance. He is attracted to him against his will, and in all Jim's subsequent wanderings he takes some active or passive participation. And Jim's wanderings are many and strange, for they are, indeed, the wanderings of an uneasy spirit. Everywhere he is dogged by some evidence, some reminiscence of that one act, and he flees from spot to spot, throwing up good and permanent billets at the breath of suspicion. For he is the slave of an idea—the idea of rehabilitation. And at last, in far Patusan, as adviser and virtual ruler of a savage and trusting people, he gains all the peace of mind that he is ever likely to know. In the sun of this colossal triumph the shadow of his failure is hardly discernible. Marlow visits him in this distant corner of the East and finds him crowned with the prestige of an immense and invariable success. And yet the final mishap of his life is lying ready at hand. Certain ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rauders, a mongrel crew of pirates, penetrate to his settlement with bloodthirsty intent. They are surrounded, cut off from supplies, and could have been killed to a man, but on Jim's advice they are allowed to depart in peace to their ship at the mouth of the river. They go and Patusan rejoices. But in their descent, as a last revenge, they murder a body of resting warriors commanded by the son of the chief, Doramin. And in a flash the power of Jim's reputation, of his unbounded prestige, crumbles into dust; and from being revered almost as a god he is execrated almost as a devil. But in this material disaster he grasps the chance of a final spiritual rehabilitation. With unflinching and cruel courage (he leaves to her despair the girl he loves) he crosses the river to old Doramin, and allows him to shoot him dead. So he atones to himself for the lost rectitude of bygone years. "And that is the end. He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic."

There can be little doubt that Conrad's fame as a novelist rests chiefly upon *Lord Jim*. And perhaps the main reason for this is that it raises a fierce moral issue in a very definite form and carries it through on a high level of creative intensity. But it would, I think, have been even more powerful had it been told as a plain narrative rather than as a story recounted at second-hand. This is so partly because it would have conveyed still greater conviction, and partly because one is apt to get weary of viewing everything through the eyes of Marlow, who is a mixture of the ironic and sentimental philosopher. On the other hand, one must admit that it gains something from this detached and organic treatment. We see the whole tragedy with a clearness that would have been impossible had the perspective been eliminated. For Jim, himself, though unusual and romantic, is, to a large extent, inarticulate. Conrad is too wise to make many of his heroes clever men.

The character of Jim, rather than his adventures, is the mainspring of the book, but the story is told throughout with intense realism. Conrad has never written anything more sumptuous than the description of the passage of the pilgrim-ship across the Indian Ocean.

Another curious thing to notice about *Lord Jim* is that it divides itself into two unofficial parts of very unequal length and merit. The first part, which ends with the remarks of the French officer about a third of the way through the book, is much the more perfect and satisfying. The second part reads almost like an after-thought. It introduces, too late in the novel, a new set of characters and it develops, too wearisomely, the philosophic problem of cowardice and its retribution. It is in this second part, especially, that one feels the mistake of telling the story through Marlow. In the first part he does serve a very real purpose, but in the second part he has become an aimless onlooker.

Although, in my opinion, *Lord Jim* is not one of Conrad's greatest novels (its purpose is almost too didactic—and it is a purpose strained to the uttermost), still it will ever remain one of his most widely known, for it is amongst his strongest, most readable, and most closely argued efforts.

Nostromo (1903) is the next novel by Conrad. It is the history of a South American revolution. But on this leading theme there hang such a multitude of side-issues and of individual experiences that it is certainly the hardest of Conrad's novels to summarise. In this story of vast riches, of unbridled passions, of patriotism, of greed, of barbaric cruelty, of the most debased and of the most noble impulses, the whole history of South America seems to be epitomised.

In the republic of Costaguana, one of these hopeless, unsettled South American republics, there is one prosperous and contented province, the sea-board Occidental Province, whose capital Sulaco is the headquarters of the famous "Gould Concession," owners of the San Tomé silver mine, which has brought wealth and security to the whole district. The head of the concession is an English Cos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taguano of the third generation, Charles Gould—a taciturn man, hiding in his silence an inherited love of order and hatred of political unrest that make of him a formidable type of fanatic—the cold and reasonable type. His wife, the frail and compassionate Doña Emilia, is the most moving figure in the whole of Conrad's books. The slow evaporation of Charles Gould's love for her in his intense absorption in "material interests" is a tragic undercurrent to this story of visible terror and anarchy. For the wealth of Sulaco has attracted, at last, the politicians from beyond the mountains, and all the vilest riff-raff of the republic. In the revolution to upset the humane President-Dictator Ribiera (the one hope of Costaguana), a wild rush is made for Sulaco both from the mountains and the sea. The whole social fabric, built up with such laborious care, falls to pieces at the breath of disaster. The Sulaco aristocracy, powerless in the hands of a mob who, fickle and cringing to success, welcome the victorious revolutionaries with orgies of disorder and joy, await the ruin of exile or shameful death. But in that gloom and horror is born anew the great idea of the Occidental Republic. It is the idea of the young Decoud, a mocker and a journalist, whose patriotic ardour appears more amatory than distinterested and who despises the evil fortune that has brought him home from the gaiety of his Parisian life. His plan, put shortly, is for the Occidental Province to cut itself off from the rest of Costaguana and become the Occidental Republic. And, in fact, that is what takes place. For at the height of the terror, when Charles Gould and others are expecting instant death (Gould has absolutely refused to play into the hands of the revolutionaries), General Barrios, one of the incorruptibles of the Ribiera *régime,* returns with his army and drives off the invaders.

But I have not yet mentioned Nostromo himself, the man after whom the book is named. He is an Italian who has come to Sulaco on a sailing-vessel and has worked his way up to be Capataz de Cargadores—the most reliable, the most useful, and the most feared man in Sulaco. (His very nickname of "Nostromo" gives the measure of his success.) He is a person of almost boundless vanity and resource, and the revelation of his curious, complex character makes, as it were, one of the discreet foundations of the book. For he is a man suffering from a grievance which he never reveals —a grievance against society that takes too much for granted, that cheats him of his reward, that cannot adequately recognise all that he has done for it. On the night before the invasion of Sulaco he is told off to remove the silver treasure out to sea. This voyage of his, with Decoud, who is fleeing for his life, is one of the wonderful things in Conrad. He hides the treasure, indeed, hides it safely and deep in a desert island of the Placid Gulf, but he never reveals its resting-place to mortal ears. For with Decoud's death and the sinking of the lighter the treasure is supposed to be lost forever at the bottom of the sea. And Nostromo, not so much out of greed as out of pique, keeps the secret in his breast and grows rich "very slowly," visiting the island at night to extract an occasional bar of the incorruptible metal. And it is there he meets his death by a tragic misunderstanding. For on the lonely Isabel a lighthouse has been erected now and it is guarded by old Giorgio Viola, a Garibaldino veteran, and his two daughters, the dark Linda and the fair Gizelle. To Linda Nostromo is betrothed, but it is Gizelle that he loves. The Garibaldino, knowing nothing of the treasure or of his other secret, shoots him as he skulks below, thinking he is some wastrel, philandering fellow come on shore to meet his daughter Gizelle.

I have done no more than just touch upon the outskirts of this extraordinary work. For it is a book containing so many threads of interest and so many individualities of the first order that to condense it with any realism is impossible. And how is one to recreate the romance of atmosphere? To read *Nostromo* is like drinking from a cold spring on the mountain side—it thrills you to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the very marrow of your bones with a gulp of breathless and exhilarating life. *Nostromo* is Conrad's longest novel, and in my opinion, it is by far his greatest. It is a book singularly little known and one which many people find a difficulty in reading (probably owing to the confused way in which time is indicated), but it is one of the most astounding *tours de force* in all literature. For sheer creative genius it overtops all Conrad's work. Its manner of narration is, perhaps, involved, but its intricacy is highly artistic, and the continuity of the whole is convincing. In dramatic vigour, in psychological subtlety, and in the sustained feeling of a mood (an atmosphere at once physical and mental) *Nostromo* is a phenomenal masterpiece. It is Conrad's genius incarnate.

In contrast to *Nostromo, The Secret Agent* (1907) is a comparatively simple book. It is a novel treating of the underworld of London life—the underworld of anarchists and spies. Verloc, "the secret agent," is ostensibly an anarchist, but in reality a spy of one of the big Embassies. He keeps a dim, disreputable shop in a side street of Soho, where he lives with his wife, Winnie, his wife's mother, and his half-witted brother-in-law, Stevie. Verloc in his heavy and slothful way is a domesticated man and well pleased with his comfortable existence. So that he is horribly upset when he gets a broad hint from the Embassy that he is not doing enough for his money. Either he must make himself felt or he will be sacked. Mr. Vladimir is very explicit. In the days of the late Baron Stott-Wartenheim it was easy, he admits, to impose upon the Embassy, but now what they want are concrete proofs. Verloc must stir up public opinion against the anarchists—he must engineer a plot that will drive the police into drastic action. And it is with such words ringing in his ears that Verloc slowly returns home. For a month he broods in silence, miserably torn from side to side, plunged in bitter thoughts. But at last, in his cloudy and secretive mind, he evolves a plan. He plays upon the feelings of the merciful Stevie till he has worked that simple-minded youth into a speechless fury of pity for the wrongs of mankind. And he suggests to him the remedy—the blowing up of Greenwich Observatory. Stevie, in the singleness of his heart, accepts every idea of Verloc's because he has always been brought up to believe that Mr. Verloc is *good*. He is the willing and exultant victim of the cause of humanity. So far, all right—the only hitch to Verloc's plan is that Stevie, stumbling in the fog, gets blown up by his own bomb.

Winnie Verloc, whose whole life, to the very fact of marrying the comfortably situated Verloc, is one long sacrifice for her beloved Stevie, knows nothing of all this plotting. She only knows that Stevie is in the country with Michaelis, an ex-convict and convinced humanitarian, for a few days of fresh air. She guesses nothing, but wonders vaguely at Verloc's curious air of depression. Even on the day of the explosion, not having seen an evening paper, she is completely ignorant of the very fact, till she is enlightened by a detective who had found amidst the shattered fragments of the body a tape with Stevie's name and address on it (the handiwork of his sister's ceaseless and tender forethought). Then, indeed, she realises all.

The last part of the book is very dreadful. When the detective has left she remains motionless in the twilight of the shop. Verloc enters. She trembles and remains still. And all the while the reserve of long years is slipping off her, and hatred and despair have filled her heart. All her violent maternal love for Stevie, all her outraged and defeated love, keep her, with their conflicting emotions, as composed as a woman of stone. But suddenly, in a moment of animal revenge, she seizes a knife and stabs Verloc to the heart. In the reaction of terror she staggers from the shop only to meet Comrade Ossipon, the swaggering and irresistible anarchist from whom she has always shrunk. Now, in her misery, she flings herself upon him, telling him all, and beseeching him to fly with her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and protect her. Sick with fear and greed (he wants Verloc's savings), he promises; but on the platform of Waterloo Station, when the train is moving, he jumps out and leaves her to her fate. That night she drowns herself in mid-channel.

The Secret Agent is a great book, but it suffers, to some extent, from the improbability of its plot. It is founded, obviously, on the notorious explosion in Greenwich Park of twenty years ago, but in his imaginative effort to build a story around this episode Conrad has fallen into rather the same error that Meredith fell into in *Diana of the Crossways*. Meredith did not quite succeed in making Diana's betrayal of Dacier's secret credible, although it is simply the story of Mrs. Norton and *The Times,* and Conrad does not quite succeed in making his explanation of the Greenwich explosion credible—although there must be some explanation. But though the main idea of *The Secret Agent* is far-fetched, its atmosphere and its characters are in his finest manner. Winnie and Stevie are people of the highest and most touching reality, and Verloc himself, the anarchist called "The Professor," Ossipon, and Winnie's mother, are indeed admirable. The secret air of the shop is produced with fidelity, and the whole tone of the book is strangely authentic.

Put briefly, the plot of *Under Western Eyes* (1911) is as follows. One night the student Razumov, a silent, solitary, and ambitious man, returns home to his lodging in a poor quarter of St. Petersburg to discover, awaiting him there, another student called Haldin. This Haldin is a revolutionary of an extreme type who has that very morning assassinated an official with a bomb. As yet undiscovered, he has fled to Razumov for help. It is true that they have never spoken together of revolutionary matters, but he has conceived an exalted opinion of him on account of his reserved and austere character. Haldin's recital and request for help stagger and infuriate Razumov, not only because he considers him a criminal, but because he realises the grave jeopardy into which his own future is thrown should this meeting ever be guessed at. He has always had a hatred of visionaries, and his secret aim is to attain distinction in the government service. Being sent out by Haldin to arrange for his escape, he ends up, after a futile effort to do so, by denouncing him to the police. This midnight betrayal, while Haldin reposes trustfully in his bed, is the most tremendous thing in the book. And the only result of it all is that Razumov becomes convinced that he, himself, is suspected by the police. In a scene between him and Councillor Mikulin, who has charge of the enquiry, he endeavours to probe their intention concerning him. But Councillor Mikulin is not to be easily drawn. And caught thus in the web of suspicion, Razumov consents to go as a government spy to Geneva, where there is a large colony of Russian conspirators. Here, as fate would have it, he meets Haldin's sister, who considers him a hero, as he is supposed to have been her brother's last associate and helper. On all hands, indeed, he is treated warmly, though as something of an enigma; for he cannot hide the bitterness of his animosity and the gnawing of remorse. They have been fully roused in him by contact with Nathalie Haldin. She is presented as a beautiful and true nature whose trust in Razumov is unbounded. Slowly, under the awakening, this life of lies grows impossible to him. But it is not till all chances of his ever being discovered have disappeared, not till he finds that he is falling in love with Nathalie and that his love will be returned, that he resolves to confess. At midnight, in a room full of determined and reckless men, he makes his reparation. He is deafened forever by having the drums of both his ears broken. Early that same morning, tottering on the road in the perfect silence of the surrounding world, he gets run over by a tramcar and severely hurt. He is tended by a Russian woman, who devotes her life to his misery, and at the close of the book he is living with her in the South of Russia, slowly dying.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story gets its name from the fact that it is told by an old English teacher of languages in Geneva, partly in his own words and partly from a diary left by Razumov. *Under Western Eyes* is really a one man book, and as such, all other figures are naturally subsidiary to the main one. Razumov, the believer in order and in the calm wisdom of organised reform, stands forth in the hard rôle of constant opposition. His is the psychology of a man in revolt against revolt. His appeal to one's sympathy lacks sentiment but is poignant all the same. The book is written with great precision and subtlety of language, and marks a step forward in Conrad's exactitude of style. The description of the winter night of Russia, of the Russian colony in Geneva, and of the sister and mother of Haldin are particularly striking. Personally I do not put *Under Western Eyes* on so lofty a pinnacle as, say, *The Secret Agent* (there is a certain bleakness about it), but I think it is a surer piece of art.

Chance (1914) is Conrad's latest novel. As its name implies, the irony of chance is the leading link of the whole structure. The story is wanting in conventional plot and, though full of events and characters, concerns, in chief, two people—Flora de Barral, the daughter of a famous (and fraudulent) financier, and Captain Roderick Anthony, son of a poet and master of the *Ferndale*. The book is divided into two parts, named respectively "The Damsel" and "The Knight." The first concerns Flora de Barral's childhood and her miserable youth, and the second concerns Captain Anthony and his life with Flora aboard the *Ferndale*. After the crash which sent de Barral to penal servitude and herself to the horrors of abasing poverty, Miss de Barral's best friends proved to be a Mr. and Mrs. Fyne, whom she had known slightly in the days of her wealth. It is at their house that she meets Captain Anthony, Mrs. Fyne's brother, home from sea on one of his rare visits. And it is in a sudden and overwhelming flash of intuition that Anthony sees into the depths of her forlorn and despairing soul. He carries her off with him by the sheer force of his boundless pity springing into love—thus offending mortally the correct and decorous Mrs. Fyne. And it is on board the *Ferndale* that Flora, now Mrs. Anthony, brings the ex-convict (and more than ever monomaniac) de Barral. His insane hatred of the Captain, who has come between his daughter and the brilliant marriage of his dreams, gives a sinister background to the misunderstanding sundering for so long Anthony and his wife. For she believes that his action is founded entirely upon magnanimity—a thing intolerable to her proud and embittered heart—and he believes that to her he is merely the means of freedom for herself and refuge for her father. It is in the crisis of old de Barral's attempt to poison Anthony that the barriers are swept away.

These two people, the young and unhappy girl and the silent and really noble seaman, are drawn with Conrad's minutest and most thrilling insight. Captain Anthony is one of the most affecting characters in all his books—a sort of male counterpart to the Mrs. Gould of *Nostromo*. And Flora de Barral is a tragic figure. The story of her youth, of her meeting with Anthony, and of their life on board ship has a quality of distress and pathos that is very powerful. Anthony's treatment of her is touching in the controlled passion of his pity and indignation. And besides Flora de Barral and Captain Anthony, *Chance* contains in the financier de Barral, in Mr. and Mrs. Fyne, in Powell (second mate of the *Ferndale* and one of the prominent people of the book), in Franklin (first mate of the *Ferndale*), in Flora's detestable governess, and in her manufacturer cousin, an enticing gallery of portraits. The breath of life is in these creations. Marlow, whom Conrad introduces into several of his tales, appears here once again in the guise of narrator—not so much of his own adventures as of other people's.

This strange chronicle of passion and disaster has the reserve and elusive sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tlety that are typical of Conrad's later manner—of *Under Western Eyes,* for instance. The air of romance is secret, but in the twilight of these sombre pages one feels the author's immense creative realism. The obscurity of such a book as *Chance* arises from the superabundance of atmosphere—of spiritual as opposed to physical atmosphere. *Chance* is probably the hardest of Conrad's books about which one can make any conclusive judgment. Admirers of his earlier work may consider it almost arid, but that is simply to misunderstand the recent development of Conrad's art. For the truth is that *Chance* is a work of the finest shades and of the highest tension. It is the most finished of all his books.

HIS VOLUMES OF STORIES

The first of these is *Tales of Unrest* (1898). There are five stories in this book—"Karain," "The Idiots," "An Outpost of Progress," "The Return," and "The Lagoon." The first of them, "Karain," is a tale of adventure, of revenge, and of ghostly possession. It is recounted in the safe refuge of a schooner riding at anchor in an island bay of an Eastern Archipelago, by the chief of a war-like people. The audience are the young officers of the ship. Karain is a chief of mighty prestige in his tiny and obscure corner of the world, but he is tormented by a ghost—by the ghost of Pata Matara, his friend. Pata Matara's sister had married Karain's brother but had left him to live with a white trader, who had taken her away with him when he left their land. And thereupon Karain and Pata Matara swear vengeance and track them through all the East in a real Odyssey of painful and prolonged wanderings. But in the years of their journeying the vision of Pata Matara's sister has risen before Karain in the guise of perfection, and when at last they find them in the flesh and Pata Matara is about to shoot, Karain, frenzied by the strength of his illusion, shoots Pata Matara and saves the woman's life. And now in the secure and honoured position of his new life he is tormented by the silent presence of his friend.

"The Idiots," is a tale of Northern France. Jean Pierre Bacadou is a rich Breton farmer who loves his land with the deep affection of a French peasant. But by some tragic mischance all his four children prove to be idiots. His rage and despair drive him to the violence of drink and cruelty. He is determined to have an ordinary child who shall inherit his land. But Susan, his wife, dare not chance her malign fate again, and when he attempts to approach her she stabs him. Later, on that wild and stormy night, she flings herself into the sea amidst the rocks. But the poor idiots, in good health and in darkness of soul, survive and flourish.

"An Outpost of Progress" is the story of a trading station in the wilds of Africa. Two white men, Kayerts and Carlier, incompetent and foolish people, are left in the wilderness to take charge of the station for six months. They begin by being friendly and full of trifling activity, but gradually the lassitude and unrestraint of the wilds creep over their minds. They realise that their ivory is coming from the sale of slaves, and, though flaming with indignation at first, it is not long before they tacitly acquiesce. Moreover, a secret and growing irritation with one another begins to blacken their lives. The relief boat is late, they abandon hope, and the station work is neglected. Fever undermines them, and their irritation, long pent up, blazes out suddenly over the question of a few lumps of white sugar. Carlier threatens Kayerts, and Kayerts, in an agony of terror, shoots Carlier dead. Next morning, through the fog, the whistle of the relief steamer is heard. Kayerts, rousing himself from his lethargy, runs out and hangs himself.

"The Return" tells how Alvan Hervey, a rich and conventional city man, arrives home one evening to find a note from his wife saying that she has left him to live with an editor of a paper owned by Alvan Hervey. He has not got over the shock of reading the scrawled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lines when his wife reappears—she has found that she has not sufficient moral courage for the step. The mutiny in Hervey's mind fills most of the pages of this, the longest story in *Tales of Unrest*. He decides that all must go on as if nothing had happened, and his wife, cold, hostile, and half-remorseful, agrees. But late at night when she has retired to her room and he is left alone with his thoughts, he finds that this life of deception and uncertainty will be intolerable. He rushes upstairs and bursts into his wife's room. Then, before her icy words and her look of hatred, he flies from the house, banging the door behind him. "He never returned."

"The Lagoon" is another of those stories told to a white man by a native of the East. In the depth of the forest, darkness overtakes the white man and he determines to spend the night in Arsat's clearing. He has known Arsat long ago in a distant country. He finds him in his hut by the side of his dying wife, and through the long watches of the night he listens to the story of Arsat's passion and of his escape with his beloved. They had fled far from the revenge of a powerful rajah, and with them had fled Arsat's brother. But, alas, the brother had been killed by the enemy and Arsat had not dared to turn back to his rescue. It is a bitter regret to him, now that all his hopes are dissolving in death, and when she is no more he intends to return at last for one final fight. As they talk together the dawn rises over the forest and the lagoon.

The most remarkable story in *Tales of Unrest* is "The Return," which is well seconded by "An Outpost of Progress." The most beautiful is certainly "The Lagoon" (it is particularly interesting from the fact that it is the first short story Conrad ever wrote), while "Karain" is the sunniest, and "The Idiots" the most realistic. These stories suffer from the defects of Conrad's early richness of style—the sonorous splendour of their language and emotion is almost cloying. But "The Return" is decidedly one of the most astonishing stories Conrad has written, and there are lyrical passages in "The Lagoon" of the purest loveliness. *Tales of Unrest* is not a mature book, not so mature as the novels of this period, but it is a book that cannot be ignored by any student of Conrad. Indeed its immaturity is, in my opinion, at least as valuable as some of his more finished work.

Youth (1902) comes next in order amongst Conrad's volumes of stories. There are three tales in this book—"Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether." "Youth" itself is almost more a reminiscence than a story, and almost more a recapture of the emotions and glamour of youth than a reminiscence. It is Marlow who tells the story, and it is the story of his first voyage to the East, with its countless hardships, with its danger from storm, from fire, and from shipwreck. The indomitable optimism and romance of youth reveal themselves in every line, but a vein of profound melancholy runs through this tale of adventure and daring—the melancholy of fond recollection and of unappeasable desire.

"Heart of Darkness" is a sombre story of the dark forests of the Congo and of the darker hearts of men. Once more Marlow is the narrator. He tells us how he got a post as Captain of a Congo steamer and how he went out to Africa and up into the blind interior. Like "Youth," this, too, reads as a reminiscence and is extraordinarily atmospheric. The Congo rises before us like an ominous and mystic spirit; and Mr. Kurtz, the energetic agent of the great Company, whose name is on every one's mouth and whose heart has been corrupted by the savage wilderness, is like the embodiment of that lawless and unhappy land. Marlow, on his first arrival, stays at a depôt within two hundred miles of the coast, but afterward he has to take his steamer up to the far outposts of the interior. It is there that the valued agent, Mr. Kurtz, lives—that wonderful procurer of ivory and that eloquent exponent of unspeakable rites. Marlow is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with him during his last days and has to break the news of his death to the girl who thought him the best and most enlightened of heroes.

It is absurd to call "The End of the Tether" a short story, because it is nearly two hundred pages long. It is about a man whose great love for his daughter is the one thing remaining to him from the disastrous chances of his life. Captain Whalley has been rich, independent, and full of sober joy in existence—but his wife has died, his daughter, Ivy, has married and settled in Australia, his money has nearly all been lost in a bank smash, and he is getting old Five hundred pounds remains to him from the sale of his barque, *Fair Maid,* and this he invests in a share of the *Sofala,* an East Indian coasting tramp, of which he becomes Captain. It is only after he has been in her for some time that he realises he is going blind. The *Sofala* is owned by the chief engineer, Mr. Massy, who had won the money for her in a lottery and who is now again on the verge of ruin. Captain Whalley has told no one that he is going blind, but Mr. Massy has guessed. He is a mean, ferreting, and avaricious nature, and he is as incapable of comprehending the lofty character of his Captain as he is of having an unselfish thought of his own. In the baseness of his heart he plots to make use of Captain Whalley's advancing blindness for his own purposes. If only he can cause him to run the ship aground on the rocks of the point he will get the insurance money! He succeeds in diverting the compass by placing iron bars near it. It is a complete success. But Captain Whalley, groping on the bridge in the sudden complete darkness that has descended upon his eyes in the shock of striking, touches the iron and knows all. And then as he mutters passionately to Massy that he "will get fifteen years for this" the other, choking with spite and fear, whispers back that if he goes to prison for trying to cheat the insurance, Captain Whalley will lose his five hundred pounds. "Captain Whalley did not move. True! Ivy's money! Gone in the wreck. Again he had a flash of insight. He was indeed at the end of his tether." And filling his pocket with the iron bars, he allows himself to sink forever with his ship.

Youth is as famous amongst Conrad's volumes of stories as *Lord Jim* is amongst his novels—and more deservedly so. For it contains in "Youth" the most romantic, in "Heart of Darkness" the most terrible, and in "The End of the Tether" the most pathetic story Conrad has ever written. "Youth," itself, is certainly one of the very finest things in Conrad, a gorgeous dream, a vision of the rare and transient illusion of youth. It is a reminiscence tinged, as I say, with regret and made lyrical by the power of remembrance. "Heart of Darkness," like "The Return," suffers from exaggeration. It is an extremely impressive story, but it is almost over-heavy. It is positively too rich. As a creation of atmosphere it is immense, as a work of art it leaves something to be desired. (Conrad has told me that it did not take him more than a month to write. This, considering its length of over forty thousand words, is quite enough to account for its air of haste and its comparative lack of finish.) "The End of the Tether" is a very beautiful and touching story. Captain Whalley, austere, upright, and tenderly thoughtful for his daughter, is one of the most moving of all Conrad's characters. The contrast 'twixt his self-contained and tragic aloofness and the petty spite of the other officers is presented in Conrad's grandest manner.

Typhoon (1903) is Conrad's third volume of stories. It is made up of four tales: — "Typhoon," "Amy Foster," "Falk," "To-morrow." The first and longest of these is, as its name implies, the description of a storm—a typhoon in the China Seas. In the very idea of such a story there is little in the way of plot. The steamship, *Nan-Shan,* commanded by the dense and stupid Captain MacWhirr, is taking two hundred Chinese coolies to the treaty port of Fu-Chau when she runs into a typhoon. The story is one gigantic description of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fury of the sea and of the bravery of simple men. Captain MacWhirr, who, in his unimaginative ignorance, disregards all the symptoms of the approaching storm, by the sheer force of his integrity and perseverance emerges triumphant not alone from the typhoon, but from the ugly after-position with the two hundred Chinamen who believe that their money has been stolen from them. In the storm itself, his first-mate, the sprightly and talkative Jukes, has seconded him courageously, but in the affair of the coolies his livelier imagination makes him tremble at the probable result. It is Captain MacWhirr who is the victor throughout.

"Amy Foster" is the story of a dull-witted but compassionate English girl who falls in love with a strange man from Eastern Europe. This ignorant, wild, and romantic peasant from the Carpathian Mountains has been cast up by the sea, the only survivor from an emigrant ship bound for America. Unable to speak a word of English and totally mystified as to where he is—it might have been America or Hell, itself—he leads a wretched and hunted existence till the chance kindness of Amy Foster opens his eyes. Afterward he becomes a farm labourer and marries her. At first she loves him with fascination, but gradually, after her baby is born, her fascination turns into horror. He falls ill and speaks to their little son in his outlandish tongue, and as he speaks she gazes at him with hatred and fear. And then she flees with her child, whilst he, left alone, dies forlorn and broken-hearted.

"Falk" is one of Conrad's Eastern Tales. (Bankok is known to be the setting though the name is not given.) It is a story within a story. Falk is a Scandinavian, a huge, silent man, fiercely and primitively devoted to life, who falls passionately in love with a young girl acting as companion to the wife of Captain Hermann, a German skipper. She is the Captain's niece, in point of fact. Falk is the owner of a tug that does all the towing up and down this Eastern river, and while Captain Hermann's boat, the *Diana,* is loading, he goes out every evening and sits on board of her, gazing at the girl and saying nothing. In everything he does his conduct is, by turns, hesitating and autocratic. He is a mysterious man, in truth, through the very simplicity of his absorption. In the eyes of Schomberg, the hotel-keeper, however, he is only a contemptible miser. But, indeed, his secret is twofold, a gnawing jealousy of a young captain (teller of the story), and the awful recollection that he was once compelled to eat human flesh. The jealousy is soon extinguished, but even so, before he can ease his conscience he has to relate the story of his misfortune. It is one of these savage and relentless records of the sea—the record of a broken down steamer, of drifting day after day, of shortage of food, of madness, of cannibalism, and of the survival of the strong. And to the hint of this story the niece, a girl silent as Falk himself, listens with pity. She marries him.

"To-Morrow" (it was dramatised under the title "One Day More" and acted several times in London in 1904, Chicago in 1914, and in Paris—this dramatised version appeared in *The English Review* of August, 1913) is a story of hope too long deferred. Old Captain Hagberd, retired from the coasting trade, lives in the little seaport of Colebrook, passing his life in the hope that he may see again his son, Harry. He advertises for him in the Sunday papers and he saves every penny against his return. He has even filled his house with furniture for his use, and has even chosen a wife for him—Bessie Carvil, daughter of Carvil, the blind boat-builder, whose house adjoins his own. And gradually this longing to see his son has changed into the mania of senile decay. He believes now that every to-morrow will bring him home. And when, at last, the real Harry does appear, the old man repudiates him with scorn—he is not the one to be taken in by imposters, his Harry is something very different from this "grinning, information fellow!" Besides, it is to-morrow he is coming home —not to-day! And so, with the obstinate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assurance of insanity and hope, he locks himself securely from the importunities of a troublesome world. His Harry indeed! But this is not only the story of Captain Hagberd's delusions, it is the story of Harry Hagberd, the wanderer, the lover of pretty women, the fascinating and romantic scamp, and of Bessie Carvil, the patient daughter of an exacting and brutal father. Their swift love-making in the dusk, within sound of the sullen waves and of the voices of madness and anger, is the climax to this tale of tragic fate.

Typhoon is a very remarkable book, not only on account of its merits but also for its great variety. "Typhoon," itself, is the most prodigious description of a storm in the whole of literature. As a piece of word-painting it is unrivalled, and it is at the same time a notable study in psychology and contains some of Conrad's cleverest character drawing on a small scale. "Amy Foster," on the other hand, has the sober atmosphere of Conrad's later method. It reads much more like one of the stories in *A Set of Six* than like the other stories in *Typhoon*. It is a delicate, faithful, and precise picture. "Falk" has the fertile elaboration of Conrad's most expansive work. It is a study in personality and atmosphere that exhales the warm breath of a tropical Eastern river. Falk himself is a curious figure, and his story remains pathetic in all its gruesomeness. "To-morrow" is a very poignant study, and one touched by the breath of symbolism. In that it resembles "Typhoon," though neither "To-morrow" nor "Typhoon" lacks at all the substance of actuality. Their symbolism, though apparent, is kept under strict command, and the realism of their characters and of their situations is the first call upon the reader's attention. Of the four stories in *Typhoon* these two are the most effective, though both "Amy Foster" and "Falk" are true works of imagination.

A Set of Six (1908) is Conrad's next collection of stories. As the name implies it consists of six tales—"Gaspar Ruiz," "The Informer," "The Brute," "An Anarchist," "The Duel," and "Il Conde." The first, "Gaspar Ruiz," is a story of the South American wars of Independence at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Gaspar Ruiz is the son of a peasant. He is quite illiterate, but a man of gentle nature and of great strength. Pressed into the army of liberation, he is captured by the Spaniards and made to fight in their ranks. Falling again into the hands of the liberators he is condemned to death as a traitor, and only escapes by the merest of chances. He is nursed back to life by a Spanish girl, whose aristocratic father, ruined by the rebellion, has been driven crazy. He falls in love with her, and she instils into his heart her undying hatred of the liberators. For long he is successful, but at last he is overwhelmed.

"The Informer" is an anarchist tale. It is related by Mr. X, a famous epicurean and a coldly cynical hater of society. He explains how they (the anarchists in London) became aware that in their secret meetings some spy must always have been present because their most guarded plans were constantly in the knowledge of the police. So, disguised as policemen, he and some comrades raid the house of their own associates, and in the excitement of the arrests discover the informer. He is a fanatic, a sincere man, and impervious to every outside emotion but that of passionate love. It is through this, in his desire to protect a girl who poses as an advanced anarchist (she is the real centre of the story), that he gives himself away. In the sudden discovery of the ruse he commits suicide.

"The Brute" is a tragic tale of the sea —the tale of the ship *Apse Family* that kills a man on every voyage. It is the *Apse Family* that is "the brute," a ship deadly and comfortable. This is a story told in the tap-room of *The Three Cows* by a man who had sailed on her, and whose brother, Charley, had been her chief mate at the same time. On that voyage there had been no accident. In Sidney Charley gets engaged to the skipper's niece, Maggie Colchester, who is with them for the trip, and in his great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happiness he takes the strictest care that no disaster shall spoil the homeward passage. And, indeed, all goes well till they are actually in the Thames. And then, in the hideous irony of fate, Maggie Colchester is pulled overboard by the anchor and drowned.

"An Anarchist" recounts the experiences of a convict who has escaped on to the mainland from the French penal colony off the South American coast. The convict, now engaged in looking after a steam-launch, tells the story with the innocence and resignation of a simple peasant. As a workman in Paris, with good wages, he gave a dinner to some of his friends to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday. All of them drink and then two other men begin to suggest to him that the lives of poor people are unbearable. He listens with maudlin and violent sympathy. And the result of it is that he makes a disturbance and is imprisoned. When he comes out the anarchists again throw around him their webs. Unable to make a living now, he falls in with their designs. He is caught with a bomb in his hand, and being considered a dangerous criminal, is deported to Cayenne. The story of his life there and of his escape in an open boat with two other wretches, his two original tempters, is graphically recited. When, at length, they are within hail of a ship, he shoots them both dead, and thus revenges himself upon them for all his sufferings.

"The Duel" is much the longest story in the book, but it is one of the easiest to summarise. It is a tale of the Napoleonic wars, and concerns two men, D'Hubert and Feraud. When the story opens they are both lieutenants in the French army stationed in Strasbourg. A trifling disagreement, which is only the irritation of Feraud at being called out of a lady's presence by D'Hubert, who was but obeying superior orders, leads to a duel, and subsequently to a whole series of duels lasting over a period of fourteen years or so. The kindly and indulgent D'Hubert is everlastingly pursued by the challenges of the emotional Feraud. And, finally, D'Hubert, by a stratagem, when he has looked only for immediate death in the latest of the duels, brings it all to a close by giving back to Feraud the life that he has forfeited. But this takes place when they are both generals, the hundred days a thing of the past, and the wars of Napoleon already a memory.

"Il Conde" is the last of the episodes in *A Set of Six*. It is the story of a foreign Count, a refined, elderly aristocrat, who is driven out of Naples forever by the brutal behaviour of a young man. Il Conde, a man of cultured and sensitive mind, would sometimes go of an evening to listen to the band in the gardens of the Villa Nazionale. It was there, while wandering in the shady paths, that he is accosted by a young man who asks for a light. Il Conde puts his hands into his pockets to find a match, and on glancing up he sees that the young man is holding a sharp knife to his stomach. In a grating and menacing voice he demands his money. Il Conde has to disgorge. Later on that same evening he meets him again in a restaurant, and again the man threatens him with foul and insolent words. Such a pit of infamy, opening like this at his very feet and full of nameless horrors for the future, so undermines the old man's peace of mind that he leaves Naples, never to return—although he knows well enough that there alone can he find the climate in which he can survive the chills of winter.

The six tales of this book present a striking change in Conrad's technique. Their atmosphere of romance tends to the inward contemplation of a mood rather than the piling up of substantial effect. They are, in many externals, very unlike this earlier work. For, of his previous tales, "Amy Foster," alone, is of the *genre* of *A Set of Six*. And, in fact, they do not gleam with the exuberance of poetical emotion—they are restrained, low-toned, and woven of a close mesh. They are the work of an artist who makes his points out of subtleties rather than out of romantic flights. Of the individual stories, "Gaspar Ruiz" is hardly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convincing—especially in its later phases; "The Informer" is sardonically icy; "The Brute," "An Anarchist," and "Il Conde" are pathetic, exciting, and beautifully proportioned; "The Duel" is a work of wide imaginative impulse—a wonderful reconstruction of the Napoleonic atmosphere. This story is the most remarkable in the book—the comparison between D'Hubert and Feraud is capital, and the whole idea, if slightly fantastic, shows, at any rate, a grip of human foibles and jealousy which is really entertaining. As a sustained effort in Conrad's sardonic later style "The Duel" is unmatched.

Conrad's most recent volume of stories is *'Twixt Land and Sea* (1912), and it contains three tales—"A Smile of Fortune," "The Secret Sharer," and "Freya of the Seven Islands." "A Smile of Fortune" is a story of a tropical isle (obviously Mauritius), the story of a captain who brings his ship there and falls straightway into the web of a curious and sinister drama. He comes in contact with the two brothers Jacobus, who are bitter enemies. The one who has disowned his illegitimate son is universally respected, the other who protects his illegitimate daughter is looked at askance. But stress is not laid upon this ironical position, and, apart from the intrigues of the outcast Jacobus (an inscrutable, sordid, and self-sacrificing man whose one ostensible motive in life is avarice, but of whom we half get a secret and quite different impression), the story relates, in main, the queer intimacy between the captain and the daughter of Jacobus. This passionate and wild girl suggests an underworld of emotions, whose shadows lie darkly across the pages.

"The Secret Sharer" tells how a captain, anchored in his ship at the head of the Gulf of Siam, rescues a murderer from the water (the mate of another boat), and hides him in his cabin, and enables him to escape. It has all the excitement of a perilous adventure, and it is told with such exactitude of detail and in such a thrilling, secret manner (for the conversations between the two men are invariably carried on in an undertone, and this comes to pervade the whole story as a kind of twilight) that it reads very like a genuine reminiscence.

The third story, "Freya of the Seven Islands," is a tragic tale of the Malay Archipelago. It concerns four people, Captain Jasper Allen of the brig *Bonito*, Freya Nielsen, her father, and the Dutch lieutenant Heemskirk. Freya and Jasper adore one another with the silent intensity of confident and faithful natures, but grim destiny is lying in wait for them. Heemskirk is the devil of the piece. His jealousy evolves a plan by which the *Bonito* is wrecked, and with it all Jasper's chances of worldly success. And, in the despair of their lost hope, life swiftly loosens its hold upon the man and the girl. It is a story opening in light and closing in impenetrable darkness.

In subject and technique these three stories are a return to Conrad's earlier work while they retain the finish of his later period. The style is extremely distinguished and the psychology subtle without being at all overdone. The first of them, "A Smile of Fortune," is a very uncommon study in the bizarre backwaters of character. Both Jacobus and his daughter are amongst Conrad's most original figures. His mumbling reserve and her futile and incoherent sorrow, seem to throw a heavy air of gloom into the very sunlight of the Tropics. As for "The Secret Sharer," that is certainly a marvellous creation in atmosphere and in the psychology of the hunted. It is convincing, as I have already said, so convincing that we feel we could hear the dropping of a pin in the whispered conversations of the two men. Moreover, it has a curious undercurrent. It develops, more and more strongly, a haunting idea of the discipline of the sea. The last and longest tale, "Freya of the Seven Islands," is, perhaps, the most painful Conrad has ever written. There is something deeply melancholy in this drama set amidst the treacherous splendour of Eastern Seas. But the nobility of such figures as Freya and Jasper makes the story of their defeated love not alone melancholy, but in the fullest degree touching.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW POETRY*

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

I

In these days when all the old familiar ideas and catchwords are being magically renewed with marvellous simplicity by a mere form of words—thus "The New Freedom," "The New Morality," "The New Criticism," "The New Abolitionism," and what not—it was inevitable that poetry should sooner or later succumb to so insatiable a desire for renovation. "The New Poetry!"—it is Mr. Louis Untermeyer, himself a poet and a critic of poetry, who has coined the expression that some one was sure to coin sooner or later, and has formulated the corresponding critical doctrine.

This reduces itself largely to the double notion, first, that the modern poet, the poet of to-day—the "new poet," in short—should henceforth forever forego whatever pertains to the past, confining himself exclusively to the treatment of what is coeval, contemporary; and, second, that he should free himself from all fixity of formal expression. Of course there is nothing really "new" in this programme, as Mr. Untermeyer must himself realise, since he makes much of Whitman as an example for poets properly bent upon singing their own time and their own race in their own way. As to the soundness of the ideas it contains, it is perhaps enough to suggest two obvious rejoinders or objections. One is that, far from freedom of form being identical with freedom of inspiration, Whitman himself at his best seems to show that the more profoundly the poet is stirred, the more regular does the rhythmic movement of his verse tend to become. It is not the needs of passion, but of critical theory and æsthetic refinement that are met by the invention of the *vers libre,* one of whose principal advocates in modern French verse was the first to proclaim, after a wide range of experimentation, that the freedom which it conferred, being merely mechanical, was wholly illusory. On the other hand, if it is the first duty of the true poet to interpret his own time in its purely temporal aspects, most of the considerable poets of the past, from Homer and Virgil down to Shakespeare, have then been singularly derelict in their duty, and achieved greatness only through the grossest of misunderstandings.

Mr. Untermeyer, who, as we say, is critic as well as poet, has recently subjected to much pleasant ridicule those of his fellow-poets here in America who continue to write of a dead past rather than of a burning present—of the Renaissance rather than of the White Slave Traffic, of Sicily and the Isles of Greece, rather than of Coney Island and the Island of Manhattan—the inference of course being inevitable that they themselves are at least moribund. Now we often agree practically, if not theoretically, with Mr. Untermeyer, and sympathise with what we feel to be the spirit of his often sensitive and sensible criticism. Certainly nothing is more deadly than what may be termed the "prayer wheel" type of poetry in which the writer merely parrots the great poetic commonplaces without giving them either new power or new significance.

*Challenge. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: The Century Company.

Salt Water Ballads. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Numbers. By Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Published at Ryton, Dymock, Gloucester, England.

Des Imagistes. An Anthology. New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But it seems to us that, in attacking so seriously what is, after all, but a failure of inferior poets—the very mark of their inferiority—Mr. Untermeyer himself, by injecting the idea of temporality into art, has fallen into a fallacy of no less inferior criticism. For the artist, the words "past," "present," and "future," are quite without meaning or distinction with reference to his material. It makes absolutely no difference to him whether a fact be exhumed in the island of Crete by some archæologist, or inserted in the latest sporting extra of the evening paper by the "cub" reporter. All he asks is that it stirs his emotion or holds his attention. So long as it does this, it is the one fact that exists for him in the world or has ever existed.

It is the same in the realm of ideas. Old and new may prove equally inspiring. The only thing for the artist to be on his guard against is becoming consistently radical or conservative. In his own verse, brave and buoyant as much of it is, Mr. Untermeyer, who is interested primarily in ideas, aspires fatally to be the poet of a movement—all the movements. Hence too often in his little volume, *Challenge,* the "new poetry" seems synonymous with the old rhetoric, and he remains, on the whole, the poet of a single poem—that quaint conceit, "Caliban in the Coal Mines," where, for once, the power of imaginative expression, rather than the mere intrinsic interest or timeliness of the idea, is invoked to give full force to his playful passion or his sincere passion for social changes.

In connection with Mr. Untermeyer's belief that modern poets need greater freedom of expression, it is interesting to note that the school of poets at the moment most engaged in renewing the inspiration of English poetry, is that least inclined to question the old metrical conventions. Moreover, its preference, on the whole, for contemporary subjects derived more or less directly from personal observation and experience, is by no means absolute, nor does it indicate any complete break with the literary traditions of the past. Doubtless many were surprised when, in a recent *enquête* concerning "the best short poem in the English language," Mr. John Masefield made his selection from Chaucer and Shakespeare. But that poet is in reality far less an innovator than is commonly supposed, and it is of the older bards, beginning with Beowulf, that he most often reminds us in his best work.

Certainly he is too much of an artist to confine himself to any merely theoretic programme, and in *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great* he seems to have set out deliberately to show how possible it is to treat a subject taken from classical antiquity, in the most modern spirit, even without the aid of any such naïve historical confusion as existed in the mind of Shakespeare.

Of course the opinion is permissible that he has too completely contemporanised the story of the patrician Roman statesman, the last of the great aristocrats of the Republic—injected into it an undue amount of modern idealistic sentiment and refinement of spirituality. An English writer named Garrod some time ago cited an incident in the military career of Pompey to show how little of the purely Teutonic idea of the "gentleman" there was even in the highest embodiment of noble Roman manhood. Not only does Mr. Masefield overlook any such distinction in the case of his hero, but he makes Pompey's wife, Cornelia, speak the remote and exalted language of a Maeterlinck when she says:

"It is a question now, dear heart, of standing for the right. The right side is always the weaker side. War is terrible. It's such a loathsome kind of spiritual death."

But in spite of such strictures, the

The Sea is Kind. By T. Sturge Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Post Office. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Chitra. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods. New York: The John Lane Com-

Auguries. By Laurence Binyon. New York: The John Lane Company.

Songs of the Dead End. By Patrick MacGill. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play remains beautiful and moving, with a glamorous atmosphere of imaginative strangeness pervading it from the first page. Although it is written in prose, this prose of brief interjections, short sentences, is cadenced to all the requirements of Mr. Masefield's restrained emotional expression, in the present instance, and reminds one of the medium employed by M. Paul Claudel, one of the most interesting among the younger French playwrights. Modern realism is insisted upon throughout, especially in the final ship scene. This ends with a "chanty" which, in form, if not in substance, assimilated itself to those modern seafaring ballads of which the author is so fond and of which he has written so many himself.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who belongs to the same general movement, if not to the particular group, as Mr. Masefield, is still more of a traditionalist as far as metrical modes are concerned, besides being a far finer artist. His work is for the most part in blank verse, a medium that he handles with remarkable vigour if not, as yet, with great music or variety.

An English critic recently remarked that such defects as are to be found in his verse arise ordinarily from an excess of the intellectual element in his inspiration. Certainly one feels that he is concerned with the subtleties of tortuous thought rather than with the spontaneities of overwhelming passion. He dazzles the reader but leaves him somewhat cold. But his fault is a distinguished one, and in the narrative or dramatic poet at least prevents him from falling into the flat facilities of both forms.

Mr. Abercrombie is seen to excellent advantage in a long dramatic poem entitled "The End of the World," which has recently appeared in a new periodical publication entitled "New Numbers," and in which he makes a peculiarly penetrating study of men's souls as they come to the surface in a great crisis. This poem is far superior to that "Sale of Saint Thomas." But while so much deeper in the motives of spiritual drama, it yields nothing in fertility of imaginative invention and sheer corruscating verbal splendour.

In contrast with men like Masefield and Abercrombie are those other English poets who call themselves "Les Imagistes" and who, of a far more conservative and classical taste, are quite revolutionary in their complete rejection of the traditional apparatus of English verse. As their collective name indicates, they are, indeed, far more French than English in their literary derivation. Their theory that "the movement of poetry is limited only by the nature of syllables and of articulate sound and by the laws of music or melodic rhythm," is, of course, derived directly from the *art poétique* of Symbolism, while in their insistence upon precision in the rendering of the idea and in the direct treatment of the subject, there is felt also the influence of the preceding Parnassian movement. Of this synthetic group, Mr. Ezra Pound, who is represented by several *chinoiseries,* apparently aspires to be at once the Verlaine and the Banville.

Between the *vers libristes* and the conventional versifiers, stands to a certain extent Mr. T. Sturge Moore, who frequently varies the length of his line to make it at once the unit of sound and of sense, but continues to count by feet rather than by syllables. In other respects Mr. Moore, whose volume, *The Sea is Kind,* is the first to be published in this country, resembles Mr. Abercrombie in his metaphysical tendencies, but differs from him in possessing a more delicate and diffused sensuousness, and far less vigour of expression. His style is at times somewhat tortured and complicated. At times, too, it is of a somewhat studied simplicity as in the set of verses

Arrows in the Gale. By Arturo Giovannietti. Introduction by Helen Keller. Historic Bookhouse, Riverside, Connecticut.

St. Louis, A Civic Masque. By Percy Mackaye. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

In the High Hills. By Maxwell Struthers Burt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Fourth Edition, including St. Gaudens, an Ode. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for children entitled collectively, "The Little School." There is much more of Crashaw than of Blake (or even of Stevenson) in Mr. Moore's "Songs of Innocence," and the same applies to his "Songs of Experience" as well. His poem on "The Panther" will never burn itself into the very soul like Blake's "Tyger," but it is a poem full of curious and crabbed beauties, for all that.

But, lo! they yawn, those wide-hinged python jaws,
Unroof the rose-pink ivory-studded bed,
Where, like a languid flame, the lithe tongue draws
Its moist caress round gums and hollows red.

Dost, cloyed by rich meats spicy as the south,
Expose thy fevered palate to the cool,
Which, like snow melting in an emperor's mouth,
Helps make excess thy life's ironic rule?

Soft-coated, each curved ear seems some weird flower,
Whose gulf with silken lashes gleams replete;
Such yield to let the fond fly, feating, lower,
But close and stiffen to forbid retreat.

Thus dost thou draw our thoughts, by subtler hints,
Still further down the vortex of thy spell;
Lace-winged on delicate feet it onward glints—
A trickling tear—a soul hung over hell.

Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,
Deceive the eye; so emery, cloaked in state
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight.

It might be felt that æsthetic refinement and metaphysical conceit were both carried somewhat to excess in such stanzas as the foregoing, with their curious blending of Keats and Cowley. Yet through all this embroidered mood of philosophic fancy, there runs a note of deeper feeling—of brooding, even, upon the most sinister and, at the same time, the most fascinating, of problems:

The mystery of all evil and its charm.

The very beauty of nature seems to the poet to conspire to the death of its creatures, with a cold perfidy that is more terrible than its hate.

II

I cannot mock thy "Yes" with "No,"

writes Mr. Moore in a poem addressed to Rabindranath Tagore. Surely the gulf is great between the English poet's pessimism, and the Hindu's joyful acquiescence in the whole scheme of life. But it is bridged by beauty and deep feeling. Certainly there is nothing vulgar or facile in the attitude of either of them. Since our last article, two more slender volumes by the latter poet have appeared, each containing a brief dramatic poem or play in that simple, yet exquisitely cadenced and perfumed English prose of which this Hindu is so astonishing a master.

Of these the first, "The Post Office," tells the story of a sick boy who lies eagerly awaiting a letter from the King, and who, from his bed of suffering, reveals the secret of happiness to those who are free and well and strong. In spite of its symbolism, it may be taken as belonging to the "Crescent Moon" side of his inspiration. On the other hand, the passionate, exalted, and mystical love drama, "Chitra," suggested, so the author tells us, by a story from the "Mahabharata," is like an extended lyrical episode from "The Gardener."

Mr. Tagore's genius, however, is not

Florence on a Certain Night. By Conings-by Dawson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Sister of the World. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Thresher's Wife. By Harry Kemp. New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

Eris. By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Poems. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so well represented by these little plays, as is Mrs. Margaret L. Woods's by her two powerful poetic dramas, *Wild Justice* and *The Princess of Hanover* contained in the recently published volume of her collected poetic works. Mrs. Woods has been known for many years as a writer of fiction and as a poet whose pieces, more than one of which has found its way into anthologies, have made us think of her along with Mrs. Meynell and Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). But we think it will be a surprise to the majority of her friends on this side of the Atlantic to find that she has produced two such plays, and that they should have known nothing of them.

Of the two *Wild Justice* is the shorter and, at the same time, the more arresting both in its subject and in its treatment. The scene is laid on the wild Welsh seacoast, the atmosphere of the play is grim domestic tragedy, and the play itself is a study in primitive passion, of cruelty, of refined brutality, such as has not been achieved in English literature since *Wuthering Heights*. Gryffith Gwyllim, the monstrous husband and father, of course, suggests at once Heathcote; and that the general resemblance in spirit, if not in plot, between novel and play is not merely accidental, seems to be shown by Mrs. Woods's acknowledgment of indebtedness to a couple of lines quoted in Emily Brontë's masterpiece, for the first two lines of her own opening ballad—a ballad itself so beautiful, so sinister and mysterious, that alone it would lend distinction to the play in which it appeared:

In the dead of night the children were weeping.
The mother heard that where she lay sleeping,
And scratched at the coffin lid.

On the whole, however, we prefer the second play, *The Princess of Hanover*. It is less of a simple dramatic sketch or fragment than the other. In it, too, less depends upon the romantic picturesqueness of the plot and setting, more upon the development of action and character.

The story, of course, is that the lovely and ill-fated Sophia Dorothea, wife of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, who became George I of England, and of her tragic love for Philip von Konigsmarck, a Swedish nobleman in the military service of the Elector. The principal weakness of the play lies in the large number of characters, which tends to render the action somewhat confused and complicated, although, at the same time, it serves admirably to suggest the atmosphere and intricacies of court intrigue at Hanover in the eighteenth century. Besides the Elector and the Electress, the Electoral Prince and the Electoral Princess, von Konigsmarck and his sister, Leonora, there are also the other sons of the Elector, his mistress, Madame Platen, and George's mistress, Ermingarda von Schulenburg, the Duke and Duchess of Zell, father and mother of Sophia Dorothea, and a host of others—spies, courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, children, halberdiers, etc.

Of all these, although the contrasted traits of the swinish Electoral Prince, and his more chivalrous younger brothers, Charles, Max, and Ernest, are admirably, and often amusingly presented, it is the portrayal of the four principal women characters that gives the play its principal psychological and sentimental interest. Theoretically Sophia Dorothea, outraged by her husband, and struggling against her guilty love for Konigsmarck, is the heroine. But certainly the most impassioned and striking figure is that of the elderly Platen who, disputing the

Atta Troll. From the German of Heinrich Heine, by Herman Scheffauer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Anthologie des Lyrics Allemands Contemporains Depuisnietzsche. Par Henri Guilbeaux. Paris: Eugene Figuiere et Cie.

Poems. By Edward Dowden. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Goethe's West-Eastern Divan. Translated by Edward Dowden. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Comedies of George Chapman. Edited by Thomas Marc Parrott. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Saloon Sonnets: with Sunday Flutings. By Allen Norton. New York: Claire Marie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possession of Konigsmarck with a ferocity that justifies the full force of Racine's line:

Venus toute entière, a sa proie attachée,

precipitates the tragic catastrophe.

It is true that the desperate mood of this middle-aged victim of erotomania is little more than suggested by Mrs. Woods, who never once manages to get quite the right accent of tragic passion and abandonment, even in the finely conceived lyric scene of confession and resentment between the two mistresses in the first act. On the other hand she succeeds admirably in expressing the spirit of the old Stuart princess, wife of the Elector; and perhaps the most memorable single passage in the play is that where the pride of her nation and of her race flashes forth in her. Sophia Dorothea has expressed her rather frivolous reluctance to sharing the English throne with her husband. Anger and disdain stir the old Electress, who turns on her daughter-in law:

Thou'lt not be Queen of England?

she asks scornfully:

No, for by Heaven that needs a royal heart!
What were it to be Queen of England? Answer,
Shade of the illustrious dead, answer, Elizabeth!
Were it to pack, distil into one brain
The master-thought of millions, in one bosom
To house a love great as a million loves
And manifold as they; one word, "My people,"
Being in your mouth, what mother, spouse, child, lover
Mean upon other lips—your soul's main utterance
And key to your entire life?
Then comes the reward.
Consider it, women, you whose happiness
Is lightly blown from ephemeral joy to joy,
Maidenhood, beauty, motherhood, ere it fall
Unwinged and spent with half your years. Consider
What 'twere to be a Queen,
A Queen of men, not marketable serfs.
Perchance you lean out from your balcony
One spring day, in the prime and rapture of youth,
And mark the immense crowd billowing beneath,
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you theirs, lifting you to the height
Of their hearts' throne—all fathers, lovers, friends,
All yours and yours forever.
These are the immortals,
Not to be changed by mutability
Of the inconstant blood, or alienated
By circumstance, or in the unfeeling grave
To slumber careless.
You the years will change,
The small mechanic hours, you will grow old,
Dim-hearted, cinder-grey, will drop your playthings
One after one—Ay, but on any day
Choose you come forth, outstretching crooked hands,
Like those youth mocks, whispering with faded mouth
Such as men scorn, "My people"—and lo, the Immortals!
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you with the old rapture, lifting you
To the height of their hearts' throne, yours as in youth,
Yours on through age to death, sons, lovers, friends.
This were for her that had a queen's heart.

England has rarely failed to stir the inspiration of her poets, even when this shows signs of lagging, as in the case of Mr. Laurence Binyon who, in his rather

Poems and Translations. By Frederic Rowland Martin. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

At the Shrine. And Other Poems. By George Herbert Clarke. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd and Company.

Poems. By Victor Robinson. New York: The Altrurians.

Ex Barbaria. By Pegram Dargan. New Orleans: Printed for the Author.

An English Dante. By John Pyne. New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

Little Verse for a Little Clan. By F. D. W. No Imprint.

The Tempers. By William Carlos Williams. London: Elkin Matthews.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listless recent volume, *Auguries,* makes but a perfunctory response to every other chord on his lyre. There has proved to be something almost ominously prophetic in that particular "augury" entitled "Thunder on the Downs," where, after rich landscape passages, and skilful handling of effects of light and shade, the poet exclaims:

And if a lightning now were loosed in flame
Out of the darkness of the cloud to claim
Thy heart, O England, how wouldst thou be known
In that hour? How to the quick core be shown
And seen? What cry should from thy very soul
Answer the judgment of that thunder-roll!

But we need not attribute to Mr. Binyon any prophetic foresight. His is merely a belated voice among those which, for fifteen or twenty years, have protested against imperialistic expansion, and reminded England of her moral destiny. Now that the lightning is indeed loosed in Europe, England may again look to Kipling for her war music, martial law in the domain of the Muses superseding the civil (only too civil!) government of her present Laureate!

Meantime, whatever eclipse Mr. Kipling may have experienced poetically of recent years, it is clear that he still retains his prestige, based upon his early work, unimpaired. There are few today, among his fondest admirers, who would call him a great poet, or even a particularly good poet. Yet, by a queer paradox, to be hailed as "the greatest poet since Kipling" still constitutes in many quarters the highest possible praise! Such is the reception, for example, of Mr. Patrick MacGill, whose volume, entitled *Songs of the Dead End,* follows close on the heels of a novel of similar designation. What is perfectly obvious is that without Mr. Kipling there would never have been any Mr. MacGill at all, any more than there would have been any Mr. Robert W. Service. Since Mr. Kipling himself cannot possibly enter every field of human activity as interpreter, some such division or distribution of labour by means of a group of poets is perhaps the only satisfactory solution of what is after all a very simple problem of supply and demand.

Of far other significance as a poetic phenomenon in the field of labour is Mr. Arturo Giovannitti, author of *Arrows in the Gale.* Where Mr. MacGill expresses mere sentiment and the picturesque aspect of the underworld, this remarkable young Italian agitator, whose soul can claim kinship with Shelley and Zarathustra, possesses passion, imaginative power, and the spirit of revolt. His genius is peculiarly alive to sensations of all sorts, upon which a preternaturally active intelligence impresses symbolical correspondences and interpretations. Hence he finds a natural channel of expression through that form of the prose poem developed by Baudelaire, Wilde, and Mallarme. But he also writes with freedom and effectiveness at times in regular rhythms, and in our opinion nothing that he has done yet is more successful than the "Proem" to his poems with its blunt vigour and its fine defiant attitude of extreme individualism:

These are but songs—they're not a creed,
They are not meant to lift or save,
They won't appeal or intercede
For any fool or any knave.

They hold no covenant or pledge
For him who dares no foe assail;
They are the blows of my own sledge
Against the walls of my own jail.

Kirstin. A Play in Four Acts. By Alice Cole Kleene. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems of Human Progress. By John Harcourt West. Boston: The Tufts College Press.

A Little Book of Verse. By Frank M. Comrie. Private Edition.

Great Poems Interpreted. By Waitman Barbe. New York: Hinds, Noble and Eldredge.

Oriental Verses. Bernard Westermann. San Francisco: Whitaker and Ray-Wiggin Company.

Life Harmonies. By Benjamin Fisher. Canton, Ohio: The Franklin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apart from this book by an Italian, there has been scarcely a single significant volume of verse published in America these last six months. *Florence on a Certain Night,* by Mr. Coningsby Dawson (an Englishman, by the way), can hardly be cited as an exception. Yet Florence, with its memories of Leonardo da Vinci and Lorenzo de Medici, is at least a place of poetic revery for Mr. Dawson, while St. Louis is merely an opportunity for a pageant for Mr. MacKaye, who bustles about, like a tailor, his mouth full of pins, taking the city's measurement for a fancy masquerade dress. Also we find charming Mr. Dawson's dedication: "To John Keats who, in excuse for a like occasion, wrote 'Were I dead I should like a Book dedicated to me,'" as well as several of the shorter lyrics.

Mr. Maxwell Struthers Burt, author of *In the High Hills,* has both a vision and a voice, as well as a note of maturity both in feeling and reflection not common in American lyric verse. But, for reasons doubtless explained by certain autobiographic references in these regretful little poems, his actual achievement is slight. Mr. Harry Kemp, author of *The Thresher's Wife,* is palpably an imitator of Mr. Masefield, but with little of the latter's ability as a narrative and descriptive poet. Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff's *Eris* is a poetic and dramatic presentment of M. Henri Bergson's evolutionary metaphysic, worked out with considerable ingenuity, even down to the title, which is significantly derived from the second person singular of the future tense of the Latin verb "to be"!

Miss Grace Fallow Norton's facile inspiration is all from nature, and Mr. Walter Conrad Arensberg's less spontaneous, almost exclusively from books. In neither case is the imaginative reaction either strong enough or individual enough to make the results markedly interesting, although both are careful writers, with a cultivated sense for the externals of style.

Mr. Arensberg has made a number of translations from those French poets—Du Bellay, Nerval, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and others—who, as his own original work shows, the poets of his predilection. And Mr. Herman Scheffauer has enriched English literature with a really admirable rendering of Heinrich Heine's delicious romantic travesty and universal political satire, *Atta Troll.* The absence of end-rhymes in the trochaic quatrains may bother the reader at the start. But it will be only for a moment. As soon as he is well launched upon the story of the immortal bear-hunt and of Atta Troll's sentimental sufferings, he will forget the need of any such artificial aid as rhyme affords. Those who are not already familiar with the poem in the original, may be reminded that Heine's conception of Herodias (in "The Wild Hunt" diversion) as being in love with John the Baptist and taking her revenge on him for his "Josephian attitude" toward her, has, no doubt, influenced later writers, especially Flaubert and Oscar Wilde—save, says Dr. Oscar Levy, in one of his lively notes, "that these had not the courage (nor perhaps the insight) to regard the hero in question as a 'blockhead'!"

He might have added that they lacked the humour also, as artists, to add a touch of burlesque to their own bizarre conception, as Heine did not hesitate to do in the following stanzas:

> Rising nightly from her grave,
> To this frenzied hunt she hies,
> In her hands the gory head
> Which with feline joy she flings

Sunshine and Roses. By Edwin P. Haworth. Kansas City: Rockhill Art Publishers.

Sunshine and Shadow. By Louise W. Kneeland. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Verses. By Mathilde Junge. Boston: The Roxburgh Publishing Company. Inc.

Intimations of Heaven. By Horace Eaton Walker. London: Elliott Stock.

The Shadow Babe. And Other Poems. By Jessamine Kimball Draper. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Owl and the Bobolink. By Emma C. Dowd. With Illustrations by Emma Troth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High into the air betime,
Laughing like a wanton child,
Cleverly she catches it
Like some idle rubber ball.

But as Mr. Chesterton has said somewhere, nobody any longer to treat humourously the only subjects worthy of being treated with humour, and the secret of Heine's laughter has been lost today along with that of Rabelais, and certainly it has not been either perpetuated or rediscovered by any of those lyrical successors of Heine whom M. Henri Guilbeaux has gathered together in his interesting and erudite anthology.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part X—Wilhelm in the Saddle

Bismarck goes on to say that the doctors who were treating the Crown Prince resolved at the end of May to carry out the removal of the larynx under an anæsthetic without having informed the Prince of their intention. The Chancellor, however, immediately raised objections; required that they should not proceed without the consent of the Prince; and, further, that as they were dealing with the successor to the throne, the consent of the head of the dynasty should also be obtained. The old Emperor, therefore, after being informed of the circumstances by Bismarck, forbade the doctors to carry out the operation without the consent of the Crown Prince.

It must be remembered, in considering the diagnosis of the German experts, that laryngology was at that time almost in its infancy, and it was natural that the Crown Princess should have clung desperately to the belief that a mistake had been made. Indeed, it is said that Professor Bergmann himself advised that the opinion of some other eminent throat specialist should be obtained before it was decided to have recourse to surgical interference.

This was the position when the eminent English throat specialist, Dr. (afterward Sir) Morell Mackenzie was summoned. There is no need here to go over in detail the painful controversy which was engendered by this step, and which was embittered, not only by thorny questions of professional etiquette, but also by irrelevant political passions. Our purpose is rather to state the principal facts, and leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

The Crown Princess was widely believed to have insisted that the English specialist should be called in simply because of her English prejudices, and this was considered an affront to the medical profession in Germany. As a matter of fact a list of the most eminent throat specialists in Europe was drawn up. One was a Frenchman, another a Viennese, and the third was Morell Mackenzie. The Frenchman was discarded for political reasons, the Viennese for other reasons, and it was a consensus of political and medical opinion which led to the choice of the English specialist.

On May 20, 1887, Dr. Morell Mackenzie arrived in Berlin. The German physicians informed him that they believed they had to deal with a cancer, but they desired his diagnosis. Mackenzie performed more than one small operation to serve as a basis for a microscopic examination, which was entrusted to Professsor Virchow, probably the greatest physiologist then living. It was Virchow who reported, to the exultant relief and joy of the Crown Princess, that, while he found a certain thickening of the membrane, he had "discovered nothing to ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cite suspicions of a wider and graver disease."

Henceforth there was a party in Berlin who were convinced that the growth, if growth it was, in the Crown Prince's throat was benign. But it may serve as an illustration of the passions which the whole affair aroused when it is stated that there were many who asserted that Virchow had been deliberately deceived, and that the English specialist had refrained from submitting to him those portions of the membrane which would have clearly shown the presence of malignant disease. It was this monstrous accusation which chiefly served to inflame the controversy on both sides.

Virchow's report greatly relieved the anxieties of the Crown Prince and Princess at the time, and, relying on it implicitly, they went to England with their daughters in the middle of June for three months. They stayed at first on the healthy heights of Norwood, in the south of London, going later to Scotland and the Isle of Wight.

While at Norwood they saw many distinguished English people, though even then the Prince was prohibited from uttering a word above his breath. Those who met the Prince at this time were painfully struck by his appearance. He was much thinner, and he spoke only in a whisper, but the Princess, who, being always with him, did not notice the gradual change which had come over him, was full of hope. Indeed, she found time to continue her interest in social work. She was present at a gathering held in Drapers' Hall to promote the training of women teachers, and her old friend Lord Granville made a charming little speech about her youth.

The Crown Prince was present with his wife at Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, and it is still remembered how great an impression was made on the London populace by his knightly figure in his white Cuirassier uniform. His was the central and by far the most magnificent presence, like some paladin of mediæval chivalry, in the mounted escort of princes which surrounded the venerable Sovereign on her way to and from Westminster Abbey.

During their stay in Scotland, the Crown Prince was asked by a gentleman to name his steam launch. He chose the name *The White Heather,* showing how his thoughts travelled back to the day, nearly thirty years before, when he had gathered on a Scotch mountain the symbolic sprig of white heather to give to the Princess Royal.

The Crown Prince and Princess returned to Germany in the middle of September, and proceeded to Toblach, in the Tyrol. But the climate there was considered too chilly, and the patient was moved to Venice at the end of the month. It was from Venice that the Prince wrote to an old friend a pathetic letter full of hope, in which he said that the real trouble was now overcome, and that it was only necessary to avoid speaking and catching cold. Early in October the Prince was again moved to Baveno, on Lake Maggiore, and at the beginning of November to the Villa Zirio, at San Remo. From San Remo the Princess telegraphed for Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who arrived on November 5th.

The Villa Zirio was a comfortable house standing in its own grounds. The first floor, which consisted of two suites of large rooms, was occupied by the Crown Prince and Princess. On this floor were also the rooms of the Princess's lady-in-waiting, Countess von Bruschl. The second floor was assigned to the three young princesses and the rest of the suite.

Unfortunately, owing to the great curiosity and anxiety felt all over Europe as to the progress of the Crown Prince's illness, the little Italian town was filled with newspaper representatives, their headquarters being a large hotel opposite the Villa Zirio. In fact, during the winter of 1887-8, all the world was watching the race between the two lives—that of the ninety-year-old Emperor, and that of his son, already stricken with a mortal disease, on whom so many fair hopes rested.

The Crown Prince and Princess owed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a great deal, at this troubled period of their lives, to the devotion and vigilant loyalty of their friend and servant, Count Theodor Seckendorff, whose official position in the Crown Princess's Household was that of "chambellan."

Seckendorff was once well described by an English friend as "the Baldassare Castiglione of the present day." He was, indeed, "the perfect courtier." His father, a distinguished diplomatist, had been attached to the Prussian Legation in London, and so the Count knew England and the English intimately. Indeed, he had obtained leave to accompany Lord Napier of Magdala on the Abyssinian campaign, and he was also with that distinguished commander on the North-West frontier of India. Afterwards he was on the staff of the Crown Prince in the Franco-German War, and was chosen by the latter to be one of the officers to escort Napoleon III to Wilhelmshöhe. Thereafter the Count's relationship with the Crown Prince and Princess became even closer.

A man of fine literary and artistic taste, and a really good artist, Count Seckendorff spoke English, Italian, and French with ease and distinction, and he retained—what few men and women seem able to retain in the world of Courts—a great simplicity of manner and an absolute sincerity of nature. While patriotically devoted to his own country, he was also a true lover of England, and he always did everything that lay in his power to ease the often strained relations between the two nations. After the death of the Empress Frederick, Count Seckendorff continued in faithful and kindly touch with her native country. He organised the Loan Exhibition of British Art in Berlin as late as 1908, and his premature death, two years later, caused much sorrow to a large circle of attached friends in both London and Berlin.

To return to the life at San Remo; in a letter written about this time the Crown Princess says:

"We are passing through a time of heavy trial, but the knowledge that the nation has not forgotten us, and that it hopes and sympathises with us, is a perpetual source of comfort. If it be God's will, this confidence will remain the Crown Prince's most valued future possession, and be the greatest help to him in achieving his noble ideals. Who can tell how many days may yet be granted to him? But when we see him so virile and fresh, we can only trust to the strength of his constitution and believe that his health will not fail him in carrying out his duties, though even in the happiest circumstances he will have to economise his strength and use his voice as little as possible."

From San Remo, too, the Crown Prince wrote to his beloved French tutor a touching letter, in which occurs the following passage:

"As to the life we are leading here, it could not be more intimate and more *gemütlich*. First of all, my wife nurses me as might a true Sister of Charity, with a calm and knowledge truly admirable. Our daughters surround us with their loving tenderness, and the Riviera is a delightful climate and does us much good."

Even then, the Crown Princess had not given up hope. Her husband still looked in good health; he slept well, and his appetite was excellent.

On December 1st, the Princess herself wrote to M. Godet:

"We are profoundly touched by the many proofs of sympathy which reach us from all sides. I cannot help feeling that it must make you very happy to know that all the care you took, in old days, in developing that pure and noble soul, has now brought to him these universal tributes of respect and confidence."

Alas, even then the Prince had heard from the physicians his sentence of death, which he received with the same stoicism he had shown on the field of battle.

Christmas came, and was celebrated with characteristic kindliness by the Prince, who arranged magnificent gifts for his wife and the little circle of intimate friends at San Remo. But his health steadily declined, and a sudden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operation had to be performed early in January.

Meanwhile the aged Emperor had caught a chill in the severe Berlin winter. His magnificent constitution was already enfeebled by age, and to his physical weakness were now added the distress and anxiety caused by the news from San Remo, which became continually more and more disquieting. The end soon came, and the stout old soldier sank and died on March 9, 1888, less than a fortnight before his ninety-second birthday.

On the morning of March 9, 1888, the Crown Prince was walking in the gardens of the Villa Zirio, when a telegram was brought to him. He took it up with languid interest, but when he read the address, "To His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Frederick William," there was no need to open the envelope, and it is said that his habitual self-control deserted him, and he burst into tears.

A pathetic, and yet in its way a magnificent, scene followed in the great drawing-room on the ground floor of the villa. The Households of the new Emperor and Empress had assembled there and stood in a circle waiting. . . .

Suddenly the Emperor appeared, and we have the following striking description from one who claims to have been a witness of what occurred:

"He had become handsome again, as in the radiant days of his youth. His beard, with a few silver streaks, glowed in the brilliant light cast by the chandelier. Tall and well built, he dominated the entire company. His blue eyes were slightly misty. His delicate complexion, now heightened with a little colour, seemed to show the real tranquillity which had taken possession of his soul; and his mouth with the red lips had now that fascinating smile which characterised him. With a firm step he walked straight to a small table in the middle of the drawing-room and wrote—for the tube in his throat prevented him from speaking—a few lines, which he signed. An officer read out the paper aloud—it was the announcement of the death of the Emperor William I and of his own accession as Frederick III. The Emperor then walked towards the Empress, made a long and reverent bow, paying full homage to his wife's devotion, and with a grave and tender gesture passed round her neck the Ribbon of the Black Eagle."

It is also recorded that the Emperor walked up to Dr. Morell Mackenzie and, after shaking him warmly by the hand, wrote for him the following words: "I thank you for having made me live long enough to recompense the valiant courage of my wife."

The Emperor Frederick, with the Empress and their daughters, set out for Berlin on March 10th, making what was then the swiftest journey in the records of Continental travel. The only interruption, and that was very short, was to enable the Emperor to receive the greetings of his old friend, King Humbert of Italy, who had himself travelled by forced marches for the purpose.

Amid a terrible storm of sleet and snow, on the night of March 11th, the Imperial party entered Berlin.

Those who then saw the Emperor, whatever their political predilections, were amazed at his look of health and strength. For months past a thick veil of secrecy had been drawn over the life at the Villa Zirio. Naturally, therefore, rumour had had it all her own way, and in Germany the general pessimism was undoubtedly fostered by the medical profession. They had persuaded themselves that the Emperor was already *in articulo mortis,* and the Empress was openly censured for bringing him back at all. It was even believed by many that he might very well die on the journey owing to the sudden transition from the warm, equable climate of San Remo to the biting cold of Berlin.

The one certain fact which had been published was that he had undergone the operation of tracheotomy, and that he could not speak owing to the tube in his throat. But, apart from that, to the general astonishment, the Emperor was, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to be, not very different from his normal condition. At once he took up the reins of power, granting audiences, and dealing for many hours every day with State affairs.

Though the joy with which the friends of the new Emperor and Empress hailed their accession was dashed by the thought of how brief must be the new reign, yet it is abundantly evident that no such idea occurred to the Empress herself, and that very fact seems to enhance the poignancy of the whole tragedy.

At the beginning of the Emperor Frederick's reign, a distinguished German wrote to a friend: "The Empress, as you have rightly judged, is making her way among the people. However brief her tenure of power will be, the more will the public at large perceive the truly astounding richness and resource, the practised leadership, and the affectionate disposition of that rare creature. She is indefatigable, and gives a fresh indication of the grand aims she has in view each day."

It is significant to note how all those who knew the Empress even slightly welcomed the fact of the Emperor's accession. Thus Mrs. Augustus Craven: "Somehow I hope the present Emperor will live. Anyhow I am thankful that he is still alive, and that *she* is Empress of Germany, also that perhaps after all the very great deal there is in her is not to be lost for Germany and for Europe."

The feeling in the Court and political world is clearly shown in the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe. He was received by the Empress a week after her return to Berlin, and he says that he found her unchanged: "her frank and cheerful manner filled me with astonishment."

Three days later Prince Hohenlohe noted in his diary that already officials were complaining of the interference of the Empress in public business. Böttticher told him that she had induced the Emperor to refuse his signature to the Anti-Socialist Bill, and that he had only given way after Bismarck had explained the matter to the Empress. The Minister added that the Emperor had little power of resistance to the influence of the Empress, and that she, again, was under the influence of "certain advanced ladies." If the Emperor's illness, he went on, was of long duration, all kinds of things might happen, but if the Emperor were well, or should become so, the influence of the Empress would diminish.

A few days later Prince Hohenlohe was himself able to judge how far this was true about the Empress, for he went out to call on his Sovereign at Charlottenburg, and found him with his wife. The Empress excused her presence by pleading the necessity of supporting the Emperor during the audience. The whole of the conversation had to be carried on, so far as the Emperor was concerned, by means of writing-tablets. Hohenlohe observed that the Emperor would benefit by the amount of work he had to do, at which the Sovereign nodded approvingly. At the end of the interview:

"The Emperor placed his hand on my shoulder and smiled sadly, so that I could hardly restrain my tears. He gave me the impression of a martyr; and, indeed, no martyrdom in the world is comparable with this slow death. Every one who comes near him is full of admiration for his courageous and quiet resignation to a fate which is inevitable, and which he fully realises."

But it is plain that the Empress had not yet resigned herself to consider his death as in any way imminent. Later in the same month, Hohenlohe had an audience of the Empress, and during their conversation she said something which made it clear to her old friend that she still entertained illusions as to her husband's real condition—indeed, he was himself so shaken by what she said that he wrote in his diary: "It is perhaps possible that the illness will be of long duration. The expectation of a speedy end has not yet been confirmed."

There can be no doubt that the accession of the Emperor Frederick was expected in not a few quarters to mean the almost immediate fall of Bismarck, but this expectation left out of account va-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rious important factors of the situation. Both the new Emperor and his Empress, though, as we have seen, they profoundly disapproved of Bismarck's policy as a whole, nevertheless fully realised the Chancellor's patriotism and the unparalleled services which he had been able to render to the German people. Bismarck, in his own account of his relations with the Emperor, recalls that they began as far back as 1848, when Prince Frederick William was only seventeen, and he had since received from him various proofs of personal confidence, notably on the occasion of the Dantzig episode in 1863. This confidence was, Bismarck declares, quite independent of political principles and differences of opinion, and though many attempts to shake it were made from interested quarters, they had no permanent success.

Later Bismarck also asserted roundly that the Emperor Frederick made it easy for him, by his amiability and confidence, to transfer to him the affection he had cherished for his father. He was both more open than his father had been to the constitutional idea of Ministerial responsibility, and also less hampered by family traditions in adjusting himself to political necessities. And Bismarck goes on to state that "all assertions of lasting discord in our relations are unfounded."

On the subject of the Crown Princess's influence Bismarck said:

"I could not assume that his wife had the same kindly feeling for me; her natural innate sympathy for her home had, from the beginning, shown itself in the attempt to turn the weight of Prusso-German influence in the groupings of European power into the scale of her native land; and she never ceased to regard England as her country. In the differences of interest between the two Asiatic Powers, England and Russia, she wished to see the German power applied in the interests of England if it came to a breach. This difference of opinion, which rested on the difference of nationality, caused many a discussion between her Royal Highness and me on the Eastern question, including the Battenberg question. Her influence on her husband was at all times great, and it increased with years, to culminate at the time when he was Emperor. She also, however, shared with him the conviction that in the interests of the dynasty it was necessary that I should be maintained in office at the change of reign."

It is interesting here to recall that on August 31, 1870, after the battle of Beaumont, Busch obtained from Bismarck the following opinion of the then Crown Prince:

"He will be reasonable later on, and allow his Ministers to govern more, and not put himself too much forward, and in general he will get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade sometimes rather troublesome. [It is to be feared that this uncomplimentary allusion is to the old Emperor.] For the rest, he is unaffected and straightforward; but he does not care to work much, and is quite happy if he has plenty of money and amusements, and if the newspapers praise him."

A very superficial judgment of the Emperor Frederick, and the suggestion that he was too fond of money is particularly gratuitous. As a matter of fact, only the year before his accession, in 1887, a certain Frenchman, Ballardin by name, died, leaving the whole of his fortune, valued at several million francs, to the then Crown Prince. M. Ballardin appeared to have been so embittered by disputes with the French authorities that he determined to show his hatred and contempt for his native country by the novel method of bequeathing his property to the German Crown Prince, who, however, absolutely refused to accept even the smallest portion of the legacy. That is certainly not the action of a man who could be accused of a love of money.

It may here be stated, on this subject of money, that when the Emperor Frederick succeeded to the throne, there was in the hands of Baron Kohn, the private banker of the old Emperor William, a sum of fifty-four million marks (two million seven hundred thousand pounds), which was bequeathed to the Emperor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frederick as a kind of family treasure, to be controlled by the head of the House of Hohenzollern for the time being. When the Emperor Frederick died, however, it was found that the great bulk of this money had been invested abroad by his orders in the name of his widow; her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her cousin, King Leopold of Belgium, being the trustees. It is even asserted that the late Prince Stolberg resigned at the time his office of Minister of the Imperial Household in consequence of what he considered the diversion of this sum of money from the Hohenzollern family. According to another version, however, only a portion of this money became the absolute property of the Empress, the remainder being hers for life, with power of appointment among her younger children.

To return to Busch; he also obtained from Bismarck a curious anecdote of the Empress:

"I took the liberty to ask further what sort of woman the Crown Princess was, and whether she had much influence over her husband. 'I think not,' the Count said; 'and as to her intelligence, she is a clever woman; clever in a womanly way. She is not able to disguise her feelings, or at least not always. I have cost her many tears, and she could not conceal how angry she was with me after the annexations (that is to say of Schleswig and Hanover). She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady-in-waiting who sat near and whose name I forget, "He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass." But that is all over now.'"

This incident about the glass of water evidently much impressed Bismarck, for he told it to Busch again some months later, when he said of the Crown Princess, "She is in general a very clever person, and really agreeable in her way, but she should not interfere in politics."

The Empress's relations with Bismarck after her husband's accession were more pleasant than they had ever been before. The Emperor naturally leaned upon his wife, and her influence perhaps appeared greater than it was. But, whatever its precise extent, Bismarck, with his intensely practical mind, saw that it was at any rate a factor in the situation, and he made use of it accordingly. It was, indeed, as natural for him to cultivate her good will now, as it was for him a little later to heap contumely and insult on her head. Such conduct was utterly incomprehensible to the Empress, with her upright, loyal nature; she would have suffered less from the Chancellor had she been able to find the key to both his greatness and his littleness.

But, even at this time, when Bismarck had the strongest reasons for conciliating the Empress, there was one question, that of the Battenberg marriage, on which he felt compelled to do battle with her, and in which he vanquished her in fair fight.

The Empress, different as she was in many respects from her mother, was absolutely at one with Queen Victoria in her views of everything which should regulate family life. Thus, she was as firm a believer in the importance of securing happy marriages for her sons and daughters as the Queen had proved herself to be. That the union of two human beings should be guided by State considerations was to her abhorrent. She had welcomed with eager delight her niece, Princess Irene of Hesse, as a daughter-in-law; she knew that the latter's sister, Princess Victoria, had formed a happy marriage with Prince Louis of Battenburg. Now it was Prince Louis's brother, Alexander of Bulgaria, who had been from boyhood a favourite with her sister, Princess Alice, whom the Empress desired to see married to her second daughter, Princess Victoria. The alliance had been mooted some four years before, but was then considered, by Bismarck especially, as quite out of the question, if only because the hero of Slivnitza had earned the intense hostility of the Tsar Alexander.

In July, 1885, Bismarck told Hohen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lohe that, whereas the Emperor and the Crown Prince were in favour of the marriage of Princess Victoria with the King of Portugal, the Crown Princesss and the young Princess herself preferred the Prince of Bulgaria, and that there was "great skirmishing" going on over the business.

More than a year later, in October, 1886, the old Emperor himself spoke to Hohenlohe of the matter, and with some bitterness, declaring that the Crown Princess and Princess Victoria still entertained the idea of this alliance. He said he had questioned the Crown Prince, who had denied it, and he further observed that in politics his son was ruled by his wife.

In 1888 the Empress still desired the marriage because she believed that the affections of her daughter were seriously engaged. But, changed as were all the conditions of her own and the new Emperor's life, she at once found arrayed against her the same powerful influences as before, with the addition of that of her eldest son, the new Crown Prince. The difference of opinion in the Imperial family became known to the whole of Europe, and was very frankly discussed in the English and Continental Press. Matters seemed at a deadlock. On the one side were ranged the Empress and all those Royal personages who by kinship or marriage were connected with the Battenberg family; on the other were the Crown Prince, Bismarck, and, it was whispered, the Emperor Frederick himself, who had a great dislike to any marriage that savoured of a *mésalliance*.

This was the position when Queen Victoria arrived at Charlottenburg to visit her stricken son-in-law. Bismarck, with his usual unerring eye for the potentialities of a situation, seized the opportunity. He sought an audience of the Queen, and succeeded in convincing her by his arguments that the Battenberg alliance was really extremely inadvisable. Not until she found her mother ranged among the opponents of the marriage did the Empress yield, and consent, to use her own phrase, "to sacrifice her daughter's happiness on the altar of the Fatherland."

We have a slightly different, and probably less accurate, account of the termination of the affair in Hohenlohe's journal of May 17, 1888:

"The Empress had said that in the end it would be no misfortune if Bismarck did retire. This was at once retailed to him, whereupon the newspaper war. Malet reported to Queen Victoria at Florence that it was very disadvantageous for English interests that the Queen should appear to interest herself in the Battenberg match. It would be well, more particularly in view of her impending visit to Berlin, to prevent people from thinking she favoured the marriage. The English Ministry also concurred in this. Thereupon Queen Victoria wrote a severe letter to her daughter, the Empress; and during her stay also she expounded her views in an energetic fashion, which produced unhappy and tearful scenes. The relations between Queen Victoria and the Imperial Chancellor have shaped very well. They were enchanted with each other."

The Empress's belief that she had been fighting for her daughter's happiness added a special bitterness to her defeat at the hands of Bismarck. It may, however, be stated that the day came when the Empress Frederick acknowledged that she had been mistaken, at least to some extent, in the qualities which she had attributed to Alexander of Battenberg, and she lived to see her daughter make a happier marriage than the Battenberg alliance would probably have ever been.

Not the least pathetic feature of the Hundred Days' reign was the gallant persistence of the Empress in fulfilling the duties of her new station. She only held one Court, and one who was present has left a vivid description of the strange scene:

"The Empress was dressed in the deepest mourning, indeed wrapped in black from head to foot, her face hidden by a crape veil, while a long procession of women likewise veiled in crape filed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past the throne, their black gowns high in the neck and skirts banded with crape a quarter of a yard wide, while long folds of double crape fell upon the floor in guise of Court trains."

On May 24th, the marriage of Prince Henry, the second son of the Emperor and Empress, to his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, was celebrated at Charlottenburg. It was a bright and happy day in the midst of sadness, and everything was done to surround the ceremony with brilliance.

Death was now drawing very near to the doomed Emperor. On June 1st he was conveyed by boat from Charlottenburg to the New Palace, where he had been born, where he had spent the happiest days of his married life, and the name of which he now changed to "Friedrichskron." But he was not allowed to die in peace; his last days were disturbed by what is known as the Puttkamer incident.

Puttkamer, a typical Bismarckian, had been Minister of the Interior for seven years. In his official announcement of the old Emperor's death, he had actually made no allusion to the new Emperor; the latter in consequence insisted on the Minister's retirement as the condition of his signing the Bill prolonging the life of the Reichstag to five years. Puttkamer's resignation was gazetted on June 11th, and on the same evening Prince Bismarck gave a dinner at which the fallen Minister was the guest of honour.

The Emperor Frederick died at Friedrichskron on June 15th. The first message written by the widowed Empress was to the aged Empress Augusta:

"She whose one pride and happiness it was to be the wife of your son grieves with you, afflicted mother. No mother ever had so good a son. Be proud and strong in your sorrow."

It is said that one of the last acts of the dying Emperor was to place Bismarck's hand in that of the Empress as a token of reconciliation. But there was no reconciliation. On the contrary, the Emperor Frederick was no sooner dead than Bismarck once more became all-powerful, and ruthlessly he used his power.

The accession of the young Emperor William was followed by an astounding outburst of violence against the Empress Frederick on the part of Bismarck's tools, his agents in the Press and elsewhere—indeed, the Empress once told an intimate friend that no humiliation and pain which could be inflicted on her had been spared her.

The first humiliation took a strange and terrible form; a cordon of soldiers was drawn round the New Palace, when the Emperor Frederick was known to be dying, in order that no secret documents might be removed without the knowledge of the new Emperor.

The Empress, aware that this was the work of Bismarck, requested an interview with him, but Bismarck replied that he had no time, as he was so fully occupied with his master, the new Emperor. As a matter of fact, everything at the New Palace which the late Emperor or the Empress Frederick considered to be important had been placed out of Bismarck's reach. For a considerable time these private papers were entrusted to the care of a person in the Empress's confidence, who resided outside the country, but ultimately they were sent back to Germany.

Unfortunately not all the late Emperor's papers had been so carefully guarded, and, to the anguish of his widow, his memory became involved in acute, and it may even be said degrading, controversy.

In the well-known review, the *Deutsche Rundschau,* Dr. Geffcken, a Liberal publicist who had been honoured by the Emperor Frederick's friendship, published extracts from the diary of the late Sovereign. They were designed to defend his memory against his traducers, and in particular to prove that it was he who suggested the united German Empire. It seems that the diaries were found locked up at the Villa Zirio, and it was stated that they were given, or at least shown, by the Emperor Frederick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Baron von Roggenbach, the Baden statesman.

Bismarck at first affected to believe, and apparently he succeeded in persuading the Emperor William, that the published extracts were forgeries. The offending number of the review was accordingly suppressed, and Geffcken was arrested on September 29th on a charge of high treason. He was acquitted of criminal intention in the following January, and in the interval the *Cologne Gazette* charged Sir Robert Morier, then British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, with having given information to Marshal Bazaine of the movements of the Prussian forces in 1870. Fortunately Morier was able to produce convincing documentary evidence of his innocence, but it was generally felt that this monstrous attack on the Empress Frederick's old friend was really directed against the Empress herself.

The Empress behaved with the greatest dignity and self-restraint during this time of bitter persecution, and in the many diaries and memoirs of the period we can find but one reference which reveals how she really felt. This reference is in Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections.* He tells of the deep feeling with which the Empress spoke of the suffering she had passed through and the wrongs she had endured. "She spoke of them with an exceeding bitterness, emphasising what she said with clenched hands and betraying an emotion which suddenly gained me, and more than explained the Queen's well-known reference to her as her 'dear persecuted daughter.' "

It may be asked why the young Emperor William did not intervene to protect his mother from the hostility of his Chancellor. Unfortunately there is no doubt that at this time there was an estrangement between mother and son. Years before, Bismarck had taken precautions to prevent the heir presumptive from imbibing the liberal principles of both his parents, and had caused him to spend the impressionable years of early manhood entirely under the influence of his grandfather, the old Emperor, and the military glories of the new Empire. Bismarck no doubt thought that he had obtained a complete ascendancy over his new master. It was significant that, whereas on his accession the Emperor Frederick had addressed his first message to the nation at large through the Chancellor, the Emperor William addressed his first messages to the Army and Navy, the civilians having to wait a day or two for their recognition. Another indication of the character of the new régime was afforded by the Emperor William's reversal of his father's decision to name the New Palace, Friedrichskron.

These and other incidents show how the Emperor began his reign under the domination of Bismarck, but it is pleasant to record that the estrangement from his mother, which the old Chancellor undoubtedly fostered, was not of long duration.

It is curious how seldom, among the many studies, criticisms, and estimates of the Emperor William II, we find his extraordinary versatility attributed to the influence of heredity; and yet it is easy to see now that the Empress Frederick ought to have enjoyed much greater popularity in Germany than she did as a matter of fact enjoy at any time, if only because she was the mother of such a son.

We can best perhaps realise the remarkable qualities which the Empress brought into the House of Hohenzollern by comparing her eldest son with his predecessors on the throne. King Frederick William IV had a mind which appeared incapable of appreciating matters of greater importance than the etiquette of Courts and the prescriptions of mediæval heraldry. As we know, during the last years of his life his intellect was clouded much in the same way as was that of King George III of England. King Frederick's brother and successor, the old Emperor William, possessed remarkable strength of character combined with little capacity or intellect, as Bismarck very frankly explained, both to his creature, Busch, and in other re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corded expressions of opinion. As for the Emperor William's father, the ill-fated Frederick, it was no doubt from him that the son derived that dash of romantic idealism characteristic of both monarchs.

But undoubtedly William II was always much more the son of his mother than of his father, which seems, indeed, to be the rule in families of less exalted rank. We have seen how the Empress really received from her father the training of a man, and, it may be added, of an extremely versatile man. If fate had compelled her eldest son to earn his own living in a private station, it is extraordinary to think of the number of professions in any one of which he could have attained a competence, if not indeed high distinction. From his mother, rather than from his father, he inherited a great appetite for work and an extraordinary aptitude for detail; and he showed himself at different times to have had in him the making, not only of a soldier and a sailor, but of a musician, a poet, an artist, a preacher, and an orator.

Compare this with his grandfather, the old Emperor, who, if he had not been born in the purple, could only have been a soldier, and not, it must be added, one who could have held very high commands. Compare him again with his father; the Emperor Frederick, if he had not been born in the purple, though he certainly showed greater military capacity than the old Emperor, nevertheless would probably not have been happy or successful in any private station other than that of a great moral teacher.

The Emperor William's affinity to his mother in character, temperament, and accomplishments becomes the more striking the more it is investigated. He shared with her a certain impulsiveness, a deficiency in what is ordinarily called tact, which really amounts to a constitutional inability to appreciate the effect which a particular word or action will necessarily have on other people. This, which seems a negative quality, is really a positive one, interwoven with a high courage, and a contempt for the mean little dictates of conventional prudence, which have always commanded the admiration of generous minds. This remarkable similarity between mother and son assuredly furnishes the key to the somewhat complex question of their relationships at different periods. They were in fact too much alike for their relations to be always harmonious.

The widowed Empress did not owe all her unhappiness to Bismarck alone. In 1889 Gustav Freytag published a volume of Reminiscences of the Emperor Frederick which attracted a great amount of attention, more perhaps than they intrinsically deserved. But Freytag's position among German writers as novelist, poet, dramatist, and historian, was so great that everything he wrote had its importance, and in addition to that it was known that he had at one time been admitted to the confidence of the then Crown Prince, whose political Liberalism he appeared to share.

Freytag was a Silesian by birth, and this no doubt did him no harm with the Emperor Frederick, who was warmly attached to Silesia, and delighted in the graphic pictures of life in that province which Freytag drew in his novels. The Empress made Freytag's acquaintance in the early years of her married life—indeed, the first German novel which she read with her husband was Freytag's *Soll und Haben*. The novelist had been presented to the Prince Consort by his patron, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and it was natural in all the circumstances that the Crown Princess and her husband should have shown the great writer marked signs of favour.

It is all the more extraordinary, therefore, that in his Reminiscences Freytag should have drawn such a picture of the Emperor Frederick as must have deeply distressed his then newly made widow. It was a picture which she herself knew to be inaccurate, and which indeed could only gratify the personal hostility of Bismarck and his adherents. There is no need to linger long over this picture, but it demands some notice because it, so to speak, gathers together in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a convenient form the principal features of what may be called the Bismarckian view of both the Empress and her husband.

It has been said that Freytag apparently shared the Crown Prince's Liberalism, but he was also steeped in Prussian particularism, and it was this that brought him to his almost blind admiration of Bismarck, and rendered him incapable of appreciating the political conceptions of the Emperor Frederick. Freytag, indeed, was a bad judge of character, the presentation of which was his weak point as a novelist.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that the Crown Prince invited Freytag to accompany him with the Third Army in the Franco-German War, and the Reminiscences terminate soon after the battle of Sedan. After 1870 the Crown Prince hardly ever saw Freytag, and never with any real intimacy; yet on this slender foundation of knowledge the novelist revived, under the specious cloak of affection, some of the worst charges of the Reptile Press, and of the insulting commentary which Bismarck published on the late Emperor's diary.

The principal charge for our purposes here is that the Crown Prince was subjected to foreign influence, and was entirely dominated by his wife. In effect Freytag suggests that through the Crown Princess, Princess Alice, and other members of the English Royal family, important secrets of German military movements reached the French commanders. "Both the Empress Frederick and Princess Alice," he says, "wrote to their august mother and the family in London, and what crossed the North Sea could be sent to France again in letters a few hours later. It is therefore not unnatural that the French learned by way of England a variety of news about our army which with greater propriety would have remained concealed."

Such a charge is incapable of complete disproof, but at any rate it is obvious that Freytag could know nothing of the contents, either of the Crown Prince's letters to his wife, who was at that time working day and night in the German hospitals, or of the letters of the Crown Princess and her sister to their relations in England. Yet he describes Princess Alice as "at heart during the whole of the war a brave German woman," which is a plain insinuation that the Crown Princess had not her whole heart in the success of the German arms. The whole plan of *dénigrement* is the more subtle, for Freytag professes the most ardent admiration for the ability of the Crown Princess, her rich natural gifts, and her keen soaring intellect. At the same time he says:

"The Crown Prince's love for her was the highest and holiest passion of his life, and filled his whole existence; she was the lady of his youth, the *confidante* of all his thoughts, his trusted counsellor whenever she was so inclined. Arrangements of the garden, decorations of the house, education of the children, judgments of men and things, were in every respect regulated by him in accordance with her thoughts and wishes. It is perfectly intelligible that so complete an ascendancy of the wife over the husband, who was destined to be the future ruler of Prussia, threatened to occasion difficulties and conflicts, which, perhaps, would be greater for the woman than the man—greater for the wife who led and inspired the husband whose guidance she ought to have accepted."

Here again we see the limitations of Freytag's undoubtedly great intellect, as well as his instinctive German middle-class conception of woman's sphere. To the North-German the idea of woman as a comrade, as being even approximately on a level with her husband, was then, and is still to a great extent, inconceivable. In that view of matrimony the wife is really a chattel, or at best a respected housekeeper.

It may be asked, how could Freytag have supposed that the Emperor Frederick would have submitted to such domination on the part of his wife? The answer is that Freytag's conception of the Emperor's character was hopelessly erroneous. He is obliged to confirm his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

title to be considered the originator of the idea of a German Empire, but he attributes it to a mere love of pomp and ceremony, a passion for Court millinery. The plain truth is that few monarchs have been simpler in their personal tastes than the Emperor Frederick; the etiquette, the monotony, and the restraint of Court life bored him, and he was never so happy as when he could escape to the congenial society of savants, artists, and writers. It is certainly true that his imaginative and poetic gifts induced him to try to infuse some elements of dignity and meaning into the routine of Court ceremonial, but that he cared for such ceremonial in itself, or attached to it any greater value than that of symbolism, is frankly absurd.

Freytag even accuses the Crown Prince of having been ready to risk civil war in order that he might secure the creation of the Imperial dignity after the Franco-German War. This is based on a misapprehension of the Prince's discussions with Bismarck at Versailles. The Crown Prince believed that force would be unnecessary, and that the South German States would accept the Constitution proclaimed by the majority of the Princes assembled at Versailles. It is possible that he would have advocated compulsion if Bavaria and Würtemberg had thrown themselves into the arms of Austria, but he well knew that that contingency was in the last degree improbable.

Early in 1889 the Empress Frederick suffered another bereavement which, though not of course to be compared with many which she had endured, nevertheless added perceptibly to her state of melancholy and depression. This was the death of the venerable Empress Augusta, which broke a much valued link with the happy past. From those days in the early 'fifties when that highly-bred and highly-cultivated Princess had become "Aunt Prussia" to the Royal children at Windsor, and even more after the marriage of the Princess Royal, she had remained a loyal and most kindly and affectionate friend to her daughter-in-law. The two Royal ladies looked upon life from widely different angles, and the elder must often have disapproved of the way in which the younger interpreted her duty. But the Empress Augusta never faltered in her admiration and affection for one who was so entirely unlike herself, and in these latter days the death of the Emperor Frederick had brought them, if possible, even more closely together.

The dramatic fall of Bismarck—the "Dropping the Pilot" of Sir John Tenniel's memorable cartoon in *Punch*—occurred in March, 1890. It could hardly have been regretted by the Empress Frederick, but she was far too magnanimous, and we may add too well aware of Bismarck's incomparable services to the Empire, to regard the event as in any sense a personal triumph for herself.

What is truly astonishing, in view of all that had passed, is that the fallen Minister should have turned to her for sympathy, and should even, according to some authorities, have begged her to exert on his behalf her now growing influence with her son. It is said that she then reminded him that his past treatment of her had deprived her of any power of helping him now, but such an answer does not accord with what we know of the Empress's whole character. She was surely incapable at such a moment of adding anything to the humiliation of her old enemy. Besides, Professor Nippold speaks of Bismarck's having himself written: "Her influence over her husband was very great at any time, and became greater with the years, to culminate at the time when he was Emperor. But also in her was the conviction that my position close to the throne was in the interest of the dynasty."

There are, indeed, different versions of what took place in the now famous interview between Bismarck and the Empress Frederick. It is quite possible that she regarded the Minister's dismissal from office as an imprudent and even dangerous step. However that may be, Prince Hohenlohe declares that Bismarck did not entreat the Empress to intercede for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him with the Emperor; he merely said, when the Empress asked if she could do anything for him, "I ask only for sympathy." But he certainly did ask to be received by her in audience, although he must have vividly remembered the insolent message which he had sent her immediately after the Emperor Frederick's death, when she had requested him to come to her.

A year later, at Homburg, Prince Hohenlohe and the Empress Frederick had a long conversation over the Bismarck affair. She said she was not at all surprised at his dismissal, that "Bismarck was of a combative nature and would never cease to fight. He could do nothing else." She talked of previous incidents, of Bismarck's groundless distrust of her, and of the Empress Augusta, and expressed the opinion "that we had only to thank the old Emperor's quiet gentleness for any success of Bismarck's. He was a very dangerous opponent, but not a Republican. He was too Prussian for that. But the Brandenburg-Prussian noble was determined to rule, though it were with the King."

The Empress's relations with her son improved after the fall of Bismarck. She was particularly touched by the many tributes which he paid to his father's memory, and she now felt encouraged to try and build up again the fragments of her tragically broken life.

The Emperor William had placed at his mother's disposal the palace in Unter den Linden in Berlin where the Emperor and Empress Frederick lived while they were Crown Prince and Princess, as well as the Charlottenhof at Potsdam, and the Schloss at Homburg.

Charlottenhof is in the Royal grounds at Potsdam, at some distance from the New Palace. It was built by Frederick William IV in 1826, in imitation of a Pompeian villa, and in the grounds are fountains, statues, and bronzes which were brought from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

As to Homburg, the Empress had always been very fond of the place; she had often spent part of the summer at the old Schloss, and she valued its associations with the daughter of another British Sovereign, for the delightful gardens to which Thackeray refers in *The Four Georges* were laid out by the Landgravine Elizabeth, daughter of George III.

When the Empress Frederick decided to build a house after her own heart, it was to the neighbourhood of Homburg that her thoughts naturally turned. Perhaps another reason which governed the choice of that neighbourhood was the fact that the widowed Empress's beloved brother, King Edward, was so fond of the place, and for many years went there each year.

Some account of Friedrichshof will be not only interesting but really necessary for our purpose, for this noble castle and estate at Cronberg in the Taunus mountains were so entirely the creation of the Empress's own mind and taste that they throw a strong light on her personality and character.

Her Majesty was able to build Friedrichshof out of the large sum, estimated at nearly a quarter of a million, which she had inherited from an intimate friend, the Duchess of Galliera, within a few months of the Emperor's death.

In the days when as Crown Princess she was living at the old castle at Homburg, the Empress had once visited Cronberg.

After the tragic events of 1888 her Majesty longed to have a place of her own where she could occupy her mind in building and improving. The Empress remembered the visit to Cronberg, and as the inquiries she caused to be made about its climate, soil, and so on, proved satisfactory, she decided on the purchase without delay. The owner was one Dr. Steibel, son-in-law of Mr. Reiss, a Manchester manufacturer who built the short line of railway connecting Frankfort with Cronberg. The property consisted of a villa and a few acres, but, as some neighbouring properties were bought up, the estate was enlarged to some two hundred and fifty acres. Fortunately the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pine forests surrounding the estate were communal property.

The Empress resolved that Friedrichshof should be primarily a memorial to her husband, a sort of model *domus regalis,* as was shown by the pathetic inscription on the porch, "Friderici Memoriæ."

The first thing to do was to make roads, and this, with draining, building, and planting, occupied fully four years, from 1889 to 1893.

The villa of Dr. Steibel was practically demolished, and in its place rose a stately mansion in the style of the early sixteenth century. There are many examples of this style, which marks the period of transition from Gothic to Renaissance, to be found along the Rhine and throughout Hesse and Nassau. The schloss itself and the stables, which are in the style of a Rhenish or Hessian farmhouse, as well as the out-buildings, were all designed by Herr Ihne, a famous Berlin architect; but the Empress herself personally superintended the carrying out of all his plans.

The Empress's first idea was to call the place Friedrichsruh, but it was pointed out that name might cause confusion with Prince Bismarck's estate in the north of Prussia. The name Friedrichshof was then suggested by Princess Victoria, and finally adopted.

The improved relations between the Emperor William and his mother were exhibited early in 1891. He was desirous of testing the real feeling of the Paris populace toward Germany, and so with his sanction, possibly even at his direct request, the Empress Frederick went to Paris. If her visit had been a success, there is no doubt that the Emperor would have next proposed to visit Paris himself, as he had long been keenly desirous of doing. But the memories of the Franco-Prussian War were more lasting than the Emperor imagined, and his mother's mission, so far as it was intended to improve Franco-German relations, was a failure.

It was on February 19, 1891, that the Empress Frederick arrived in Paris. Her visit, though not technically of an official character, could not be called *incognito,* as she and her daughter, Princess Margaret, attended by a considerable suite, stayed at the German Embassy.

The general surprise in Paris was so marked that a *communiqué* was issued to the French Press. In this it was pointed out that the Empress, having consented to accept the position of patron of an art exhibition about to be opened in Berlin, had asked some notable French artists to contribute paintings. A number of these, notably M. Bouguereau and M. Detaille, had accepted, and she had felt bound to come to Paris and thank them personally.

It was erroneously said, not only in the French but also in the German papers, that this was the first visit the Empress had paid to Paris since the Franco-Prussian War. This was not the case. She had been there three times, but on the previous occasions she had stayed at the Hotel Bristol, and had travelled in real *incognito.*

The first three or four days of her stay, whatever the public thought of the reason assigned for it, passed off well. The Empress visited a considerable number of studios and picture galleries, and she also made large purchases in some of the curiosity-shops for which Paris has always been famous. The German Ambassador gave a dinner party each evening in honour of his august guest, and many members of the Diplomatic Corps, notably Lord and Lady Lytton, were asked to meet her.

Meanwhile, the German Press, which had been kept beforehand completely in the dark as to the visit, was now devoting to it a great deal of not very kindly attention. It was hinted that the young Emperor wished to effect a thorough reconciliation with France, and with this idea in view had asked his mother to *tâter le terrain.* These hints aroused the susceptibilities of the Boulangist party. Much ill-feeling had been awakened by the arbitrary suppression of the Ligue des Patriotes, and long before the Empress's visit a huge protest meeting had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been arranged. The meeting was held, and inflammatory speeches were delivered in favour of "la Revanche," but no insult of any sort was levelled at the Imperial visitor. In fact the Empress later testified to the perfect courtesy which she had received from every class of Frenchman and Frenchwoman.

It suddenly became known that twice —once alone with the German Ambassador, and then, on another day, attended by a large suite—the Empress had driven out from Paris to view the ruins of the Palace of Saint Cloud, believed by the French to have been wantonly destroyed by the Prussians in 1870. The Empress also visited Versailles and the neighbouring battlefields.

The news of these excursions aroused very bitter feelings among many otherwise sober and sensible Parisians, to whom the memories of l'Année Terrible, and especially of the Prussian occupation of Versailles, were still painfully vivid. Their indignation was intensified when it became known that some ill-advised Government official had directed that a laurel wreath placed at the foot of the monument to Henri Regnault, the greatest French painter of his generation, who was killed at Buzenval, in the last desperate sortie from Paris, should be removed on the occasion of the visit of the Empress to the Ministry of Fine Arts.

This was indeed pouring oil on the fire! It was rumoured that this special act of tactless stupidity would be the subject of an interpellation in the Chamber. The depth of feeling aroused is illustrated by one fact, which did not, however, find its way into the Press. All those painters who had accepted the Empress's invitation to exhibit at Berlin received each morning, till their acceptances were withdrawn, the following *macabre* visiting-card:

"HENRI REGNAULT,
"69e battalion de marche, 4e compagnie,
"BUZENVAL."

Meanwhile, the less responsible section of the Paris Press had also added fuel to the flame by such headings as "Insultes aux Français"—"Visites Impériales à Saint Cloud et à Versailles."

The French Government reluctantly informed the German Ambassador that it would be advisable that the Empress, who had already prolonged her visit for several days longer than had at first been arranged, should leave Paris. On February 26th the following note was sent to the Press: "The Empress Frederick will leave Paris to-morrow morning for London at 11.30 *via* Calais." As a matter of fact, the Imperial party left for London the next day by the ten o'clock express *via* Boulogne.

But the "incident" was by no means over. The French artists who had accepted the invitation to exhibit their works at Berlin all withdrew their acceptances, and as a result the German Press burst forth into most violent and coarse abuse of France and of the French. Indeed, it looked at one moment as if nothing could prevent the two nations from rushing at each other's throats.

The Empress was greatly distressed, and it is on record that she wrote to her son a long private letter, pointing out that she had been personally very well received, and indeed most courteously treated, during her stay in Paris.

It is clear that in France all parties, and even those members of the Diplomatic Corps who were personally attached to the Empress, regretted, if they did not blame, her imprudence, for what had finally lighted the tinder was the expedition to Versailles. With all her love of French art and her sympathy with the French "intellectuals"—her great admiration for Renan was well known—the Empress Frederick had always taken on the whole what may be called the German view of the French character—that is, she regarded the French as gay, frivolous, and lacking in ballast and in the deeper qualities of humanity. If they had been what their Imperial guest believed them to be, the nation as a whole would have shrugged its shoulders and diplomatically remained silent, however *froissée* it might have been at such lack

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of tact on the part of a great personage.

Some months later the Empress spoke of the matter to English friends with deep regret, but still with a curious lack of understanding. She even mentioned the subject to the then French Ambassador in London, M. Waddington, eagerly telling him that she had experienced nothing but respect and even sympathy during the first part of her visit, and expressing her astonishment and distress at the feeling her visit to Versailles and the battlefields round Paris had provoked. She had brought herself by then to share Queen Victoria's view, namely, that the whole thing had been a more or less histrionic demonstration against the French Government.

It showed, however, the Empress's largeness of mind that during this same visit to England which followed her hasty departure from France she spoke with the warmest admiration of the verse of Paul Déroulède, the great chauvinist leader of the Revanche party.

This was the last intervention of the Empress Frederick in public affairs.

In the following year the Empress had the grief of losing a very old friend in the person of Lord Arthur Russell. Of these three gifted brothers, who were at once so alike and so different, she said pathetically: "The chief charm of the two others to me used to be that they were Lord Odo's brothers, until I came to know them well and to appreciate each one for his own sake."

There burst forth, late in the year 1892, a most extraordinary scandal, in which the Empress Frederick, although the affair was almost ostentatiously unconnected with her, could not but be deeply interested.

Various members of the Imperial family, as well as members of their Households, began to be assailed with scurrilous anonymous letters, which not only contained shrewd and well-aimed abuse of each individual, but which also revealed all sorts of shameful secrets to those from whom they had been sedulously hidden. Long-buried family skeletons were dragged out into the light of day and no one was spared. Indeed, the greatest sufferers were those most closely clustered round about the throne. There was, however, one exception. The widowed Empress was neither attacked nor even mentioned, and the attempt was evidently made, by the writer or writers of these extraordinary communications, to respect, as far as was possible, the feelings and prejudices of the Emperor's mother.

Nothing was left undone to discover the perpetrators of this most evil and incomprehensible practical joke, if practical joke it was. At first it was supposed that the letters emanated from two people, presumed to be husband and wife, but soon it became clear to thoughtful investigators, and these comprised all the more intelligent members of the Berlin Court world, that many more than two or even three persons must be implicated in the conspiracy. Indeed, the Empress Frederick is said to have observed to a friend that she felt sure that many of those who had at first been victims had now become aggressors, and that practically everybody was taking the opportunity of slinging mud by way of revenge for real or fancied injuries.

This is not the place to deal with the long and complicated story of what came to be known as the anonymous letter scandal. No really satisfactory conclusion was ever attained. Even now German opinion, notably among those most chiefly concerned with the exhaustive investigation which took place by the Emperor's command, is hopelessly divided. The affair ended in the imprisonment—unjust as it turned out—of a high Court official, in a fatal duel, and in many tragi-comedies.

It was not in the Empress Frederick's nature ever to be idle, and she was particularly fond of planning and arranging palaces and gardens.

For a long time the building of Friedrichshof kept her happy and contented. She took up her residence at Homburg and drove over every day, being on the friendliest terms, not only with the archi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tect and builder, but also with the masons and the other workmen. One might say that she watched the laying of nearly every stone, and she must have felt sorry when the work was done. Still, there was plenty of occupation left for her, when the building was finished, in superintending the furnishing and other arrangements. At this time she showed not the least sign of failing health or strength—indeed, for her age she was remarkably strong and even robust.

There is no need to enlarge upon the details of the drawing-rooms and other apartments of the castle, but some of the pictures and sculpture were of particular interest. For instance, there were many curious portraits of members of the House of Hanover; a sketch, by Titian, of the Emperor Charles V of Germany; a fine portrait of Frederick the Great; and many busts and statues of the Empress's relatives, including a beautiful marble bust of her son, little Prince Waldemar.

The fireplace in the library deserves mention, being of Istrian stone in the Venetian style—indeed, all through the castle the fireplaces were of remarkable artistic beauty. Thus, that in the great dining-room was of marble supported on columns, and surmounted by a bust of the Emperor Frederick.

In the library was placed a replica of the altar-piece in Cologne Cathedral, representing the Adoration of the Magi. The bookcases, running nearly all round the room, contained the Empress's collection of some thirty years. One case was devoted entirely to books dedicated to her, and the authors of many of them had been admitted to her personal friendship. Another section contained all the books written on the subject of the English Royal family, and many of these were gifts with inscriptions in Queen Victoria's large, clear handwriting.

Every book in the library had been examined by the Empress, and many of them had been read and re-read. This was notably the case in the section devoted to political economy, a subject in which she was intensely interested. Here were to be seen all the works of Jeremy Bentham, a gift from Dean Stanley; here, too, were kept the Empress's marvellous collection of autographs, begun when she was twelve years old, and containing the handwriting, not only of practically all the Royal personages of Europe, but also of statesmen, artists, and literary and scientific men, who had all made their mark in their several callings.

The Empress was indeed a collector. Her possessions afforded her intense pleasure; to use her own expressive phrase: "One loves one's own things so much; one strokes them with one's eyes."

There was arranged in glass cases her collection of coins and medals, which contained some particularly fine and rare examples from the Brandenburg-Prussian, English, French, and Vatican mints. One case was devoted to a numismatic portrait-gallery of her own relations.

Her collection of photographs, each properly titled, took up three hundred portfolios. When going over these the Empress would wax enthusiastic over the views of the places where she had herself stayed, particularly those in Italy, such as Rapallo, S. Margherita, Baveno, and Portofino. A very favourite city of hers was Triest, of which she seemed to know every stock and stone.

In the library, too, there was much to recall the Emperor Frederick. Every word that her husband had ever written, however trivial, the Empress carefully preserved. All his marginal notes were treated with fixative, and one of her chief cares when sending any books to institutions was to make sure that there was nothing written in her husband's own hand in them.

The Empress was fond of collecting curiosities,—bits of old oak, old sculpture, and silver—and she amused herself from time to time in bargaining for these things in cottages and dealers' shops. Nor was she superior to the familiar pride of the collector in displaying her treasures afterwards and explaining what bargains she had secured.

The Empress, especially as a young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman, did not care very much for reading, though she was fond of being read aloud to, as are most Royal personages. She was, however, passionately interested in books, and it is recorded that in her tenth year she spent all her pocket-money on them. As she grew older, she read more, but she read in order to instruct herself rather than for pleasure. As a matter of course she always read all those books published in her native country which made any stir, whether they were memoirs, books of exploration, essays, or novels.

At half-past ten every morning (Sundays excepted) the Empress went into her library to work. She was an extremely rapid reader, and if her intellectual interests—science, theology, philosophy, history, literature, archæology, art, economics, hygiene—may have seemed too discursive, there is abundant evidence to acquit her of dilettanteism. She possessed in all these different branches a solid foundation of knowledge, which enabled her to understand and appreciate the discussions of experts. Like her brother, King Edward, she possessed in a high degree the truly Royal gift of assimilating knowledge from conversation, and she had been so well "grounded," so to speak, that whenever she talked with a specialist in any subject she knew just what questions to ask.

When reading a book, the Empress almost always made notes in the margin. This is interesting as showing how restlessly alive, and in a sense over-stimulated, her brain must always have been. It was perhaps a fortunate thing during her long illness, for even then she never felt any wish to be idle, or to sit alone and think of herself.

In the grounds of Friedrichshof her Majesty was able to indulge to the full her love of gardening. Not only did she know the Latin names of every plant and flower, but she was a really practical gardener, able to design landscape schemes.

The rosery, for instance, was her creation. About half an acre in extent, it resembled the rosery at Birkall, on the Balmoral estate. It sloped gently upwards, divided into numerous little terraces, bearing double rows of half-standard roses, and it was bounded partly by a creeper-clad wall, and partly by trelliswork over which roses were trained. In the flower-beds of the ordinary garden her Majesty showed her strong preference for old-fashioned English flowers—indeed, throughout she evidently aimed at reproducing the mingled beauty and repose so characteristic of English gardens. All kinds of trees, too, she planted, and many have the added interest of an iron tablet recording that it was planted by some Royal or distinguished visitor.

The Empress certainly had no lack of occupation and interest at Cronberg. She had always been fascinated by restoration and excavation work, and fortunately Cronberg possessed both an old castle and an old church, which she eagerly set herself to preserve for future generations. At the old Burg she found many ancient remains, such as arrow-heads, keys, etc., and, most important of all, several Gothic iron "Ofenplatten." She was interested in every detail. Once she spent a long time hunting for a passageway which she knew must be there because of the "pechnaze," or slit in the wall through which boiling lead used to be poured in mediæval sieges. When out riding she always kept a keen look-out for survivals of the past. Thus she was much interested in the iron crosses to be found in the Taunus, and she proposed to draw all the different kinds and publish a book about them.

To the restoration of Cronberg Church the Empress devoted an immense amount of personal trouble. Two Ministers and some important officials had to be approached before the order from the Cabinet was obtained granting the necessary financial help. When it was at last issued, the Empress herself brought it to Cronberg and, arriving there in the evening, carried it the first thing in the morning to the pastor. Hardly a nail was put in the church without her knowledge. She studied and re-studied for months the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

details of windows, doors, hinges, etc. Her delight was great when under the whitewash she discovered some frescoes of the fifteenth century.

A tablet was put up in the choir setting forth what the Empress had done for the restoration of the church, but here the truly modest nature of the woman showed itself. She had the tablet removed from the choir, and refixed in a place high up where it is practically unseen.

It is pleasant to look back on these comparatively happy years at Friedrichshof. The Empress as a rule dressed very simply in black. Her only jewellery were two gold rings, one with a sapphire and two diamonds, and the other a smooth ruby, while a miniature of the Emperor Frederick hung round her neck. She was up early every morning. She liked to see everything bright and gleaming in the Castle, and not a speck of dust was allowed. At eight o'clock it was her habit to go out riding for two hours. She was an excellent horsewoman and full of daring; even when nearing sixty she still jumped difficult ditches and obstacles, and she always rode young and spirited animals. Once she was pushed against a wall by a frisky horse, and later she had the more serious accident which some think brought about her final illness. But even in the worst weather she never gave up her morning ride.

During her widowhood the Empress had at last the joy of knowing that she was really loved and understood by her neighbours, both gentle and simple. She was regarded at Cronberg much as Queen Victoria was regarded in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. She made herself acquainted with practically the whole population, not only with the poor, on whom she was able to shower intelligent gifts and much practical good advice, but also with that difficult intermediate class who, all the world over, generally remain out of touch with the great house of the village.

People of this class dwelt in little châlets which began to spring up over that healthy and beautiful neighbourhood, but even their thorny pride was not proof against the Empress's friendliness, in which there was never any touch of condescension or patronage. There were not a few artists living in the neighbourhood, and with some of these the Empress was on specially intimate terms. She was fond of dropping in and finding them at work. The Empress was full of quaint conceits and ideas; thus, when she was going to see an artist or any one in whom she took a special interest, she liked to choose his birthday for the visit. Her energy was extraordinary. One observer who saw a great deal of her in her widowhood declares that she used to go upstairs and downstairs like a young girl, and when she greeted the company assembled at table every compulsion of etiquette seemed to be instantly removed.

Naturally Cronberg benefited by her great knowledge of hygiene. To the elaborately equipped hospital which she founded there, she gave the most punctilious care. She often cut her roses herself and took them to the sick. The Empress also built a poorhouse, a Victoria school, and a library for the people, and she arranged the Victoria and Kaiser Friedrich public park. She hated leaving Cronberg every autumn: "The departure is dreadful to me," she said on one occasion: "when I am travelling I feel like a mussel without its shell."

(To be concluded)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of August and the 1st of September:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown)..	Penrod	Simple Simon
New York(Downtown)	The Price of Love	Penrod
Albany, N. Y.....	The Eyes of the World	The Letter of the Contract
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Birmingham, Ala.	The Eyes of the World	The Victim
Boston, Mass.....	The Eyes of the World	The Vanished Messenger
Boston, Mass.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Duchess of Wrexe
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Chicago, Ill.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Chicago, Ill.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Eyes of the World	Hidden Children
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Eyes of the World	The Lights Are Bright
Dallas, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	The Victim
Denver, Colo.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Iowa	The Eyes of the World	You Never Know Your Luck
Detroit, Mich.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Eyes of the World	The Duchess of Wrexe
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Eyes of the World	You Never Know Your Luck
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	When Love Flies Out of the Window
Louisville, Ky.....	The Battle Cry	The Eyes of the World
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
New Haven, Conn.....	The Eyes of the World	The Vanished Messenger
New Orleans, La.....	The Eyes of the World	The Victim
Norfolk, Va.....	The Eyes of the World	Captivating Mary Carstairs
Omaha, Neb.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Vanished Messenger	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Eyes of the World	The Victim
Portland, Me.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Providence, R. I.	The Eyes of the World	Peacock Feather
Richmond, Va.....	The Eyes of the World	World's End
Rochester, N. Y.....	Barnabetta	Nancy the Joyous
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Salamander	The Victim
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Eyes of the World	The Fortunate Youth
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
San Francisco, Cal....	The Salamander	The Duchess of Wrexe
Seattle, Wash.....	The Eyes of the World	Penrod
Toledo, Ohio.....	Once to Every Man	The Price of Love
Toronto, Can.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Waco, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Washington, D. C.....	The Eyes of the World	The Salamander
Worcester, Mass.....	The Eyes of the World	The Vanished Messenger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Hidden Children	The Vanished Messenger	The Duchess of Wrexe	The Eyes of the World
The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck	What Will People Say?	Under Handicap
The Vanished Messenger	The Twenty-fourth of June	The Salamander	Saturday's Child
The Fortunate Youth	Penrod	World's End	The Torch Bearer
Penrod	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck	Diane of the Green Van
You Never Know Your Luck	The Last Shot	Clark's Field	Penrod
Captivating Mary Carstairs	Penrod	No. 13 Washington Square	The Last Shot
The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	What Will People Say?	Chance
Laddie	The Salamander	The Battle Cry	The Victim
Diane of the Green Van	The Vanished Messenger	Black is White	The Battle Cry
What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van	Full Swing	The Fortunate Youth
The Salamander	The Victim	Pollyanna	What Will People Say?
Perch of the Devil	What Will People Say?	You Never Know Your Luck	Penrod
The Victim	The Battle Cry	Once to Every Man	World's End
T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	Nancy the Joyous	What Will People Say?
Penrod	Chance	The Fortunate Youth	Clark's Field
You Never Know Your Luck	Penrod	The Victim	Pollyanna
T. Tembarom	World's End	The Battle Cry	Pollyanna
The Eyes of the World	Clark's Field	You Never Know Your Luck	John Silence
The Victim	The Salamander	The Twenty-fourth of June	The Fortunate Youth
The Salamander	Chance	The Inside of the Cup	Making over Martha
Chance	The Victim	The Salamander	The Price of Love
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	No. 13 Washington Square	The Duchess of Wrexe
The Salamander	What Will People Say?	The Price of Love	The Fortunate Youth
The Salamander	The Victim	No. 13 Washington Square	The Price of Love
The Twenty-fourth of June	Pollyanna	Once to Every Man	You Never Know Your Luck
The Wall Between	Hidden Children	Penrod	Chance
The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	The Price of Love	Penrod
The Vanished Messenger	The Twenty-fourth of June	The Last Shot	Peacock Feather
The Vanished Messenger	The Letters of a Woman Homesteader	Faith Tresilion	Overland Red
Pollyanna	The Last Shot	Miss Billy Married	You Never Know Your Luck
The Duchess of Wrexe	Penrod	Light of Western Stars	Black is White
Penrod	The Eyes of the World	You Never Know Your Luck	The Victim
The Last Shot	Pollyanna	The World Set Free	Penrod
The Duchess of Wrexe	Sunshine Jane	Chance	The Salamander
Kazan	Overland Red	No. 13 Washington Square	The World Set Free
The Eyes of the World	The Last Shot	Once to Every Man	Gray Youth
The Salamander	North of '53	You Never Know Your Luck	The Inside of the Cup
Overland Red	Penrod	Diane of the Green Van	You Never Know Your Luck
The Rocks of Valpré	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck	The Price of Love
The Victim	What Will People Say?	The Butterfly	The Lure
The Price of Love	What Will People Say?	The Palace of Darkened Windows	The Rocks of Valpré
The Salamander	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck	Pollyanna

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending August 5th:

1. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
2. Modern Dancing. Castle.
3. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
4. Foundations of Character. Shand.
5. Fire Explosions and Risks. Schwartz.

For the week ending August 12th:

1. Other People's Money. Brandeis.
2. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent.
3. Tagore's Poems.
4. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
5. Psychology and Social Sanity. Münsterberg.

For the week ending August 19th:

1. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
2. Tagore's Poems.
3. Fools of Shakespeare. Warde.
4. War, What For? Kirkpatrick.
5. What Men Live For. Cabot.
6. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.

For the week ending August 26th:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Modern Dancing. Castle.
3. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent.
4. War, What For? Kirkpatrick.
5. Pan-Germanism. Usher.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Germanism. Usher.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Germany and the Germans. Collier.
Fanny's First Play, Misalliance and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Shaw.
The Great Illusion. Angell.
Imperial Germany. Von Bülow.
The Human Slaughter House. Lamszus.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
The Works of Tagore.
Europe Since 1815. Hazen.
The Orient Question. Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	352
2. The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	173
3. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	105
4. The Victim. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35	104
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	100
6. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	86

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED